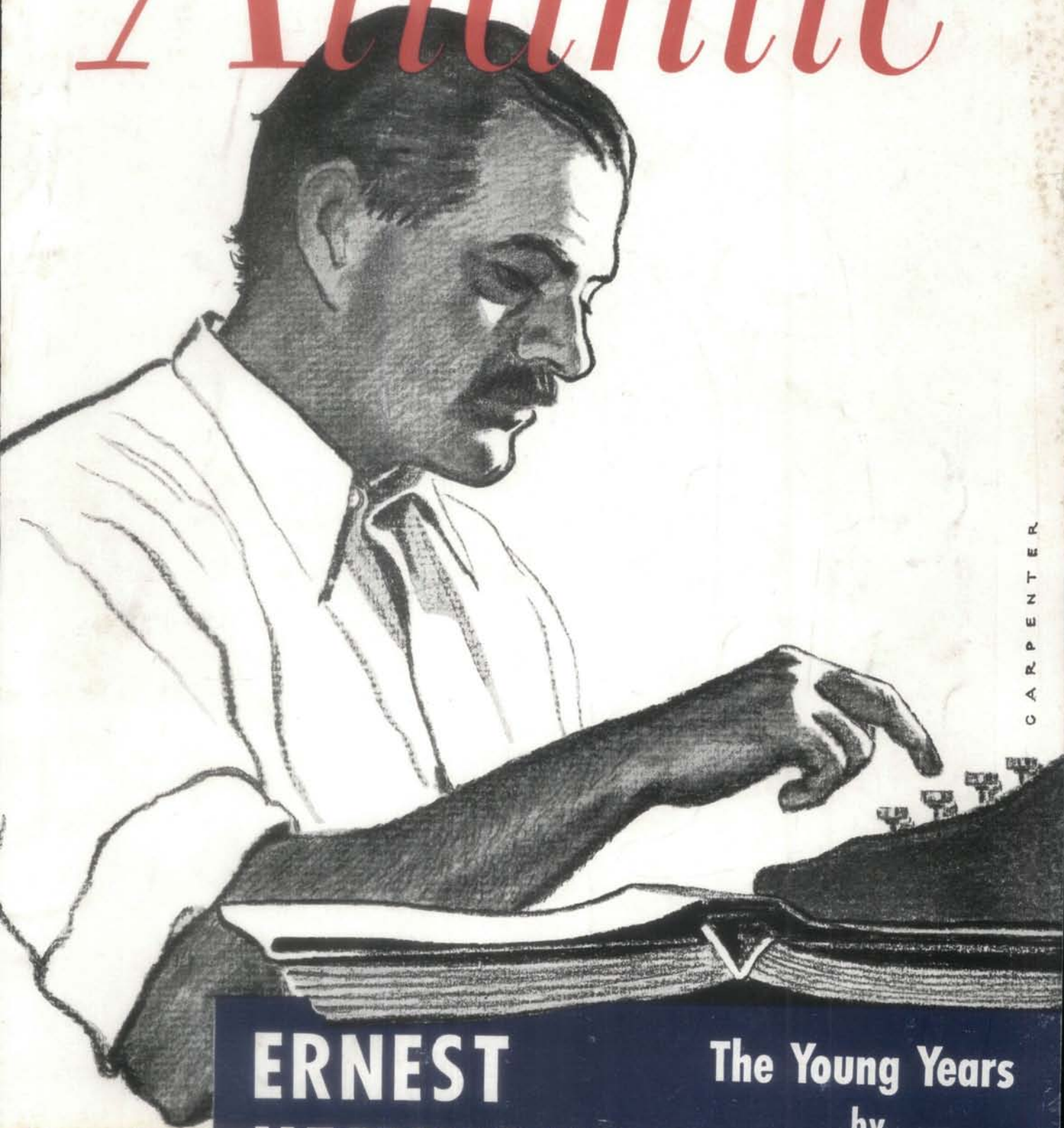


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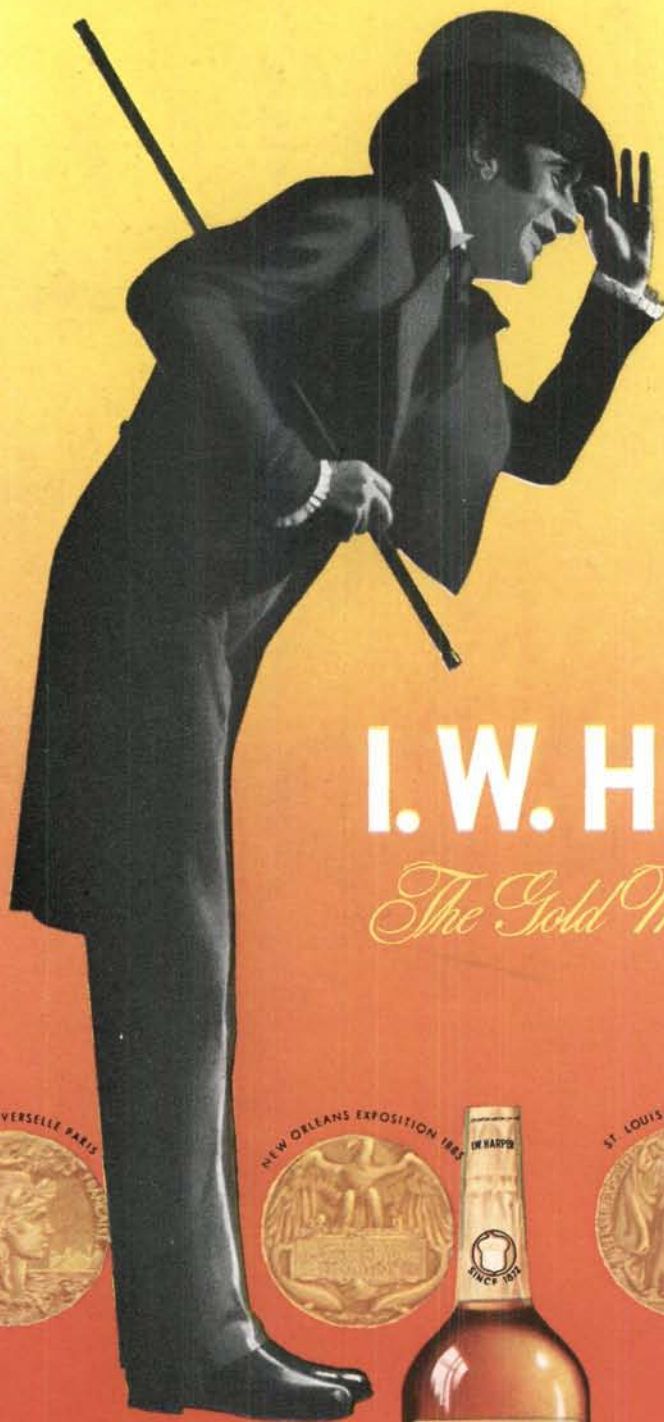
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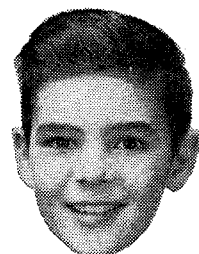
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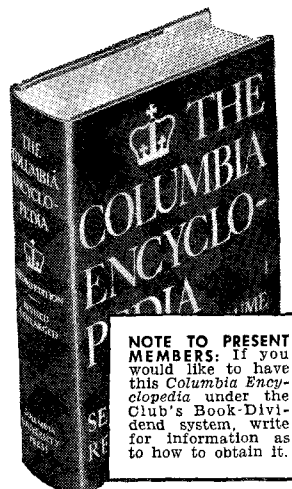
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Washington

REACTIONS to the Administration's elaborately billed new foreign policy and military strategy have been more skeptical than acclamatory. One point in the doctrine is that there will be no more limited wars unless we ourselves determine the limits. Critics have been quick to seize upon this as an indication that henceforth the only kind of war the United States will be prepared to fight will be of the all-out, atomic variety.

For months the Administration has been under pressure — some of it generated by the President's and Secretary Dulles's campaign extravaganzas — to come up with a successor to the Truman-Acheson-Kennan policy of containment of Communism. In a narrow interpretation containment was, of course, a negative doctrine. It implied that wherever the Communist organism pushed outward, we must be prepared to push back.

One disadvantage of containment is that it leaves the Kremlin free to choose the point of conflict. There is persuasive evidence that Moscow has pursued a deliberate policy, not of inviting major war, but of bleeding the free world in minor wars with stooge regimes around the periphery of the Communist empire. Hence the clamor, at times almost irresistible, to strike back at the heart of the trouble in Moscow and Peiping. Hence also the desire for some dramatic alternative that will restore the "strategic initiative" to the United States.

At the base of the Administration's attempt to redirect foreign policy are three assumptions:—

1. That foreign policy, meaning military strategy, must be tailored to fit the national budget. General George C. Marshall, when he was Secretary of De-

fense, argued for an "enduring posture" of defense — one that could be sustained over a long period without the wild fluctuations that have often characterized American military spending. The President and Secretaries Wilson and Dulles frankly acknowledge the budgetary limitation on strategy and have attempted to give practical meaning to Marshall's prescription.

2. That the availability and versatility of atomic weapons actually make it possible to obtain more strength for less money. This assumption is closely allied with the first point. Atomic weapons, it is argued, can be adapted to any use of conventional weapons. They should permit substantial savings in manpower without loss of strength.

3. That the main concern of the Soviet Union today is with internal consolidation instead of external aggression. In other words, Russia wants a period of lessened tension even if she is unwilling to make big concessions to obtain it. This assumption is based on the indications that the struggle for succession in the Kremlin is far from ended and that the Red Army and Marshal Zhukov are gaining in power. This theory is widely accepted in Europe and has much to do with the more relaxed atmosphere there despite what the military men call the critical deficiencies in NATO.

The calculated risks

All this amounts to a calculated risk that a clear statement of policy will serve to deter aggressors. There is a lot to be said for the contention that the war in Korea came about in the first place because the Soviet Union miscalculated American intentions. But there are certain obvious hazards in the new strategy. One is that, followed to the

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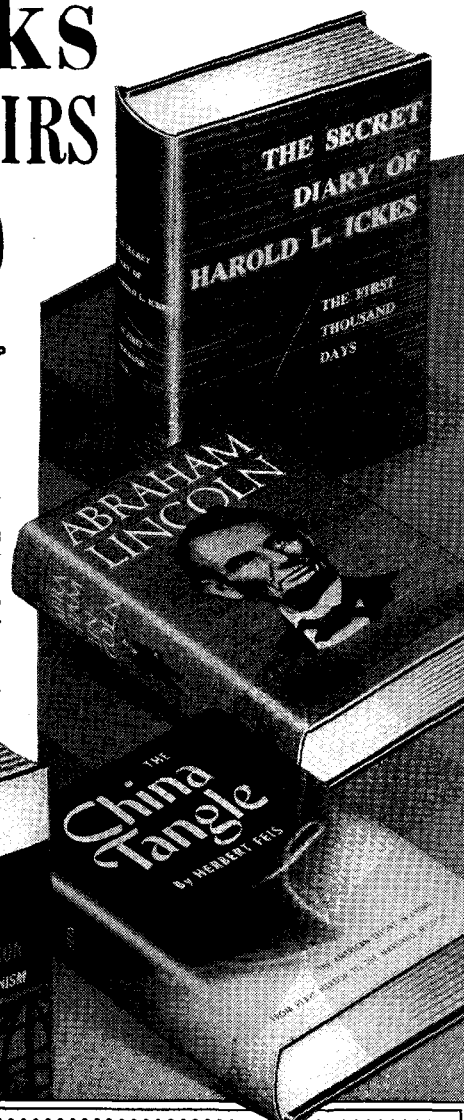
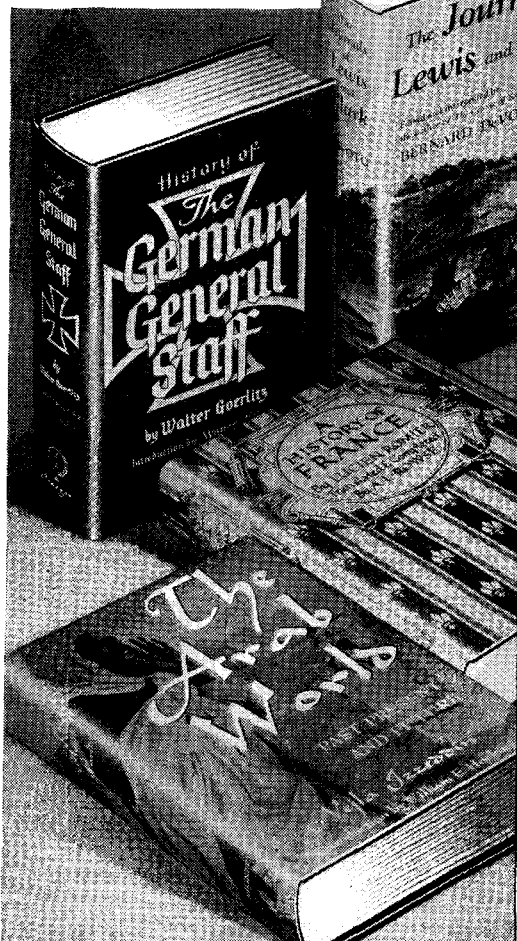
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The Atlantic Report on Washington



extreme, it would make the United States a prisoner of a rigid formula. If another conflict arose such as that in Indochina, it might be very difficult for us to determine just how much of the aggression was of local origin and how much inspired by Moscow or Peiping. An atom bomb on the Kremlin would scarcely quell local grievances. And yet intervention might be a strategic necessity.

European powers — notably Britain, France, and even Russia herself — have found it desirable over many years to localize wars wherever possible. Even in Korea the United States adhered to the theory that limited war was preferable to global war. No one has said flatly that the Administration will not attempt to localize a new war, but the implication that it will not has caused some alarm.

A second hazard has to do with the nature of atomic weapons. As the United States has placed more reliance on the new weapons, the Soviet Union has renewed its campaign to outlaw them. Obviously this is a proposition to which this country cannot agree, since any ban short of general disarmament would give Russia a great advantage in her hordes of manpower and conventional arms. Russia thus is able to whet fears among the NATO allies that American strategy is tied inescapably to a world-shattering atomic blitz.

More serious is the possibility that calculated risks on our part will invite similar risks by the Soviet Union. Since World War II, Russia has gambled that the United States would not use the atomic bomb, and so far the gamble has proved prudent. It is not inconceivable that the masters of the Kremlin, if they were bent on fomenting new trouble beyond Soviet borders, might decide to take the risk again. Then the United States would be faced with the choice of instituting a world war through instantaneous retaliation outside the immediate area of conflict or of backing down, thereby acknowledging the new policy to be a bluff.

Surpluses and price support

President Eisenhower's agriculture recommendations represent the most courageous part of his legislative program. But the opposition of influential legislators, including the Republican chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, Representative Clifford Hope, makes it most unlikely that any flexible price-support system will be put into effect. In economic terms the dilemma can be stated thus: The farmer, alone of all producers, has no control over his product once the seed is sown. Because of this, some sort of governmental backstop

is necessary to protect farm income. But high price supports, a relic of the extraordinary needs during wartime, tend to encourage overproduction in present circumstances. The more farmers produce, the more market prices fall, and the more the government must purchase in order to support prices. The result is that the farmer often produces not for the market but for the government. President Eisenhower and Agriculture Secretary Benson have been seeking a way out of this vicious circle.

Many members of Congress, Republicans and Democrats alike, have expressed concern over the mounting surpluses and concede privately that Benson is right in attempting to get away from rigid supports that serve as incentives for overproduction. But any departure from the 90 per cent support level is political poison in an election year.

The President's farm program

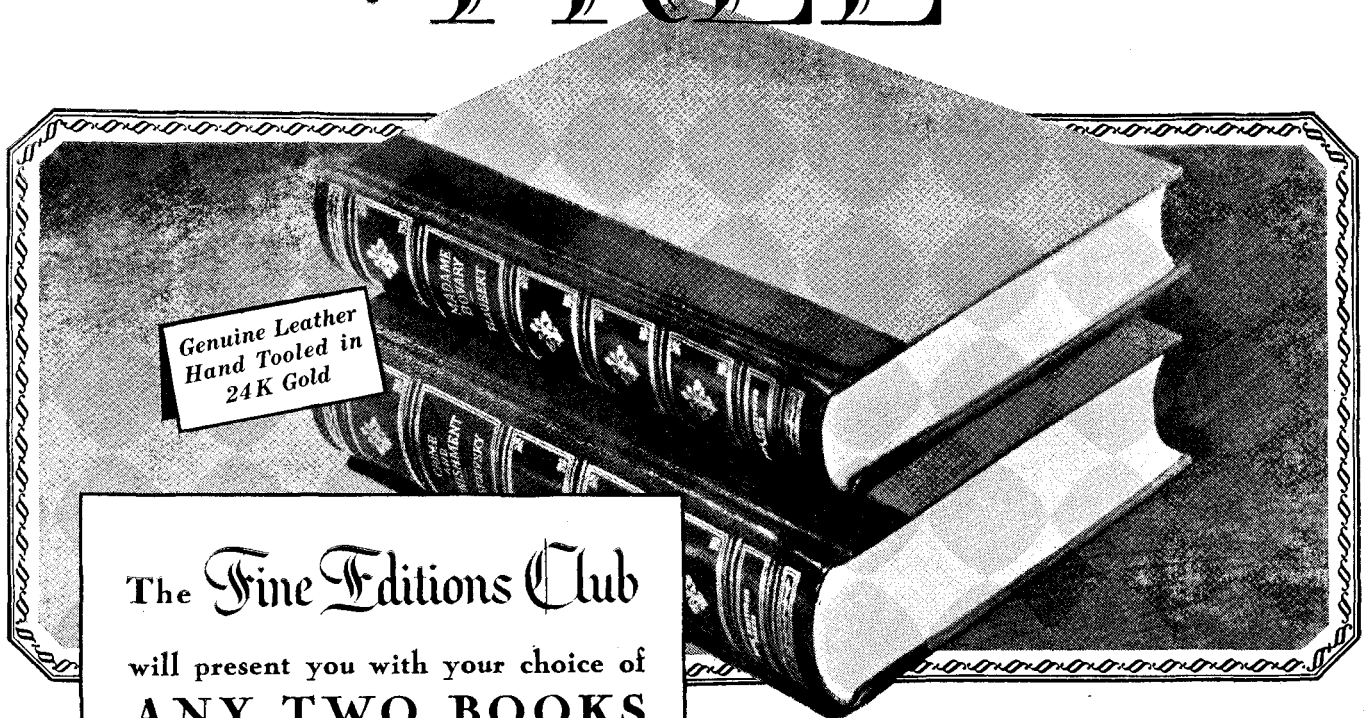
Three principal steps make up the President's program. First, he would "insulate" from the market more than one third of the present \$6 billion worth of surplus farm commodities — that is, write them off and dispose of them outside normal channels. Second, he would institute a flexible scale of price supports for wheat, corn, cotton, and peanuts at from 90 down to 75 per cent of parity, depending on supply. Third, he would apply the production payments feature of the Brannan Plan to domestically produced wool.

These recommendations were drawn from many sources, including the agricultural acts of 1948 and 1949 which Congress has never permitted to take full effect. A bipartisan fourteen-member National Agricultural Advisory Commission, headed by Dean William Myers of Cornell University, consulted with Benson. Their recommendations were then reviewed and revised by Dean Myers and the President's brother, Dr. Milton Eisenhower — both of whom, incidentally, were in the Department of Agriculture during Democratic administrations.

There has been remarkably little criticism of the plan to write off a considerable portion of the present surplus. This would be accomplished in several ways. The size of the carry-over of corn would be increased; the standard of what is considered a normal supply would be raised. Stocks of government-owned wheat, cotton, vegetable oils, and dairy products aggregating \$2.5 billion would be withdrawn from the market and regarded as an emergency reserve. They would be used for the school lunch program and aid to the needy, as well as for foreign relief.

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The President acknowledged that the government's commodity holdings are "enormous"; they include more than \$2 billion worth of wheat alone. There may be a rude awakening when Congress considers Eisenhower's request for \$1.75 billion in additional borrowing power for the Commodity Credit Corporation, which conducts the price-support activities. This would bring the total to \$8.5 billion. Despite the huge investment, however, there has been only minor sniping at the proposed write-off, principally because no feasible alternative is in view.

Similarly, apart from some partisan grumbling, there has been relatively little criticism of the production payments scheme for wool, which one newspaper aptly termed "the Brannan Plan in sheep's clothing." The United States imports roughly two thirds of its wool. Because of defense considerations, a domestic wool industry is desirable despite the higher cost of domestic production. Yet domestic wool has piled up in storage.

Under the President's plan the price of wool would be allowed to seek

its own market level. Surpluses would thus be cleared in the market. The government would make up in direct payments to domestic producers the difference between the average market price for the season and 90 per cent of parity. Funds for this purpose would be derived from import duties, which approximate 30 cents a pound on raw wool. Some question has been raised about the cost of this operation, but there is a general disposition to accept it as a reasonable means of avoiding surpluses.

Flexible supports

Most of the fire has been concentrated on the flexible support scale for wheat, corn, cotton, and peanuts. At the beginning of the planting season the Secretary of Agriculture would set the support figure for the year at from 90 to 75 per cent of parity in accordance with the crop supply on hand and the planting forecasts. The support figure could be adjusted upward, but not downward, as crop prospects became more definite.

Coupled with this program is a plan to institute modernized parity for all crops, beginning January 1, 1956.

Parity is defined, roughly, as a fair equation between the prices the farmer receives and those he pays for the goods he must buy. Under the theory, if two bushels of wheat bought, say, a pair of overalls in 1952, they should do the same thing today.

Until recently the standard, or 100 per cent of parity, was the price relationship prevailing during the years 1910-1914. But the system has long been out of date. The most graphic example of the dislocation has been in the citrus industry, in which, despite prices ranging down as low as 35 per cent of parity on the old scale, producers have disposed of their crops profitably through new marketing methods and such innovations as frozen juices.

But the proposed changes brought heavy criticism from members of Congress eying the farm vote. Even Senator McCarthy jumped into the act with a demand for supports at 100 per cent of parity. At the root of the objections is the fear that any slackening in the 90 per cent supports would accentuate the price squeeze on farmers and set off a major agricultural depression.

More substantial criticism concerns the feeble provisions of the program for encouraging agricultural exports and the lack of any reliable means of ensuring that lands diverted from surplus crops such as wheat will not be planted to other surpluses. If the 16 million acres taken out of wheat because of acreage allotments and marketing quotas were planted, say, to soybeans, the problem would merely be shifted from one crop to another. Some farm organizations acknowledge that if farmers want price supports, they must be willing to accept more rigorous planting controls.

Food for strategic materials?

It may prove feasible to siphon off some surpluses in swaps for strategic materials and as payments for foreign bases. Yet it is hard to see how some sort of two-price system, or subsidized exports, can be avoided if any substantial amount of the American surplus is to be moved in foreign trade. The problem is, simply, that American domestic prices are far higher than world prices (and, with respect to wheat, that American exports are inferior in quality to those available from Canada).



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If it is any consolation, the regulating of agricultural production to conform with demand is a world problem which has not been satisfactorily solved in any major agricultural country. Although there still are great areas of human need, production goals are based upon an abnormal, wartime demand that in practical terms no longer exists. It is hard to adjust price support programs to increases in productivity — as exemplified by the potato fiasco of a few years ago. When acreage restrictions were imposed, growers merely piled on the fertilizer and produced more than ever.

The Eisenhower program is at least a serious, considered proposal to repair some of the worst aspects of the topsy-turvy economics. If it is ignored, even in an election year, the taxpayer will continue to pay as the surpluses mount.

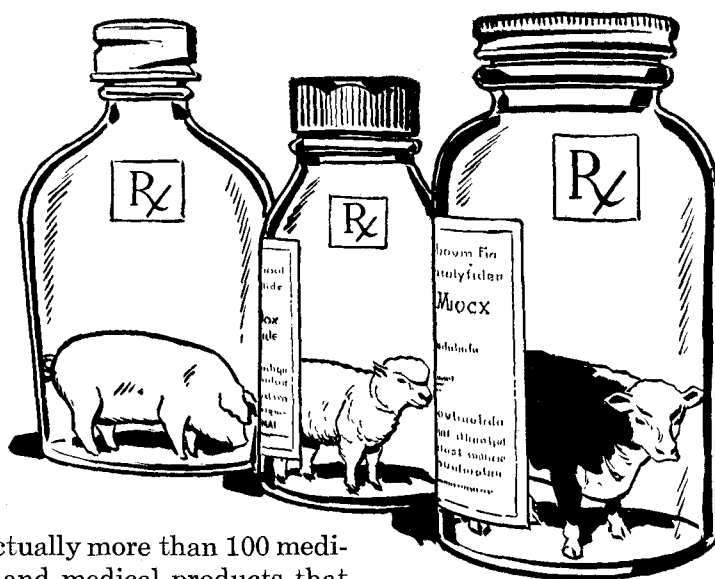
Mood of the Capital

The progressive nature of many of President Eisenhower's legislative recommendations is bringing praise from the moderates in both parties. Some right-wing extremists complain that this is another New Deal program, but the major criticism is that Eisenhower expects too much. His recommendations are really a three-year rather than one-year task.

The President's more vigorous and more personalized leadership, beginning with the State of the Union message, has encountered some forces determined to frustrate it. The prime example was the battle in the Senate over the Bricker Amendment to restrict the treaty-making power. Few issues in the last decade have so drastically affected the division of authority between the Executive and Congress — a fight that goes all the way back to the Constitutional Convention. Congress is prone to believe that the only abuses of power come from the President.

The Bricker Amendment is merely the newest manifestation of a continual struggle that on other occasions has involved controversy over Executive files. President Eisenhower has refused to submit to Congressional domination — a fact which points the direction of his leadership on other matters. In meeting the issue head-on he has charted the only course a successful President can take.

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Japan

THE Japanese Left is facing a crisis over peace. When Sōhyō, the sprawling labor federation organized by the Occupation to combat Communism, held its annual convention last summer, the principal subject discussed was not the plight of the worker, faced with inflation and a possible recession. It was peace. Sōhyō decided to ally itself with peaceful forces throughout the world; and while this commendable undertaking was not described in the detail it might have been, the progress of the debate made it fairly clear which forces in the world are peaceful and which are not.

Mao Tse-tung and Molotov are peaceful. Sir Winston could be if he attacked Senator McCarthy. President Eisenhower would have an awfully hard time being peaceful, and presumably rebellious workers in East Berlin are not, since Sōhyō voted to ignore them.

The left-wing Socialist Party (the Japanese Socialists are split), with which Sōhyō is allied, has a slightly different program for peace, however. In November the party published a comprehensive policy statement including, over strong Sōhyō opposition, a reaffirmation of its support for a Third Force. This apparently comes to something like Nehru's Arab-Asiatic neutralism, though with the proviso that at least as far as Japan is concerned the Third Force must be unarmed.

Left-wing Socialists are at pains to make it clear that they are disgusted as anyone at American knavery. For the sake of peace, however, *someone* has to be cool and unemotional, aware of the good and the bad on both sides and ready to mediate. The argument may seem like a quibble over whether the United States is the only leper in the world or just the most malignant of the world's lepers. Its real significance, however, lies in the fact that a new Popular Front seems to be on the way, and Sōhyō's leaders are all for it, while the faction at present in control of the left-wing Socialists is deeply suspicious.

A hero has just ridden out of the Socialist Motherland to take charge of the Popular Front. Ikuo Oyama, a left-wing scholar who took refuge in

the United States in 1932 and who taught at Northwestern University until his return to Japan in 1947, was awarded a Stalin Peace Prize in 1952. Last year, by a devious and illegal route, he arrived in Moscow to claim it.

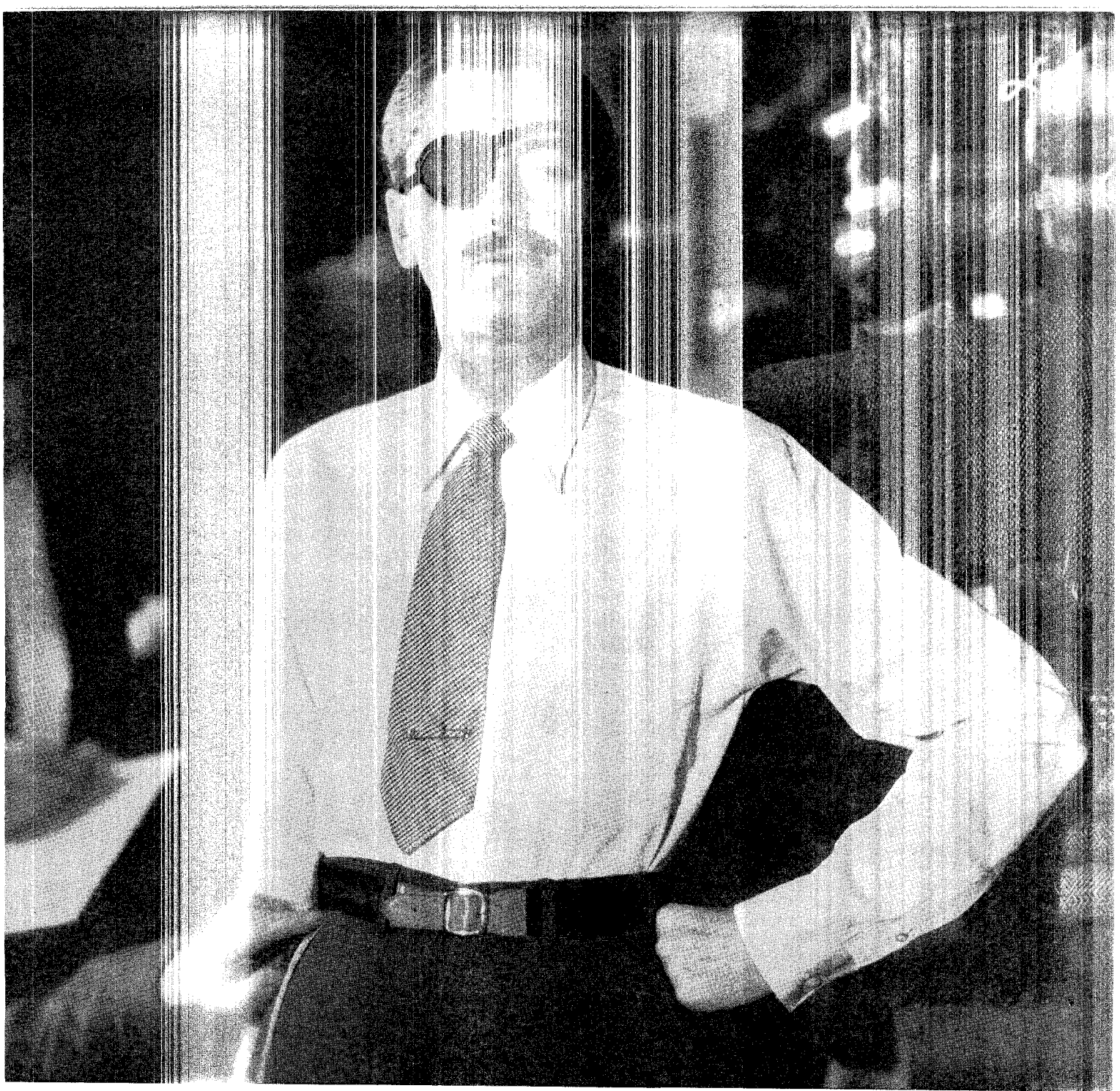
Thereafter he traveled widely through the People's Democracies, encouraging them with the news that even in Japan democracy is not yet dead. Late in 1953 he returned to Japan, duly anointed but for some reason without his prize money, which he was not able to get out of the Soviet Union. Oyama's reception has been tempestuous, and it is assumed that he will try to organize all the peaceful forces in Japan.

Books and magazines for peace

There are two and a half times as many publishing houses in Japan as there were in the top pre-war year, and at that there are only two-thirds the number there were in 1948. It was a great surprise to everyone when the president and vice-president (the president's wife) of the Mikasa Shobō, a medium-sized publisher of translations, went underground some time ago because the publishing house was not able to meet its bills. Hundreds of companies in much worse financial condition continue to ignore this fact month after month.

In this welter of confusion stands one lofty fastness, the Iwanami Shoten. Its position of pre-eminence has no counterpart in the United States but is a little like that of Gallimard in France. Iwanami books come out in uniform gray jackets, and the Iwanami shelf in a large downtown Tokyo bookstore that classifies its books by publisher looks a little the way a hard lump of used Bibles might look in a New York remainder shop.

For all its staid manner, however, Iwanami is at the very forefront of the fight for peace. The *Iwanami Symposium on Literature*, a ponderous eight-volume work designed, cynics say, to make it unnecessary for country schoolteachers to read anything else, generally favors the socialist-realist view of literature. *Bungaku* (*Literature*), one of Iwanami's monthlies, shows much the same bias in its little-magazinish way. It once took up the



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Sartre-Camus debate, for instance, and concluded that Camus represented the courageous but ineffectual voice of the dying past, while Sartre represented the voice of the buoyant future. *Bungaku* often seems less concerned with whether a man can write than with whether he is peaceful and democratic.

Then there is *Sekai* (*The World*), Iwanami's monthly political-literary review, which almost is the fight for peace. *Sekai* sent a wave of excitement over the country when it came out before the end of the Occupation with a special number criticizing the San Francisco Peace Treaty as weighted heavily in favor of the United States.

Sekai is an upstart that has won a following almost entirely on the basis of its peace treaty number and a most aggressive pursuit of the advantage since. It has looked with approval on germ warfare charges against the United Nations in Korea and on evidences that the United States and Syngman Rhee started the whole unfortunate Korean affair, and it is always happy to find new evils attendant on American bases in Japan.

Monthly magazines like *Sekai* are read by the intelligentsia, by the people who go to foreign movies and who like to be seen dipping into Sartre. When one moves on to the less discerning masses, the situation is not so clear.

Japanese newspapers

Of the four large daily newspapers, three are conservative and doggedly pro-American, while the fourth, the *Asahi Shimbun*, bears watching. The *Asahi* is the largest and most influential of all—how influential one can perhaps imagine by thinking of the *New York Times* with a circulation of some 6 million. The *Asahi* is a brilliantly edited newspaper, and the immense affection in which it is held by its readers suggests how good it is at giving them what they want.

From the end of the Occupation until early last fall, the *Asahi* seemed to be making itself the vehicle of the peaceful forces. It worked itself into a fury over the Rosenberg case, which it found to be evidence that democracy was failing in the United States, and almost every day it went into

lengthy complaints because someone had been refused an American visa or because American soldiers simply would not learn to behave like good Japanese.

Then it began to change—whether because it sensed that the game was going stale or because it realized it was not living up to its own high standards, or for some other reason, one cannot say. Even now it is cooler toward the United States than any of its three rivals; but it rejected the Rosenberg letters, which were offered to it for serial publication, and occasionally it carries an eminently sensible story on McCarthyism from a Washington or New York correspondent. The *Asahi* still can afford a column now and then, though, for a letter from a third-grader who longs for knowledge but can't study because the guns are so loud.

Antiwar movies

Last year was also the year of the antiwar movie. The vogue started late in 1952 with the release of *Gembaku no Ko* (*Child of the Atom Bomb*), which was laid in Hiroshima and gave the public a sampling of the dreadfully seared faces still to be seen in that city. *Himeyuri no Tō* (*Tower of the Star Lily*) came out early in 1953 and set a new box-office record. It told the story of the Himeyuri or Star Lily Troop, a group of Okinawan normal-school girls who were used as volunteer workers by the Japanese army and who were wiped out by American artillery. Two sequels have been done on the high-school boys who died under similar circumstances a little farther south.

There have also been movies on General Yamashita, who was hanged as a war criminal in the Philippines; on Admiral Yamamoto, whose plane was shot down in the South Pacific; and on the *Yamato*, at the time the largest battleship in the world, which was sunk on its way to Okinawa in 1945. General Yamashita was a natural for the new vogue. The facts about his unjust trial were kept from the Japanese by the Occupation, and have as a result aroused more than their share of interest since.

The *Yamato*, however, seems rather to have missed the mark. The critics have found that the film is not clearly enough antiwar, and some of them have indicated an uneasiness lest it

arouse in badly supervised young men the desire to become heroic naval officers.

Toward the end of 1953 the Japanese Teachers Union, one of the most aggressively left-wing elements in Sōhyō, made a movie called *Hiroshima*, having found *Gembaku no Ko* much too tepid. The Shōchiku Motion Picture Company refused to distribute it, on the grounds that it did little for international understanding, and the Teachers Union proceeded to show it independently, with moderately good receipts.

An offshoot of the war movie, the base movie, put in its appearance at the end of 1953 with the release of a highly controversial movie called *Akassen Kichi* (almost untranslatable; *Sinful Base* might do as an approximation). *Akassen Kichi* told in the most vivid terms of the corruption spread by an American base at the foot of Mount Fuji. Its success seems to have been due less to its doctrinaire elements, however, than to the enthusiastic performance of Akemi Negishi, Japan's sexiest movie actress, in the role of a prostitute.

The rage for war movies seems now to have worked itself out. Independent producers, predominantly leftist, continue to work away at the leavings, but Shōchiku has decided that the day of the war movie is over, that 1954 is the year of the sentimental love story, and Shōchiku has probably the shrewdest planners in the business. One producer recently indicated that he would like to do a movie on the sufferings of Japanese war prisoners in Siberia. That would indeed be a new departure.

Public apathy

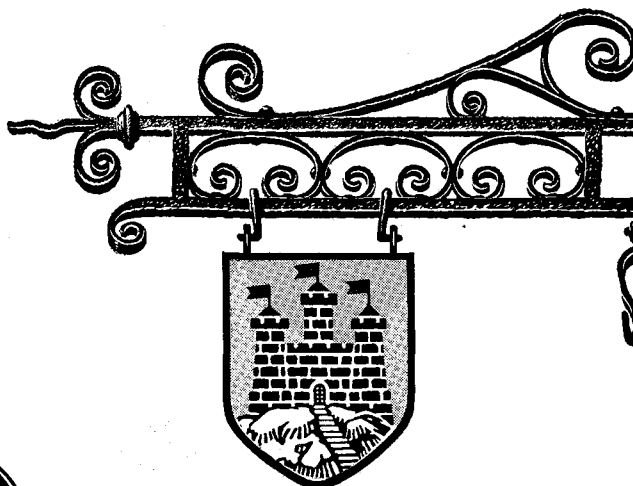
Japan as a whole continues to be conservative, despite the clamor on the left. The conservative government stays in power, and public opinion polls indicate that sentiment for rearmament is growing slightly. This may be due in part to the fact that Syngman Rhee last fall excluded the Japanese from some of the richest fishing grounds in the Japan Sea, and the Japanese were not able to do anything about it. No one hopes to be able to compete with the United States or the Soviet Union, but to be unable even to slap down the Koreans seems disgraceful to the self-respecting Japanese.



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It is interesting that public opinion polls also show the laboring class divided almost in half on the subject of rearmament, an indication that Sōh-yō's leaders have not brought a united following with them into the peace movement.

There is a flurry in the press now and then over a rally off in the provinces indicating that the extreme Right may finally be coalescing, but so far nothing seems to call for real alarm. There is also some uneasiness over the fact that the government wants to curb the political activities of teachers and to strengthen the police force.

But whatever misgivings one may have about the present Education Minister, who used to be in the Home Ministry (the old Japanese equivalent of Beria's M.V.D.), the fact is that the teachers do rather need sitting on. The Teachers Union of Yamaguchi Prefecture in southwestern Japan recently produced a sort of almanac for the edification of its students, with a thought for each day on American imperialism and on that intolerable evil, American bases.

Although one would hate to see the Home Ministry come back, it must be admitted that the police are weak. Only two of the seven Communist leaders who went underground in 1950 were ever apprehended.

Passive government

Far from being moved by radical forces in either direction, the present government is if anything too passive, and that perhaps reflects a public opinion with no strong feelings other than a hope that the Japanese economy won't fall on its face for a while.

That is not to say, of course, that there is no resentment against American policy and American bases in Japan — only that the resentment is not at the moment very dynamic. American bases rankle and will continue to rankle. They suggest that Japan is not a sovereign and equal power, and a painful sensitiveness to any suggestion that Japan might be inferior has accounted for a great deal in modern Japanese history. Indeed an observer sometimes feels that the United States could more easily get what it wants from Japan by walking out and studiously looking the other way.

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Red China

EXPERTS in Hong Kong say the Chinese Reds have now launched their second revolution since taking power, its aim being to make China strong. In their first revolution, whose aim was to nail down Red control, the Reds broke the landlord class, suppressed the Church, and cowed or got rid of hostile bourgeois elements. They also shook loose much hoarded wealth. That first revolution was “destructive” and “easy.” The second is “constructive” and “hard,” for it sets out to make China a great power in modern terms.

The hardness of the task is obscured because the Reds have already made China a great power in a rather spurious way, through the Korean War. Helped by Russian arms and advice, the Reds since 1951 have created, or got hold of, a good air force and ground force. The latter has firepower on the Western scale, with organic artillery, a new thing in Chinese warfare. And it has been purged of the regionalism that made Chinese armies so difficult to control in the past. It has made China comparable in land strength to any other country but Russia or the United States.

If the Korean War does not erupt again, the Chinese strength can be applied somewhere else toward what seems the main Chinese objective of the moment: to “liberate the oppressed peoples of Asia” — that is, to drive Western rule and influence from the Far East.

The most obvious line for such a move is toward Southeast Asia. China already has a well-developed railhead at Nanning in the southern province of Kwangsi, opposite Indochina’s northeastern frontier. A great deal of new building is reported there. Another railroad is under construction to Kunming in the southwestern province of Yunnan, which fronts on both Indochina and Burma. The way is thus being laid for troop movements toward these borders, should they be desired.

In Indochina the French team has gained much American equipment of late, plus the help of more and more anti-Communist natives, while the rebels have come under stiffer Red control and have got more and more help from China — they receive

3000 tons of matériel a month now, by most reports. The rebels hold a huge wilderness whose border runs with China’s for hundreds of miles. China will soon be able to put pressure wherever she wants to on places round her border, if she doesn’t embrace them completely as she did Tibet. This situation has arisen from time to time in the past and it has always meant that China was in a strong phase.

How solid is Red China?

Yet how solid is that strength? Its main ingredients are Russian arms and the will of Chinese Communism, which has organized the manpower. It is insecure because Russia can stop the flow of arms, and costly because China must pay for the flow. In acting the great power, China is living beyond her means, and she can catch up only by industrializing. To face the West she must copy Western production methods, as Russia has. This is the aim of her second revolution.

Not surprisingly, the Reds are out to do the job by a big economic plan on Russian lines. In September, Malenkov and Mao Tse-tung announced that 141 major enterprises were being, or would be, built or rebuilt with Russian aid. They will include steel mills, blast furnaces, power plants, cotton mills, mines, machine works, and an automobile factory, among other things.

Most of these new plants will be in Manchuria, China’s rich northeastern territory that Japan developed so fully; Hong Kong experts figure that half or more of the total investment will be there. Considerable new investment will be allocated to North China, which has good coal and iron and good cotton acreage. Cotton mills and power plants, incidentally, are being put up in a number of inland cities in the cotton-growing region. This reflects the change in politics — in the old days raw cotton moved from the country to the Western-dominated ports like Shanghai, for use in the Western-dominated mills. Cloth for the farmers had to travel all the way back.

For this and other reasons Shanghai, a relic of Western exploitation, is almost neglected in the



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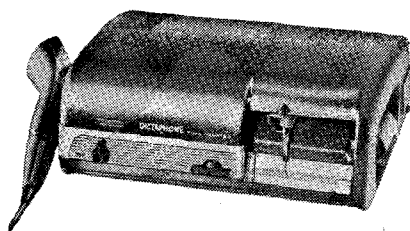
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new plans; just enough will be put in to keep existing plants going. South China — the huge half of the country below the Yangtze — will be neglected too, which is an old story. The Japanese neglected South China, as did the Chinese Empire. Even Tsarist Russia neglected it in her diplomatic planning.

Can the Chinese industrialize?

The Chinese have never been able to cope with industrial schemes by themselves; they have always needed foreign technicians and planners. Now, of course, the advisers are Russians. Russians helped draw up the new plans, Russians passed on them, and it is assumed Russian advisers will go through with the execution step by step. Russian equipment will be used.

China must pay for it all, mainly in grain and other farm products — *Pravda* has told the Russian people that they may look forward to this. Soviet propaganda is against colonialism, but Soviet trade deals take the classic line of colonial exploitation. Russia puts out manufactured goods and takes raw materials in exchange. In the past, when Russia has dominated Chinese border regions — Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan — she has made deals to get their grain, hides, furs, wool, and so on. The border regions have got the worst of the bargain, as the raw-material partner always does in these things, and it is taken for granted, even by many Chinese, that China will get the worst of it now.

In the past few decades China has normally had a grain deficit. All she can do now is starve her own peasants or increase her yields through the series of five-year plans inevitably looming ahead. Her leaders say she can up production by 30 per cent in the first five-year plan, which began in January, and will have increased it 70 per cent after the second five-year plan. Foreign experts on Chinese agriculture doubt this. They think she may get an increase of 25 per cent in ten or fifteen years if all goes well. If not, she may get no increase at all.

The trouble is that Chinese yields per acre are high to start with — a good deal higher, for instance, than Russian yields either before or after the Revolution. Thus it may turn out that Marxism's trick of produc-

tion increase won't work on Chinese farming. It may be that collectivization is no match for the Chinese peasant driven in the old way, by high rents and high interest. The Reds' ventures toward farm coöperatives and collectivized farming have not been successful. Gains have been made by bringing in new acreage through irrigation, but that is about all. Peiping's job is to make China strong and to pay for this with rice and vegetables from a land already squeezed to support the people on it. We can be sure the struggle will color the next page of Chinese history.

The North rules China

China is moving back toward her old layout in these changes. Historically she faced inland. Her meager trade with Europe was done overland by caravan. Her main foreign problem was the weight of Mongols and other nomads above the Great Wall. She turned away from her coastline and sought to ignore the sea.

In the past few centuries the West, led by Portugal and England, changed this posture of hers — opened the coasts and built up ports like Shanghai till they overshadowed China's economy. The caravan routes withered. Even the nomad threat was ended by Western arms and railways in Chinese hands.

Now China has turned away from her coastline again. The neglect of Shanghai and South China is part of this — the South was a main field for sea-borne penetration, especially by Britain. The stress on the North and Northwest is also a part — the Northwest, being the Chinese end of the overland routes, was important in the old arrangement.

The North rules China now as it did in the past when things were normal, and the South is overrun by Northern officials. But one exception must be noted to this: the presence at the head of the government of men from Hunan, the big Central China province just below the Yangtze. Mao Tse-tung is a Hunanese and so are almost a third of the top Red leaders.

Hunanese are strong fighters and able, hot-tempered, straightforward men. They contributed much to the Nationalists' success but were kept



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out of power by Chiang Kai-shek. They are good statesmen, but are supposed to be poor at intrigue and at sticking together.

The present Red leaders have spent their adult lives in the dry Northwest, and in their campaigns have had trouble crossing so much as a river. This limits Chinese influence. Pressure can readily be put on Burma and Indochina over the land frontiers, but not so easily over the sea to the Philippines. There are millions of Chinese emigrants in the Philippines, but the Islands have moved steadily back into the American orbit since the war.

Japan is in the American orbit too, though the situation is more complex there, the Japanese being independent people with grave economic problems that reach in all directions. Japan is drawn to China, but she is repelled too, and her place may be decided by Japanese factors, not Chinese.

Formosa waits

Formosa is well outside the Red Chinese orbit for the present, guarded by water and the U.S. Navy. Reports from there indicate that Nationalist affairs are going smoothly enough in a quiet way. Though sound in herself, with American help, Formosa hasn't shown that she is ready to deliver an attack on the mainland. The Nationalists have long indulged a habit of boastfulness, and Far Eastern observers on the whole are not impressed with their threats.

Finally, Hong Kong and Macao, the little European colonies on the South China coast — vestiges of the Western incursion — seem to be at Red China's mercy now, spared only because she knows that to take them back would provoke the West dangerously.

That is how Chinese power seems to look, on the basis of Chinese factors. Factors outside China, however, may affect things unpredictably. The chief of these is American strength. Our American way with machinery has upset normal expectations in the past — the Berlin air lift did, for instance, and so did the amphibious war against Japan. Our machinery may upset China's influence on her neighbors someday, or upset China herself. Meanwhile, we are watching how China develops.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Something New in Dictators"

SIR:

The title of the article by Ellery Sedgwick in the January *Atlantic* is a misnomer; there is nothing basically new in dictators any more than there is in their apologists. In acting with moderate tyranny (while his position is secure, of course), Salazar is only seeking to remain in power.

All the old arguments are trotted out: Salazar (and Mussolini) made the trains run on time, Salazar (and Franco) restored the family and spiritual values, Salazar (and Hitler) ended strikes. This is all tiresomely familiar. But Mr. Sedgwick can ignore all history and opine that Salazar or his successor will not eventually follow the same pattern. Or perhaps it doesn't matter, since Portugal is such a small country.

Some Americans still love the "formula" that a man should be allowed the right to think for himself. And some of them were and are convinced that this "habit" is even worth fighting for. Mr. Sedgwick is not. He thinks that an unspecified happiness and "salvation" are to be preferred. He is welcome to them, although I doubt that he will locate permanently in Portugal in order to enjoy them.

Tyranny is odious — Mr. Sedgwick quotes Confucius on this subject with approval. But Salazar's paper parliament and "restoring" of women's "rights" as household slaves are the truest freedom. This casual writing-off of the liberty of half of a population is beneath contempt.

The most reprehensible aspect of Mr. Sedgwick's "openmindedness" is his impartial willingness to abuse

the freedom he enjoys. Consciously or not, he is only supporting those who find it to their personal or political advantage to attack freedom of action and opinion today.

The most charitable interpretation of the reason for printing this article is that it was written by your predecessor, and is a negative example intended to induce thought on the subject.

P. L. FORSTALL
Evanston, Ill.

SIR:

I spent three years, 1935–1938, at the American Legation (now Embassy) in Portugal on some special work for the Office of Naval Intelligence in Washington.

The article "Something New in Dictators" is excellent, better than any other I have read on the subject, especially in all that pertains to Salazar, but there are some statements which need correction.

Mr. Sedgwick says that only 5 per cent of the population can read with fluency. Just what he means by fluency I do not know, but when Salazar took office in 1928 the *illiteracy* was estimated at from 65 per cent to 70 per cent. According to the census of 1940, it was reduced to about 50 per cent, and since then has again been reduced. As education is now compulsory, the illiteracy occurs principally among the older people, and special classes are provided for adult instruction in the evening. Ten per cent of the national budget is allocated to education, and during the first eight or ten years of Salazar's administration more than one thousand schools were built.

Mr. Sedgwick also says that "with the death of Henry night descended slowly on Portugal." On the contrary, the forty or fifty years after the death of Henry the Navigator constituted the great age of Portuguese discovery when Bartholomeu Dias sailed around the Cape of Good Hope in 1488 and ten years later Vasco da Gama discovered the route to Calicut, India.

I am at a loss to understand what Mr. Sedgwick means by "a despicable line of Braganzas and Bourbons." There never were any Bourbons in the ruling powers in Portugal. Undoubtedly there were some members of the Braganza clan who merit the adjective, but one must not forget that it was King John IV, 1640–1656, founder of the Braganza dynasty, who led a revolt which threw off the Spanish yoke which had oppressed the Portuguese for sixty years and made Portugal again a free and independent nation.

In the author's remarks regarding the university city of Coimbra, he places this city on the Minho River instead of on the Mondego.

Please understand that I am making these "criticisms" in a most friendly spirit. I know from experience how easy it is to make such slips. The character sketch of Salazar is admirable, and I am sending several copies of this *Atlantic* to friends in Portugal.

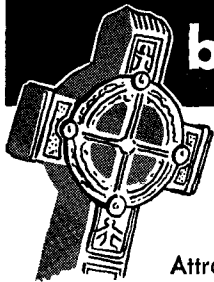
FRANK E. HAGEMEYER
New York City

I Personally —

SIR:

Joseph Henry Jackson's Marta in "Weasels in the Corn Meal" (June

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Atlantic) reminds me of a treasure my
mother had when I was at home.
Mrs. Annie told us, when her son
got married, she was making her
house over into two departments, one
for him and one for her. She was also
adding new munition shades, pino-
leum flooring, and a tility room, and
giving him twelve glass gobblers for a
wedding present.

But what really startled us was the
information that when her daughter,
who is a Sunday-school teacher, went
to have her fiscal checkup, the doctor
said she was on the verge of nervous
prostitution.

MRS. HELEN K. FOSTER
Harrisburg, Ill.

SIR:

I note, in the December *Atlantic*
Repertee, that William Clark Trow
is resentful because two skits in one
issue were aimed at his profession.

Mr. Trow should realize this is
probably due to the fact that we
(practically all of us) who are victim-
ized by the schools of education love
the vicarious thrill of revenge gained
by seeing them lampooned in print.

I used to have the naïve belief that
local school boards controlled the
operation of our schools, but have
suffered a painful disillusionment.
Mr. Trow's assumption that John
Gould's skit was directed at his pro-
fession, rather than the local school
board, points up the fact that these
"high priests of education" consider
themselves the real arbiters of the
public schools. They should also ac-
cept responsibility for the decline in
scholastic ability.

Just a suggestion; surely some
school of education somewhere must
offer a course which would enable
Mr. Trow to appreciate the humor
of John Gould's article.

ROBERT KLOTZBACH
McGregor, Iowa

SIR:

I read with great interest "Women
of India" by Lady Rama Rau (Janu-
ary *Atlantic*) and I wish to extend my
congratulations on that superb arti-
cle. As a physician, I am interested
and pleased that you presented the

problem on Planned Parenthood so
well. Such presentations as this
should help the laity to understand
the importance of the problem.

DR. HOWARD CHARLES GALE
Beverly, Mass.

SIR:

The Peripatetic Reviewer in the
January issue brought on a severe case
of nostalgia. I was a young suburban-
ite, too, in those days. There were
two or three experiences you failed
to mention. For example, the Eden
Musée — that enthralling waxworks
museum (long since torn down) on, I
think, 23rd Street. If you never went
there, you share, with all succeed-
ing generations, my pity. It's sad to
think that you may not have seen
Antony in wax delivering his oration
over dead Caesar; or gone downstairs
to the Chamber of Horrors, where,
among other gruesome objects, there
were some of the tortures of the Span-
ish Inquisition; or watched the great
mechanical chess player; or been
fooled by the sleeping wax police-
man.

In speaking of the Hippodrome,
you didn't mention the antics of that
incomparable clown, Marceline, who
delighted old as much as young with
his futile efforts to help the stage-
hands change scenery. Once at the
Hippodrome I witnessed an engage-
ment between detachments of Union
and Confederate Cavalry in the Civil
War. My host observed in a loud
voice, after much shooting had oc-
curred and not a trooper had toppled
from his saddle: "They're damn
poor shots." I think that eventually
there were two or three casualties
before the rebels fled in disorder.

LOUIS O. DERONGÉ
West Hartford, Conn.

The nostalgia of the Peripatetic
Reviewer for those good old days in
Manhattan has betrayed him in one
or two details. It was Roger Bresna-
han who caught Christy Mathewson,
and not "Chief" Meyers; and the slot
machines attached to the backs of
the Hippodrome seats gave up their
sweets for a nickel, not a quarter.
Anything else? — EDWARD WEEKS

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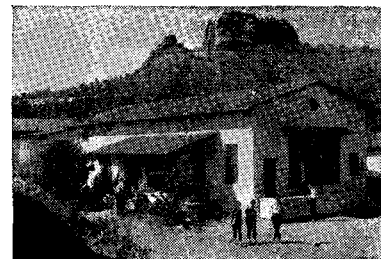
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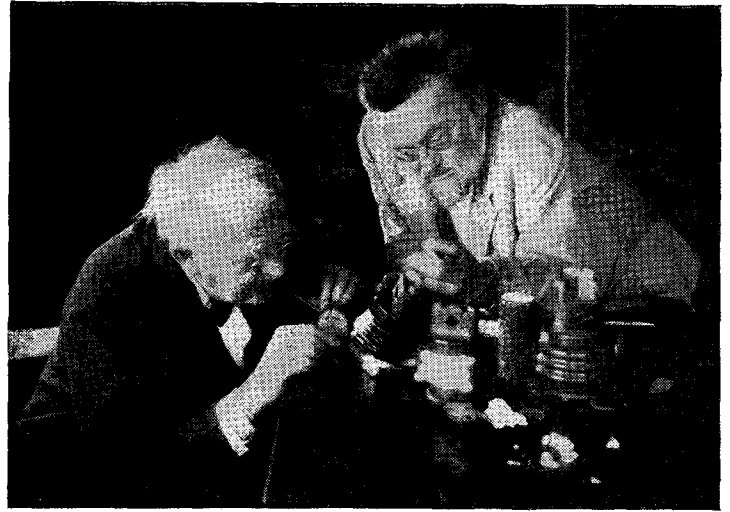
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*Ernest Hemingway's apprenticeship as a writer begins in the high school of Oak Park, Illinois, where his two dedicated teachers of English encouraged, even prodded, him into print. After Oak Park came his journalistic training on the Kansas City Star; then his war experiences in Italy; then the stimulating friendships in Paris. CHARLES A. FENTON, Instructor of English at Yale University, has traced Hemingway's development in the formative years 1916-1923, and from his book, *The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway*, which will be published this spring by Farrar, Straus & Young, the Atlantic has selected three installments. Mr. Fenton served in the Royal Canadian Air Force, received his Ph.D. from Yale in 1953, and has recently been awarded a Morse Fellowship to work on a biography of the late Stephen Vincent Benét.*

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: THE YOUNG YEARS

by CHARLES A. FENTON

ERNEST HEMINGWAY has always been acutely aware of Oak Park, Illinois, where he was born in 1899 and lived continuously until 1917. The fact that he has rarely written directly of his boyhood there is misleading as a measure of his response to the community. By conscious design he substituted other experiences for his absorption in that particular world.

A number of unpleasant things happened to Hemingway in Oak Park. He was never wholly at ease with its rather special milieu, nor it with him. Oak Park, however, has always been a fundamental element in his attitudes. It conditioned certain of his values in a way that is almost a parody of popular concepts about the importance of heredity and environment. Even in middle age, thirty-five years after he graduated from its high school and left its physical boundaries, he still thought of Oak Park with creative regret. "I had a wonderful novel to write about Oak Park," Hemingway said in 1952, "and would never do it because I did not want to hurt living people."

The town is vastly changed today, bigger, shabbier, less genteel and spacious, but Hemingway's legend is an explosive one among those of his generation who have remained there. Older residents take a perverse pride in his achievement and his fame.

"The wonder to me," said one of his teachers many years after Hemingway's departure, "and to a lot of other Oak Parkers, is how a boy brought up in Christian and Puritan nurture should know and write so well of the devil and the underworld." Some of his classmates share the pious bewilderment of that older group. "It is a puzzle," one of them declared in 1952, "and, too, an amazement to Oak Park that Ernest should have written the kind of books that he did."

Those comments, although they were made at mid-century, are in the authentic idiom of pre-World War I Oak Park. The community was more than respectable. It was respectable and prosperous. It was also Protestant and middle-class. It exulted in all these characteristics. Its citizens experienced the same sense of community membership as occurs in such suburbs as Brookline, Massachusetts; they thought of themselves as specifically living in Oak Park rather than Chicago, just as one lives in Brookline rather than Boston. "Oak Park," a contemporary of Hemingway once said, without satire, "has prided itself on being the largest village in the world."

One's neighbors were scrutinized with New England severity. If one happened to be, like Ernest Hemingway, the oldest son of a union between two

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such locally prominent families as the Hemingways and the Halls, the scrutiny was the more intense. It was an atmosphere calculated both to irritate and attract a boy who was proud, competitive, and intelligent, particularly if his intelligence were of a satiric and inquiring kind. It was a world far more homogeneous, socially and economically, than exists today in similar American residential districts. Oak Parkers, trying to communicate the flavor of their childhoods, stress the fact that there was no other side of the tracks; their memories err, as it happens, but the deeply cherished illusion is even more revealing through being inaccurate. Some fathers were clearly more successful than others, and there were delicate gradations within the social equality of Oak Park, but in the vision of the average Oak Park child there was neither poverty nor ostentation. There were no saloons, for the town was righteously dry; the wide-open streets of near-by Cicero were an unknown excitement for most Oak Park adolescents. The center of social life, even for the most sophisticated, was the school and the family church. The boundary between Chicago and Oak Park, in fact, was defined by the irreverent as the point where the saloons ended and the churches began.

2

IN SUCH a community, education was as important as religion, and equally earnest. Like most Midwesterners of their class and period, Oak Parkers had a real hostility toward the eastern private schools to which many of them might well have sent their children. They therefore established for the local school system, and particularly in the secondary field, standards that were genuinely impressive. Few of the graduates of Oak Park High had any difficulty with the admission requirements of Williams, Mount Holyoke, Wellesley, Yale, Amherst, or the fashionable and more regionally attractive Beloit. Oak Park candidates dominated the competitive exams for the ten scholarships the University of Chicago awarded annually to area students. Teaching salaries were well above the average. The academic plant was first-class in every way. Those graduates who later attended college — the percentage was generally as high as two thirds of a senior class, exceptional for the period — frequently discovered that Oak Park teaching was superior to their later instruction. Residents of the town were likely to maintain, with justification, that four years at Oak Park High were the equivalent of two years of college.

The school's curriculum, quite naturally, was built around the liberal arts. The English Department, to which Hemingway responded most fully, and in whose classes his contemporaries remembered him most clearly, was large and efficient. English was required during each of the four years. For all classes, from English I through English IV,

there was an emphasis on the fundamentals of language. In their first year of English the Oak Park students read a widely used text of the period, H. A. Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome*. Two of the supplementary texts were Rhodes's *Old Testament Narratives* and *One Hundred Narrative Poems*. The fiction that was read in class, novels such as *Ivanhoe*, was material of the same emphatic story content. There was also a great deal of outside reading — H. G. Wells, for example, and Owen Wister — but the popular novels of the era were virtually outlawed. The required reading becomes less lugubrious in terms of Hemingway's mature work when we recall that he subsequently said, "That's how I learned to write — by reading the Bible," adding that by the Bible he meant particularly the Old Testament.

It was after freshman year, however, that Hemingway worked under what he himself cited as his significant teachers. "In High School," he said in 1951, "I had two teachers of English: Miss Fannie Biggs and Miss Dixon. I think they were the two advisers on the *Tabula* [the school literary magazine] and they were both very nice and especially nice to me because I had to try to be an athlete as well as try to learn to write English." The principal teaching assignments of Miss Biggs and Miss Dixon were in the upperclass courses that stressed composition and public speaking.

"I think Ernie started seriously to write soon after 1915," said an older student who saw a good deal of him at this time. "He had a typewriter on the third floor of the old home, well away from his family. By that time he was writing for the fun of it and apparently felt that he was developing ability along that line. He would read to me some of the things he was writing and was quite enthusiastic." It was about this time, too, as he became heavy enough for the varsity squads, that athletics began to interfere with his writing. "It was not like Scott [Fitzgerald] wanting to be an athlete," Hemingway once explained. "I had no ambition nor choice. At Oak Park if you could play football you had to play it." Miss Dixon and Miss Biggs relieved some of the frustration.

Margaret Dixon expressed in her classes the vigor and conviction of an articulate, positive woman. A classmate of Hemingway, who later became a teacher himself, remembered her with clarity. Edward Wagenknecht studied under her for two successive years, and "knew her very well." She was a "very frank, straightforward, honest, down-to-earth person," said Wagenknecht in 1951, "though within the standards of decorous respectability that were favored in Oak Park. She had a temper, and her class was never a dull place. She was an outspoken liberal. Again and again, she expressed in the classroom her admiration for Woodrow Wilson and her utter contempt for Theodore Roosevelt. She was also more interested in movies than most high

school teachers admitted they were in those days.”

Miss Dixon's friends in Oak Park often heard her describe Hemingway with enthusiasm, speaking of him as the most brilliant student she ever had; they realized too that a woman of her hard integrity would be incapable of altering the past to fit the achievement of Hemingway's maturity. In her teaching, according to a classmate who worked with Hemingway on the school paper and sat near him in class, Miss Dixon “pushed the creative side, urged us to use our imagination and dare to try putting into writing our original and interesting thoughts.” Miss Dixon was a blunt critic. “She was salty in her criticism, proud and full of praise for our efforts and quite ready to rip at what was not good.”

Margaret Dixon's importance to Hemingway was in this area of temperament and attitude. Her stern honesty and mild iconoclasm were valuable antidotes to the smug complacency of Oak Park. “Her economic and social ideas,” one of her personal friends recalled, “were somewhat at variance with the very conservative school and community.” American high schools have been blessed with many Miss Dixons; she was not professionally unique, nor was her relationship with Hemingway unusual.

Fannie Biggs, the other English teacher whom Hemingway described as “very nice and especially nice to me,” was the ideal complement for Miss Dixon. “She was a kind of genius,” according to the chairman of the English Department, “a frail but wiry little woman, with a well-read mind, with exacting requirements, and with a fine sense of humor.” A colleague compared the two women: “Miss Dixon's work was a clarification in whatever the assignment might be. Miss Biggs, out of much more temperamental disposition, would flourish more in the field of imagination.”

Miss Biggs's interest in Hemingway was somewhat more personal than Miss Dixon's. She responded not only to his potential as a student, but to his problems as an individual. She observed his difficulties, most of them common to all adolescent boys, a few of them peculiar to his particular position, and did what she could, in the most tentative way, to soften them. Hemingway was at ease with her, in a way that was neither odd nor excessive. Occasionally he spoke to her in a peripheral fashion about something that was troubling him. A year after he graduated from high school, and with seven months of Kansas City newspaper work completed, it was to Fannie Biggs that Hemingway boasted mildly about his journalistic triumphs, just before he left Oak Park in May, 1918, for the war in Italy.

3

IT WOULD be a distortion, however, to conceive of Hemingway as a predominantly bookish or literary high school student. In the accumulation of extra-

curricular posts and memberships Hemingway was spectacularly well-rounded. It required eight lines to list his achievements in the Class Book. Only the class president and one of its star athletes exceeded him in the length of their paragraphs.

Hemingway was chosen to write the Class Prophecy, which automatically admitted him to the elite group of Class Day Speakers. He was a member of the orchestra during his first three years. In senior year he played Richard Brinsley Sheridan in the class play, Fitch's *Beau Brummell*. As a junior he was a reporter for the weekly newspaper, the *Trapeze*; the next year he became one of its six editors. During both those years he contributed stories and poems to the literary magazines. In his last two years he belonged to a trio of debating and self-improvement groups. The Hanna Club met at regular intervals to listen to prominent businessmen and local civic leaders; the Burke Club was an exercise in oratory and parliamentary procedure, and the Boys' High School Club offered its members a series of addresses “on efficiency, Christianity and such things that are desirable to the life of a boy.” Hemingway was in the Athletic Association as a freshman, sophomore, and senior. He played junior varsity football in his second and third years, and in his senior year he was on the championship first team. He was track manager, too, that year, and a member of the swimming team. He was captain of water basketball. During his first three years he belonged to the Boys' Rifle Club.

That particular membership became part of the class legend, for the Boys' Rifle Club was in reality a desperate inspiration which Hemingway conceived as editor of the *Trapeze*, during a week when he was confronted by an empty column and no material with which to fill it. He hastily created the mythical organization, stimulated by the existence of a genuine Girls' Rifle Club, and listed himself and five friends as members. The story was read with interest and acceptance, and for several weeks, according to the late Morris Musselman, Hollywood writer and Oak Park classmate, Hemingway filed additional stories about the club's matches and incredible skill. In the spring the Class Book editors, in good faith, asked for a picture of the group. Hemingway was equal to the crisis. He borrowed a shotgun for each of the five marksmen, none of whom had either owned or fired such a weapon, and posed them professionally.

The anecdote restores the proper perspective to any conception of Hemingway as a mere victim of a highly organized school hierarchy. He was as vigorously competitive in Oak Park as he has been in his manhood. “Listen,” he told a young writer in 1936. “There is no use writing anything that has been written before unless you can beat it. What a writer in our time has to do is write what hasn't been written before or beat dead men at what they have done.”

Hemingway has seldom been able to resist a challenge in any area of his life, but he has rarely solemnized his competitive zeal. The instinct to win has been almost a reflex; his conscious attitude toward the reflex has caused it to become graceful. "I remember," said one classmate, "that often his themes were humorous. And this is something I have talked about since — he was gay in those days, always laughing, carefree. His literary ability was recognized, but one might have predicted that he would be a writer of humor."

It was characteristic of such a temperament, of course, that this buoyancy should disguise a more somber aspect of his life and attitudes. Hemingway as an adult has never taken anything easily, nor do many high school students of intelligence and sensitivity have an entirely carefree existence. His was no exception. It is this side of his Oak Park boyhood which has been emphasized by Freudian literary commentators and casual biographers. Hemingway himself has encouraged the legend of a turbulent youth. The occasional tensions of the period have been magnified until the symbol of his boyhood is a runaway vagabondage. Such episodes did occur, of course, as they occur for many boys; they are almost a pattern for a certain kind of middle-class American boyhood.

His brief flights from home, however — sufficiently brief so that he never dropped back in school because of them — were little more than the rebellious independence of a restless boy. Years later Hemingway declared that the best training for a writer was an unhappy boyhood. This was in part a serious statement, applicable to a degree in his own case; in part, too, it was a sly comment on literature in general and first novels in particular, and an ironic, characteristic belittlement of artistic solemnity. To think of his adolescence in terms of misery or maladjustment is to misunderstand his Oak Park experience and his personality.

It is true that his adolescence was made difficult by the intensity of his own character and the complexity of his family relationships. Normally his buoyancy and energy sustained him; occasionally he had bleak moments. The emotional variety contributed to the growing opaqueness of his vision. From his wanderings and escapades he began to acquire a precocious wisdom. Some of the faculty, and an occasional contemporary, sensed in him an unusual awareness. "When I expressed surprise at the sophistication of his books," said a classmate who was the daughter of a teacher, "my father said that he had been more knowing in high school than the rest of us."

Little of this ambivalence was readily apparent. It was never more than a minor factor in an otherwise restless but reasonably well-adjusted period. "I heard stories about Ernest being a 'tough guy,' having run away from home, etc.," said another classmate, "but I never saw anything to confirm

any of this." He could hardly have acquired those eight lines devoted to him in the Class Book had his four years been consistently chaotic or disturbed. The epitaph beneath his extracurricular record summed up the wry, impressed assessment of his contemporaries. "None," they concluded, "are to be found more clever than Ernie."

4

THE cleverness which his Oak Park classmates discovered in Hemingway went beyond the casual wit and horseplay of high school friendships. It took the more permanent form of publication. Most of his classmates remembered this role as primarily that of an entertaining reporter and columnist for the school newspaper. He also published a moderate amount of fiction and verse in the literary magazine; his work in the *Tabula* reaffirms those qualities which caused his classmates to greet with eagerness the themes he read in the English courses. He never held office on the *Tabula*, and, indeed, the aggressiveness which he brought to the more conventionally masculine activities was conspicuously absent or concealed in his early attitude toward both the magazine and the newspaper. He did not compete for the *Tabula* as he competed for other extracurricular awards. There was a reticence in his attitude toward all artistic or semi-artistic endeavor. Its origins were in his personal background. He lived in a household where creative talent was oppressively honored. For a time he deliberately cultivated the other capacities of his temperament. When his stories did begin to appear in the *Tabula* it was almost by an act of conspiracy on the part of his supporters.

"He never submitted a story or essay to the school magazine while I was on it," said a classmate whose editorial tenure on the *Tabula* covered their junior and senior years. "But Mr. Platt, the magazine's faculty adviser, came with a manuscript, evidently handed to him by Miss Dixon, and I knew that this essay or story about a hunting expedition was considered good enough by the teachers that it was to be printed whether it appealed to me or not."

The story itself, published in the issue of February, 1916, is quite naturally without artistic validity save in the synthetic hindsight of Hemingway's mature work. The dialogue, it is true, was clearly an attempt to reproduce authentic idioms, and the narrative was brisk and lucid. It is always noteworthy when a high school junior labors long enough to contrive a readable narrative. "Judgment of Manitou" was eminently readable. It marked the author as possessing an interest in the mechanics of storytelling. Its rich detail indicated that he enjoyed writing it. Dealing as it did with the scenes Hemingway encountered each summer at the family home in northern Michigan, it could be said to

confirm his early absorption in nature and in violence. The vindictive trapper and the young associate whom he murders, their conflict framed in the mysticism of Indian folklore, are reminiscent of a Jack London treatment. It was a bloodthirsty story, clear and precise, tempered by irony, elaborate only in its relatively complicated plot.

Hemingway's next work for the *Tabula* demonstrated an instinctive professionalism which was a blend of inclination, reading, and the example of persuasive, unaffected teachers. "A Matter of Colour" was published in the following issue of the *Tabula*, in April, 1916. The story was in some ways an improvement over its predecessor, particularly in its less obvious reliance on coincidence. Hemingway's principal strength, however, continued to be his utilization of material which he had either experienced or observed. He dealt with the prize-fight world he was just then encountering through his boxing lessons in a Chicago gym. He made no attempt to impose a statement on the story. Its basic structure was an ironic anecdote about a crooked fight. The denouement was withheld until the final line; everything hinged upon the information of that last sentence. The treatment reflected the current debt to O. Henry.

The momentum of English III, out of which had come "Judgment of Manitou" and "A Matter of Colour," sustained Hemingway's instinct toward creative writing during his senior year. The first issue of the 1916-17 *Tabula*, published in November, featured another story drawn from the northern Michigan material. "Sepi Jingan" was also largely dialogue, a tale of violence and revenge told by an Ojibway Indian. This time, on the other hand, Hemingway avoided the artificiality of total monologue. There was a base of fragmentary exposition and the narrator asked occasional questions that kept the Indian's speech fluid.

The most promising characteristic of "Sepi Jingan," however, was Hemingway's introduction of a statement. His conception of the two previous stories had never gone beyond the anecdotes themselves. Now he created another dimension by inserting the paradox of an Ojibway killer who was also a kind, decent man, patient with the questions of the young summer resident, tender with the dog, Sepi Jingan, and more deeply concerned about the merits of various pipe tobaccos than the savage memories of the man hunt he was describing. The statement was clumsily handled at times, and, understandably, Hemingway had not yet learned to make a thesis unobtrusive and implicit. The dialogue, however, was smoother, partially cleansed of the tendency to entertain his classmates with smart hyperbole, and to the clarity of narrative there had been added a calm knowledgeability.

The edge of the full moon showed above the hill to the east. To our right was a grassy bank. "Let's

sit down," Bill said. "Did I ever tell you about Sepi Jingan?"

"Like to hear it," I replied.

"You remember Paul Black Bird?"

"The new fellow who got drunk last fourth of July and went to sleep on the Pere Marquette tracks?"

"Yes. He was a bad Indian. Up on the upper peninsula he couldn't get drunk. He used to drink all day — everything. But he couldn't get drunk. Then he would go crazy; but he wasn't drunk. He was crazy because he couldn't get drunk."

The knowledgeability took various forms, as has the knowledgeability of his mature work. It was not always as adult as the poised estimate of Paul Black Bird's misfortune. Occasionally Hemingway was content to mine only slapstick from this capacity for understanding. One of Miss Dixon's annual assignments to her upperclassmen, for example, was the composition of a ballad. Hemingway's precocious handling of this exercise was printed in that same November, 1916, issue of the *Tabula*. It was an ancient device whose entire forty-eight lines consisted of variations on the author's query as to what he should write about and how he should rhyme it. The whole lively jest, "How Ballad Writing Affects Our Seniors," indicated an affection for Kipling and a confident charm. The first stanza stated the approach and content of the other five.

Oh, I've never writ a ballad
And I'd rather eat shrimp salad,
(Tho' the Lord knows how I hate the
Pink and scrunchy little beasts),
But Miss Dixon says I gotto —
(And I pretty near forgotto)
But I'm sitting at my table
And my feet are pointing east.

He also collaborated with his friend and teammate, Fred Wilcoxon, in some impressionistic, Sandburg-like free verse about a football game. Football for Hemingway had been largely an unavoidable chore. "Football," he explained later, talking about the experiences which had been helpful in learning to write, "I knew too much about and it did not interest me really and I have never written a line about it. They had a very Spartan system, and the football field, when I first played (Phipps Field) was about three miles from school. You made that back and forth by foot and after it was too dark to see you ran plays with a whitened ball and the linemen pushed the bucking machine up and down the field. Three guys lay down on the runway to the tackling dummy and you had to take off in front of them to dive and make the tackle. Afterwards they ran once around the mile track and jogged or walked home. You were always too tired to study; especially if they had been running plays through you until dark and you had to have good marks to play."

Ironically, however, Hemingway's senior year

was spent in the creatively unfruitful competitions — as opposed to boxing or fishing — of high school sport. He not only played varsity football all that fall, but even in his writing he was for a time restricted to sports material for the weekly newspaper. It was in the *Trapeze*, in fact, rather than the *Tabula*, that Hemingway's apprenticeship really began. Journalism would be the basic ingredient of his formal training, at least until 1922, and his vocation from 1920 until 1924. His newspaper career was thrust upon him in Oak Park in the winter of 1916, when he was sixteen.

Between January, 1916, and May, 1917, Hemingway's by-line — usually Ernest M. Hemingway, as it remained throughout his newspaper work — appeared more than thirty times in the *Trapeze*. His assignments were generally the varsity athletic contests; and it was to Arthur Bobbitt, the faculty adviser on the paper, that Hemingway owed his initial push into journalism. In 1916, when the history teacher was first appointed its sponsor, the *Trapeze* was being published irregularly. It was largely the preserve of one or two students. Bobbitt reorganized it as a weekly, with a fixed publication schedule and a conventional student hierarchy of editors, business staff, and reporters. Bobbitt vividly recalled the occasion when he recruited Hemingway; he told the story many times to colleagues and students. His classmates, Bobbitt suggested to Hemingway one day in study hall, had often spoken about his writing ability. Hemingway replied that he didn't want to write for the paper. "I'm not interested in writing," he said.

It was the same synthetic resistance which a few weeks later caused Hemingway's reluctance to publish his fiction, and which required the intercession of Mr. Platt and Miss Dixon before "Judgment of Manitou" was submitted to the *Tabula*. "No, I don't want to," he repeated to Bobbitt, but he got the article in by the deadline, and though Bobbitt had to renew his arguments for the next issue, Hemingway, the adviser recalled, "soon became an enthusiastic reporter."

He wrote twenty-four stories between November, 1916, and May, 1917. There was scarcely an issue during that period in which his by-line did not appear at least once; several times he had as many as three articles in a single number. The stories were usually five or six hundred words long. Although Hemingway was functioning as a reporter rather than a columnist, he couldn't always maintain the objectivity of conventional reportage. "As usual," he noted bitterly in a description of a one-sided loss by the home team, "Oak Park was without the services of their constantly ineligible stars and Standish joined the missing pair due to parental objection to his swimming."

Such editorialization would have been red-penciled by Mr. Bobbitt, who supervised the paper very closely. Bobbitt, however, as of the issue of

December 22, 1916, had delegated faculty sponsorship of the *Trapeze* to a young instructor named John Gehlmann. Like his superior, the new adviser had no professional newspaper background, but he was a perceptive, energetic man who encouraged every reasonable form of student initiative. Gehlmann was at times a particular ally of Hemingway. The latter soon grew restless under the drab bondage of sports writing, and on his own he launched what was by far the most significant enterprise, either journalistic or creative, of his high school writing.

5

IN 1917 Ring Lardner was probably the contemporary writer most widely read by the young men in the Chicago area. His column in the Chicago *Tribune* was one of the municipal glories, revered by subscribers of all kinds. Hemingway's contemporaries testify to their own excitement when they first encountered Lardner. For many of them he was the first contemporary writer they read. "In the Wake of the News" was an intoxicating diet after the required staples of late Victorian literature. Hemingway's own response to Lardner was instantaneous. He documented his homage with a series of *Trapeze* adaptations.

The most impressive aspect of Hemingway's use of the *Tribune* columnist as a model was the imaginative way in which he transferred the latter's techniques into a high school framework. The boy's work ultimately became more than an imitation; it was original as well as derivative. In a column of May 4, 1917, addressed to "Dear Marce" — his sister Marcelline was editor that week — Hemingway demonstrated the authenticity of his adaptation.

Say, Marcelline, did you know that there is 5 pairs of brothers and sisters in school and invariabsolutely it is a strange coincidence that the sister is good looking and the brother is not? Schwabs, Shepherds, Condrons, Krafts and Hemingways, is it not most peculiar that except in one family the sister is an awful lot better looking than the brother. But we are too modest to say which family is the exception. Huh? Marce?

Hemingway also understood the Lardner device of self-derision. "The *Trapeze* is short of stuff," he wrote, a paragraph or two later, "and so don't get sore if I string this out because anyway you should give me lots of space because we are sisters and brothers." The basic structure of the entire treatment, in fact, indicated a comprehensive grasp of Lardner's principal effects, confirming Mr. Bobbitt's subsequent statement that Hemingway "took articles from the Chicago papers and studied them carefully." The young satirist completed the seven-hundred-word column — it was called "Ring Lardner Returns" — with a sly gibe at Oak Park con-

servatism, which he had already mocked in paragraphs about smoking and gambling.

Well, Marce, I had better quit now but if you and Mr. Gehlmann let this go thru you will be glad because think of the joy it may bring to some suffering heart,

“Lovingly?”

“Ernie”

In fairness to John Gehlmann, this derision should have been directed not at him, but at the Superintendent, Mr. M. R. McDaniel. The latter frequently chided the young faculty sponsor about Hemingway's columns. “I was always having to fight criticism by the Superintendent,” Gehlmann said once, “that Ernie was writing like Ring Lardner—and consequently a lost soul!” McDaniel remained unimpressed by Hemingway's mature work.

Official opposition, even as mild as Superintendent McDaniel's, had a predictable effect on Hemingway. He was back in strength in the next issue. This time, however, he gave his column a new title. “SOME SPACE FILLED BY ERNEST MACNAMARA HEMINGWAY,” it read, with an ironic subheading: “Ring Lardner Has Objected to the Use of His Name.” The approach of graduation, as well as the Superintendent's distaste, seemed to furnish Hemingway a heightened creative momentum, for the bulk of his Lardner material was written in the last weeks of his senior year. Hemingway bowed out of Oak Park in the role of professional iconoclasm.

“Mr. Dale Bumstead,” he wrote, “gives a dinner dance tomorrow night at the Country Club. Messrs. Morris Musselman, Fred Wilcoxon, Ernest Hemingway, Abraham Lincoln and General Joffre will not be among those present, all having perfect alibis.” Hemingway also returned to the locally prohibited topic of gambling. “Several members of the Trap Shooting Club,” he declared, “are exhibiting pieces of silver ware of the Ohlsen's home as trophies of the meeting held there Saturday night. The silver ware is always the last stakes that Ray puts up.” He violated, with relish, the Oak Park mores on drinking. “A new party enters the race next fall in the person of the anti-prohibition party. Its leaders, led by Tom Cusack, nominated the modest editor of these columns and announced their slogan as ‘Hemingway and a full Stein!’” Hemingway's valediction was thus an amiable roundhouse swing at faculty, community, and classmates, not the less pointed for its amiability.

Hemingway's work for the *Trapeze* provided him with a personal direction. Mr. Bobbitt felt with justice that the *Trapeze* experience was “the opening wedge for the newspaper experience which Ernest went into immediately upon graduation.” Had he attended the University of Illinois, as he indicated to his classmates that he would, Hemingway planned to major in journalism. He had found

in the high school newspaper experience, and particularly in the freedoms of a column, at least the beginnings of a tangible objective. He wrote approximately fifteen thousand words, and once a week he sat with the other five editors and read and edited the work of the reporters.

His careful adaptations of Lardner had been an invaluable opening exercise in some of the technicalities of idiomatic prose, as well as a profitable experiment in various levels of humor, burlesque, and satire. Years afterwards Hemingway autographed a book for Lardner, at the latter's request, inscribing it “To Ring Lardner from his early imitator and always admirer, Ernest Hemingway.” Hemingway outgrew Lardner, as he has outgrown most of his models and tutors. Like the *Trapeze*, however, Lardner was an important agent in the establishment of direction. “There was plenty to admire,” Hemingway said later of Lardner's work.

In June, 1917, however, the *Trapeze* and Lardner and writing as a whole were put aside for the annually welcome escape to the Hemingway summer home in northern Michigan. Here, in the immense delights of fishing and camping and a masculine world, with a group of friends more important to him than his high school associations, Hemingway extended each summer another element of his apprenticeship. It was an element whose importance does not become wholly apparent until his free-lance work in Toronto in 1920. The summer of 1917, however, was a difficult one for any eighteen-year-old American as aggressive and restless as Hemingway. For such a boy the events in Europe marched their distracting shadows across the woods of Michigan.

6

HEMINGWAY's restlessness became more acute with each week that passed in the summer of 1917. The war, and his father's unalterable opposition to his enlistment—“the boy's too young,” Dr. Hemingway had said, and there the discussion ended—made his situation intolerable. He talked about getting away for good, and about making his way in the world, and it was finally agreed that in the fall he should go to Kansas City and get a job. Kansas City had several things to recommend it.

In Kansas City lived Dr. Hemingway's younger brother, Tyler Hemingway, a successful, socially prominent businessman. Tyler Hemingway could not only provide a local regency of family supervision, but he would also be able to find his nephew a newspaper job; he had been a classmate at Oberlin of the late Henry J. Haskell, chief editorial writer of the *Kansas City Star* and for some years its Washington correspondent. “I wanted to work on the *Star*,” Hemingway declared many years later, “because I thought it was the best paper in the U.S.”

Like the New York *World*, with which it was often compared, the *Star* infected its staff with a curiosity about mankind and a craftsmanlike regard for clear, provocative, good — as opposed to “fine” — writing. Unlike the *World*, which preferred to hire reporters of proven quality, the *Star* insisted when possible on training its own men. The late Courtney Ryley Cooper, gossiping about his own *Star* days, recalled that the invention of a mythical background of experience had not helped his application for a job on the paper. “Young man,” the assistant editor told him, “when a man becomes a member of the staff of the Kansas City *Star* we give him his experience. We don’t want men from big papers, and we don’t want boomers who run around the country from one paper to another. We train our men and we train them well.”

The atmosphere of the *Star* was a fresh and exciting one, for which nothing in Hemingway’s high school journalism could have prepared him. “They worked us very hard,” Hemingway remembered thirty-five years later, “especially Saturday nights. I liked to work hard though, and I liked all the special and extra work.” His zeal, of course, would have been no surprise to his editors; it was what they expected to get from every young reporter lucky enough to work for the *Star*. They expected, too, that \$60-a-month cubs would quickly master the paper’s celebrated style sheet.

This was a long, galley-size, single page containing the 110 Rules that governed the *Star*’s prose. It had been developed by the man who made the *Star*, the legendary Colonel William Rockhill Nelson, and two of his first editors, T. W. Johnston and Alexander Butts. In its essentials it is a remarkable document. The style sheet’s first paragraph — and it remains the initial paragraph in the current style book — might well stand as the First Commandment in the prose creed which is today synonymous with the surface characteristics of Hemingway’s work.

Use short sentences. Use short first paragraphs.
Use vigorous English. Be positive, not negative.

Nothing Hemingway might learn in the next decade of apprenticeship would supplant this precept. The inevitable verbosity he had brought from high school theme-writing, despite the efforts of Miss Dixon and Miss Biggs, as well as the prose vices of premature independence in *Trapeze* reporting, could not survive in such an atmosphere. Rule One was an edict observed with evangelical devotion by the *Star*’s copyreaders and, more important, by the man who was most directly in contact with young reporters and their work.

Pete Wellington was in 1917 the assistant city editor of the *Star*. He is regarded by the scores of writers whom he has trained as the man who was the keeper of the *Star* style sheet. In the hands of

such a man — patient, severe, devoted to the paper in general and to readable, lucid prose in particular — the style sheet was never a rhetorical prison. It was a kind of bellows with which words were controlled and structured. Hemingway — who worked there for only seven months — could recall in 1952 that “you were never to say a man was seriously injured. All injuries are serious. He was, as I recall, slightly injured or dangerously injured. There were many other things like this,” he added, “that made extremely good sense.” Hemingway then translated his memories of the style sheet into another idiom, giving his description the kind of freshness that would have pleased Wellington.

“They gave you this to study when you went to work,” Hemingway explained, “and after that you were just as responsible for having learned it as after you’ve had the articles of war read to you.”

If one worked even briefly in this world where short sentences and vigorous English were truly important things, then he would, fundamentally, write that way forever, just as he would always write with the emphasis on freshness and originality. They used to say that on the *Star* you could write a story backwards if you made it interesting enough. This becomes believable when Rule Three of the style sheet is analyzed.

Never use old slang. Such words as *stunt*, *cut out*, *get his goat*, *come across*, *sit up* and *take notice*, *put one over*, have no place after their use becomes common. Slang to be enjoyable must be fresh.

At a time when the habits of a vocation are formed, Hemingway was being given the training that would make him so apt a pupil during the coming five or six years. Language and words could never from this point on be lightly regarded. The effort would always be toward authenticity, precision, immediacy. There was a legend on the *Star* that the city desk once accepted in a reporter’s story the line, “He hit the girl he was engaged to’s brother.” The myth vividly indicates what was wanted by the *Star* and, above all, by assistant city editor Pete Wellington. Hemingway’s sense of obligation to Wellington has always been profound, and he has recorded it scrupulously on several occasions. “Pete Wellington was a stern disciplinarian, very just and very harsh,” Hemingway said once, “and I can never say properly how grateful I am to have worked under him.”

Wellington has been described by the playwright Russel Crouse — on the *Star*’s sports desk in 1917 and a friend of Hemingway there — as a fine teacher because “he had the wonderful habit of putting his arm around you and then talking to you as though he was a friend instead of a boss.” This was the man who read Hemingway’s copy and discussed it with him, whether it was merely the phoned-in facts of a General Hospital stabbing, or a story written on his return to the city room.

Wellington was particularly insistent on the observance of Rule Twenty-one:—

Avoid the use of adjectives, especially such extravagant ones as *splendid, gorgeous, grand, magnificent*, etc.

He translated this into an understandable prose code for his young reporters, just as, when they violated the *Star's* edict on short sentences, he would shrug and say, without rancor but severely, "Why the hell do you want to tangle your reader up? Do you like listening to someone who talks like that?" American journalism was just emerging from a period of heavy, turgid prose. Like the *Star* Rules, Wellington's careful, frugal use of adjectives, in which the fresh and evocative was always sought, was evidence of the *Star's* creative attitude toward prose.

"Those were the best rules I ever learned for the business of writing," Hemingway told a young newspaperman in 1940. "I've never forgotten them. No man with any talent, who feels and writes truly about the thing he is trying to say, can fail to write well if he abides by them."

7

HEMINGWAY scrambled eagerly through this professional world. "He liked action," said Pete Wellington in 1951. "When he was assigned to the General Hospital he had an irritating habit of riding off with the first ambulance to go to some kind of cutting scrape without letting the city desk know that he was leaving the post uncovered." Wellington felt this could be related to Hemingway's subsequent work. "He always wanted to be on the scene himself, and I think that trait has been evident in his later writings."

"I covered the short-stop run," Hemingway said later, "which included the 15th Street police station, the Union Station and the General Hospital." He remembered the small details of his daily routine. "At the 15th Street station you covered crime, usually small, but you never knew when you might hit something larger. Union Station was everybody going in and out of town, . . . some shady characters I got to know, and interviews with celebrities going through." The third area of his beat was the one where he found most of his action. "The General Hospital was up a long hill from the Union Station and there you got accidents and a double check on crimes of violence." On another occasion, more than twenty years after he left the *Star*, even his senses could respond to a discussion of the paper, and he talked to an interviewer about how "when the fog came in the fall, you could see Hospital hill pushing up, almost smelling its anti-septic concord of odors."

Wellington, who saw Hemingway at least briefly during almost every day of his seven months on the

paper, remembered him personally and as an attentive pupil. "He was a big, good-natured boy with a ready smile," Wellington said years later, "and he developed a friendship with all those on the staff with whom he came in contact." Wilson Hicks, a contemporary who became a national magazine editor, remembered their Kansas City cub days as both industrious and buoyant. "Ernest was conscientious about his work," Hicks declared, "but he would also come back from a story laughing about the people involved, and characterizing them in ways he couldn't write in the paper."

The *Star's* milieu, in fact, was one in which only the most perverse of young men could have ignored the writing of fiction. "Every newspaperman I knew," Russel Crouse recalled, "was secretly working on a novel." Literary critics have sometimes patronized Hemingway as the victim of an abbreviated and inadequate education. On the contrary, in addition to the admirable instruction at Oak Park High, he was the beneficiary of an extremely literate and concentrated training, general as well as vocational, on the *Star*. It was an education to which, like any young man, he would be more attentive than he would have been to similar instruction at, say, the University of Illinois. "The *Star*," according to Clifford Knight, who grew up in its circulation area before he joined its staff, "was a cultural bath." It served this function both for those who read it and for those who wrote it.

Hemingway belonged only occasionally to the group which discussed literature and art in reverent, almost academic terms. Instead, when the paper was put to bed, he turned to a spokesman of a different approach to fiction. Lionel Calhoun Moise became a legend in American city rooms by the time he was thirty. During the rest of his life the legend extended in depth of anecdote without changing its essential pattern. Witnesses to Moise's career are invariably in doubt as to whether it was his talent as a writer or his color as a personality which contributed most strongly to their memory of him.

Of his stature as a journalist they were never in doubt. Experienced colleagues, who had read a thousand perishable accounts of the day's events, always remembered one or two by Moise when the rest had blurred away. He had the kind of agile talent which once enabled him to write three hundred entertaining words every day for a month on the phenomenon of Halley's comet. He is preserved in the minds of his contemporaries as a symbol of a vanished species, the boomer, the nomad reporter who acknowledged no master, moving turbulently from job to job, able neither to write a dull story nor be a dull companion. He was notorious as a cop-slugger and barroom brawler, a *Front Page* character who, in Russel Crouse's memory, "was a good tough reporter of the old school who loved to get drunk and throw typewriters out the windows."

The anecdotes about his brawls and his drinking

and his women were legion. Defining the relationship between Moise and Hemingway, a contemporary concluded that if Hemingway had written his fiction before 1917, younger newspapermen in Kansas City might have described Moise as "like a character out of Hemingway." Hemingway remembered him in 1952, the year of his death, as "a very picturesque, dynamic, big-hearted, hard-drinking and hard-fighting man," adding that he had "always regretted that his talent was not disciplined and canalized into good writing."

Moise, as Hemingway implied by that brief epitaph, was more than just a dissolute, professional he-man. "If Hemingway learned anything on the *Star*," according to Wesley Stout, a famous Kansas City reporter who later became managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, "it was from Moise, whose footsteps he dogged. Moise had many theories about writing, which he was not unwilling to share." Moise was particularly emphatic on the requirements of good prose. His description of his own work is an excellent indication of what he taught Hemingway. He was fond of pointing out that copyreaders hated to read his stories because he wrote transition sentences to tie each paragraph tightly to its predecessor. "Not," he explained to another of the *Star* cubs who always surrounded him, "these choppy, bastard, journalese paragraphs that can be cut out easily when a story has to be shortened."

He was, for all his romanticism and his saloon gregariousness, a sharply critical man, capable of expressing his beliefs in pungent epigram. "It is a regrettable indication of a great nation's literary taste," he once said, "when it chooses a national anthem beginning with the words, 'Oh, say.'" His advice to the young reporters was always the same; it is the precise advice Hemingway has continued to give novices. Moise urged an ambitious colleague to quit his job on the overstuffed *Star* and take one with the *Kansas City Journal*. "With its ridiculously small staff," he explained, "the *Journal* will run you ragged writing reams of copy — and the only way to improve your writing is to write."

Moise's temperament and creed had an understandable appeal for Hemingway. He and the older man became good friends. Russel Crouse told another *Star* associate, in 1930, that his own most vivid recollection of Hemingway in Kansas City was as "a companion of dat ole davil Moise." From Moise — and from others like him, "storybook newspapermen," Wilson Hicks recalled, "men like Tod Ormiston and Harry Godfrey" — Hemingway received aspects of a set of attitudes toward

experience, as well as a pattern of writing habits he could add to the more important ones he was acquiring from the *Star*'s atmosphere in general and from Pete Wellington in particular. Moise was blunt and doctrinaire on the qualities which fiction must possess.

"Pure objective writing," Moise often said, "is the only true form of story-telling." The writers he admired were Saint-Simon, Mark Twain, Conrad, Kipling, and Dreiser. "No stream of consciousness nonsense; no playing dumb observer one paragraph and God Almighty the next." He would lean forward emphatically, an impressive and persuasive lecturer. "In short, no tricks." Moise, unlike others to whom Hemingway was temporarily indebted, neither envied nor belittled the younger man's success. "I have since heard Hemingway quoted," Moise said in 1952, in one of the last letters he wrote, "to the effect that this and other pronouncements influenced him for the good." Moise's ironic wit was still active. "But," he added, "he probably was not himself." Growing more serious, Moise was literate and assured in his analysis of Hemingway's work. "Like all real writers, Hemingway owes his well-deserved eminence not to any 'influence' but to his ability to select from a host of influences — part of that little thing called genius." He had read Hemingway's stories with care and approval. "'The Killers' is an example of pure objectivity; dialogue, action, and a minimum of description."

Moise's importance to Hemingway, though by no means as lasting and crucial as Pete Wellington's, was sharp and direct. Almost half a century after he broke in Moise as a green cub on the *Star*, Marvin Creager, his first city editor, remembered that even then Moise had "a flair for the intellectual and a thirst for knowledge." Creager, who subsequently became editor of the *Milwaukee Journal* and made it one of the great Midwestern dailies, remembered too that Moise read widely and "understandingly." He could concentrate on "things that most cub reporters would find heavy going." As a combination of tutors Wellington and Moise complemented each other in a way that would have been hard to duplicate. Their mutual concern with Hemingway — the one's official and stern, the other's friendly and convivial — made the *Star* another profitable step in the apprenticeship. Wellington was a natural teacher to whom the entire staff looked for guidance and praise; Moise, as a contemporary remembered him, was "the idol of all the cubs." It was a formidable piece of good fortune; Hemingway, above all, was an apt and industrious pupil.

(To be continued)

Rescue

In her speaking and writing, in her testimony before Congressional committees, and in her unflagging zeal for public education, better medical care, and civil rights, AGNES E. MEYER has come to be recognized as one of the most forceful defenders of the family. In this paper, she traces one glaring case of juvenile delinquency to its source, and the recommendations she makes to counteract the spreading lawlessness are at once practical and sympathetic. Mrs. Meyer's autobiography, Out of These Roots, published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint last autumn, is being widely read and discussed.

SCHOOLBOY RACKETEERS

by AGNES E. MEYER

1

WHEN a spectacular case of juvenile delinquency breaks upon an American community, the reaction often is one of anxiety approaching hysteria. Yet these incidents would reveal to us what is wrong with our methods of dealing with youth if we would take the time to use them as case studies.

Consider, for example, what happened at Paul Junior High School in Washington, D.C. A fourteen-year-old boy, whose nickname is "Sunshine," was arrested on November 11 and charged with fourteen counts of robbing other Paul Junior students of sums varying from 5 cents to a dollar between September 22 and November 10. The principal, Thomas F. Ferry, had received an anonymous letter in the school suggestion box, early in October, telling him of the shakedowns and naming the culprit. The principal called Sunshine into his office and gave him a warning, but could do no more, as he had no proof upon which to take more drastic action.

A month passed during which a few more hints of the shakedowns reached the principal. On Wednesday, November 11, one of the pupils, Mike Hantman, went to the principal and asked him for a dollar, as he had been told by Sunshine to produce a dollar by 3 P.M. or take a beating.

The police gave Mike a marked dollar which he surrendered to Sunshine, who was thereupon arrested. Word got around the school that Mike Hantman had caused the arrest. Thursday night and Friday after the arrest, young Hantman and his mother received anonymous telephone calls telling them that Mike was going to get it for "ratting." By Friday afternoon, it was all over the school that Mike was in for a beating.

That night on the way home from a fraternity dance, Mike, with two friends, David Fram and Melvin Mackler, and the girls they were taking home, noticed that they were being followed by three automobiles, one of which tried to sideswipe

their car. In front of Fram's home Mike saw a boy known to him jump out of the lead car and heard him say, "All right, this is it." The boy pulled Fram out of the front seat and hit him. As Mike got out of the rear door, he was beaten and kicked into insensibility. Fram's parents, who were returning from a movie, arrived to find the girls screaming and Mike and their son knocked unconscious. The third boy, Mackler, had been hit only once before the attackers fled.

What are the facts behind the facts? Sunshine had been holding up boys for money — the teachers know of about thirty cases, the school children say sixty or seventy — ever since the beginning of school. He began with the little boys and worked up to the big ones, who had more pocket money.

Some of the Paul Junior youngsters told me that they are still afraid of Sunshine's friends who remain at the school, as they were not mixed up in the beating episode. The mothers of the beaten boys are bewildered and one of them plans to send her child to a private school.

It is commonly known at Paul that not only Sunshine but several of his friends have police records. Together they had been terrorizing the whole school, unbeknown to their teachers, from the onset of the autumn term. Can the principal and the teachers be criticized for this? By no means. They are not given the police records of the boys who are dumped on their hands, either at Paul Junior High or at any other school, although the grapevine among the youngsters usually disseminates the information to every pupil.

Even the police cannot keep track of the boys who have passed through their hands and have been referred to Juvenile Court, because they are never informed what happens to the boys subsequently. The secrecy that surrounds Juvenile Court decisions prevents it. As a consequence, most public school teachers, like those of Paul Junior High, in their crowded classes of forty or more children, are ex-

pected to cope with maladjusted children ranging from the slow learner to the subnormal, from those who are neurotics or suffer from other serious emotional disturbances to those who have already committed serious offenses.

It is high time that we make up our minds what the public schools can and cannot do. For at present the average teacher is expected to be a policeman, a psychiatrist, a public health expert, a doctor, a clergyman, a night club entertainer, and a parent. All this we demand from one underpaid public servant because the nation lacks the wisdom and the will power to face its social problems with honest, effective, and comprehensive insight.

2

SUNSHINE, the juvenile holdup man, is typical of the problem children to be found in our public schools. He comes from a broken home. The parents were divorced when the boy was three or four years old, according to his own recollection. Yet he remembers having been beaten by his father, who has now landed in a mental hospital. Sunshine still hates him.

His mother has done her best. She has worked for the support of her four children. Sunshine is the only one who has given her trouble. The backbone of the family is a grandmother who has Sunshine's only real devotion.

Sunshine's teachers believe in him with the innocence of people who do not understand his type. His home-room teacher, Mrs. Berch, is sure that he "would have been all right if he hadn't gotten into bad company." There is such a chasm between the ethical tradition of the teachers and the standards of the children that the former are often taken in by the rough and confused youngsters who, through experience with the police and the courts, develop a clever technique of manipulating both young people and adults. When Sunshine was confronted by the five pupils who preferred charges against him, he turned to them unctuously and said, "We can still be pals, can't we?" He also knew just what to say to his teachers in order to give them the illusion that they can reform him. This slick type of youngster anticipates exactly how adults will react to him and plays on their sensibilities with great skill.

But as Mrs. Berch said of him, "He also breaks down and gets real mean." On one occasion when he did some good work, his teacher felt she had him started on the straight and narrow path. He told her firmly he could not continue to do well, as he had his reputation to protect. "I have a reputation as a bad boy, and this is as important to me as your reputation for being good is to you."

This reputation was also the reason why he had a large following in the school. All adolescents feel admiration for the child who flouts authority and is willing to expose himself to danger. You can't

get the hero worship of this age group by excelling at lessons. The good children at Paul admired Sunshine as much as the others but were saved from his influence by constructive interests. The potential bullies followed him slavishly because he was braver than they in his misdemeanors.

He was able to intimidate the whole school and extract money at will from the good children because they feared not only his superior strength and the long knife he carried, but the overwhelming power of his sycophantic adherents, who were not an organized gang but a loosely knit group of hero worshipers. Thus can one desperate character corrupt the atmosphere of a whole school.

Well, Sunshine is now awaiting trial at the Receiving Home. He is resentful because his pals who did the beating are out on parole in custody of their parents. "I'll have to take the rap for the whole lot of them," he told me resentfully, "even though I was in the clink and had nothing to do with the fight."

The demoralization we create in our children through this kind of legal confusion is unbelievable. Different social workers will make totally different decisions as to two children involved in the same case. This naturally creates resentment in the child who gets the more severe sentence.

Small wonder that Sunshine was confused about the difference between his treatment and that of the boys who did the beating. For surely the vicious maltreatment of smaller youngsters out of pure revenge is a serious business. Furthermore, Sunshine could never have been so successful in extracting money from his victims if the other ruffians had not increased his power with their support. If the boys who actually carried out the beating are not held responsible, it will undermine permanently the morale not only of the Paul school but of the other Washington schools as well.

Young Sunshine early became a truant, and truancy is often the first step toward delinquency. His truancy is traceable to his reading difficulties, which began when he was still in parochial school and continued undiscovered in various public schools until he went to Paul, where he was recently given his first individual lessons in remedial reading. His inability to keep up with his classmates became the source of his rebellion against school and authority in general. It is now known that a reading difficulty may be one of the reasons why children become delinquents.

Yet Sunshine was promoted from year to year with his age group, regardless of achievement. Each year he was less able to cope with the class assignments. He himself told me that he paid no attention to homework because he could not read the words or understand them when he could read them. He sat in class with a constantly deepening inferiority complex and a growing sense of isolation.

For this he compensated himself by skill in danc-

ing, very important among the young today, and by becoming ever more aggressive toward a society which, from his point of view, lacked all possibility of genuine satisfaction. The isolation of such children is appalling when we consider that they move from families which give them no sense of belonging into schoolrooms so overcrowded that they feel like identical grains of sand.

The highly developed gang life which is now a characteristic of every large city is nothing but a defense mechanism against the feeling of solitude that affects adults as well as youth in our large-scale industrial society. Even Sunshine's coterie of admirers informed me that he was a "lone wolf."

The false ideals which the young develop under such conditions are inevitable. Even the normal boys are afraid of being called cowards, a fear which impelled Mike Hantman to go to the dance practically taking his life in his hands. I asked the boys implicated in the beating of Hantman why they took revenge on an "outsider." (Usually these gangs reserve revenge for an "insider" who betrays his pals.) I was informed that "ratting" is bad no matter what the circumstances and has to be punished — a code obviously identical with that portrayed in the gangster movies and the innumerable television programs of murderous revenge.

These misguided youngsters actually had the conviction that in beating Hantman they were carrying out a code of honor and a deed of virtue. When it became known that a fight was going to take place, several boys who knew neither Hantman nor his pursuers joined in the chase. The mere excitement which the threat of trouble created was a relief from the tedium of the empty existence of these fifteen-, sixteen-, and seventeen-year-olds.

This lack of interest-motivation in their lives, characteristic of many young folks, arises from the fact that we have unduly prolonged adolescence without providing an adequate program of education for boys who are not book-learners. Vocational training is largely a makeshift in an industrial society where most factory work can be learned quickly on the job. The best answer is a work and study program, used by some high schools, whereby the pupils spend half the day on the job and half in the classroom. At present the average school is not meaningful for this type of boy because the curriculum is not suitable and cannot hold his attention.

As far as the serious delinquents are concerned, no matter how well the principal knows that these maladjusted boys should not be in school, he has no authority to send them away without lengthy consultation with the Board of Education. Even though they learn nothing and are an obvious menace to the other students, the compulsory school law forces the principal to keep them. Needed are separate schools for serious offenders and another for those who can be easily rehabilitated. For delinquency is as contagious as measles

and ten times more dangerous to the health of the student body. The code that prevails in the large schools is not that of the good boys but that of the desperadoes.

The leisure time of these big boys is equally empty. The usual recreation outlets that most cities afford exist in the Paul Junior High School area. But they are too namby-pamby for these vigorous young toughs of whom our country produces an abundance. They do not need Boy Scouting and other forms of recreation suitable for "nice children," but youth organizations devoted to boxing, wrestling, swimming, and other vigorous action programs that will furnish a real outlet for their pent-up energies.

To be sure, Sunshine and the crowd which participated in the beating must be punished. I am not advocating a "boys will be boys" attitude toward their misdemeanors. But let us keep in mind that these are bruised kids who have no plan for life except on a false basis because they have been exposed to more bad influences than good ones.

What can we expect of these boys when they are subjected daily to descriptions in newspapers and magazines, on radio and TV, of adult crimes more horrible than any our country has hitherto known? Getting rid of problem children by shipping them off to the Industrial Home School or, worse still, the National Training School is no answer. That is the path to moral and mental degeneration for youngsters who can still be set on the right road if given the right kind of supervision.

3

THE problem is, what to do with them? With that question we come to the tangled confusion, the inadequacy, and the outmoded nature of our whole system of handling juvenile offenders. What all these young boys need is guidance and correction, so that they will see their situation in all its moral implications, rather than incarceration and severity. Yet the District of Columbia and most other communities lack such corrective institutions. The best are private agencies like the Children's Village in New York, which are costly and so overloaded that they may not even have room for these boys.

Let's begin by looking at the various law enforcement agencies which are involved in the fate of juvenile offenders from Paul Junior High School. The Juvenile Squad of the police is headed by Captain Ryan and Sergeant Rasmussen, able men who have given their whole squad as much training as possible. But the police are interested in facts as facts and cannot take into account the deeper social and psychological aspects of juvenile crime. Moreover the Juvenile Squad, like all the other departments concerned with juvenile of-

fenders, is understaffed. It has a staff of 33, of whom 9 are probationary detectives.

Not a day passes without parents coming in to say they cannot control their children. The Squad could do more adequate preventive work to keep children out of Juvenile Court if it had a better-trained and larger staff and eight cars instead of three. What complicates its duties is that the Juvenile Court does not inform the police whether the children received sentence, what the sentence was, and when the child may be expected back in his home. This creates more work for the police.

The staff of the Juvenile Court is equally overworked. The 31 probation officers each carry a case load of 80, whereas 40 is the maximum if the probation officer is to do a good job. Furthermore, Judge Cockrill says that she is often forced to put on probation children who are not a good probation risk because the alternative is to send them to institutions where they cannot get proper care. Thus our lack of facilities leads to more delinquency.

Most people agree that the laws of the Juvenile Court should be revised. With an overworked staff, the careful preparation of each child's case is well-nigh impossible, and the heavy court calendar makes it necessary for children who have been sent to the Receiving Home by police to wait an average of thirty days until they come before the court. The capacity of the Receiving Home is 43, but the average daily population during the past few months has been 82, rising sometimes to 103. What would we think if adults were arbitrarily put in jail for that length of time without a court hearing? These children are deprived of their constitutional rights because they cannot afford a lawyer. Many of them are dismissed as innocent when their case is finally considered, yet they have spent thirty days in custody, exposed to evil influences, under the stress of removal from home and a frightening uncertainty as to their future.

Moreover, while the children are detained, they have almost nothing to do for lack of staff and facilities. Most of the children are in the fifteen-, sixteen-, and seventeen-year age group and the only activity possible for them is one hour daily of fresh air and exercise. The rest of the day they are locked up. This is sheer barbarism, unworthy of any humane civilization.

Here again we increase the number of delinquents and the seriousness of their offenses through the lack of proper administrative procedure, decent care, and adequate facilities. The Department of Public Welfare is not to blame. The staff is doing the best it can under impossible conditions.

What adds to the confusion is that no department — Police, Juvenile Court, or Welfare — knows what the others are doing. A centralized

system of investigation and handling of juveniles is one of the first requisites. The Commission on Population Changes appointed by the District Commissioners outlined the need for coördinated services. But the public is indifferent because it does not know what sheer administrative inefficiency means in the way of broken lives, miscarriage of justice, and human misery. What, then, must be done?

1. Our communities must be reorganized and the big urban centers broken down into neighborhood groups.

2. We must find sufficient boarding homes for our dependent children. We also lack the proper number of foster homes or boarding homes under the case-work department for children aged six or seven who could still be cured of their emotional difficulties. Many of our dependent children are in the well-managed Junior Village. But if they fail of adoption they graduate at twelve into the Industrial Home School. In other words, they become prisoners and are permanently stigmatized as such, although they have committed no offense.

3. We need homes that are a substitute for family care, where neglected children and mild offenders can lead a homelike life under trained personnel. (A model institution of this kind is the Milwaukee Children's Center.)

4. We need homes for serious behavior problems under the direction of psychiatrists.

5. The Industrial Home School should be of a cottage type with a well-rounded educational and vocational program. Fortunately, the white children in Washington moved into such a home in January. It took nearly thirty years to achieve this. Our Negro children are still in a horrible institution whose maximum population should be 190. It now has 500 in all, 75 per cent of whom are repeaters largely because overcrowding leads to a too early dismissal. A new Industrial Home School for Negroes is promised for next year.

6. The secrecy surrounding the Juvenile Court must be modified so that better coördination may be developed between the court, the schools, the Welfare Department, and the Juvenile Police Squad.

4

EVEN more important than the correction and control of delinquency is its prevention. And the obvious focus for such a program is the public school, if only because it is the one public institution for the training of the young which exists in every American community.

Yet here is the area where our social imagination has failed us most conspicuously, largely because the American people, under the lure of materialism, forgot the importance of education. Had we valued it more, we would have foreseen well in advance that the education of all our peo-

ple, together with a rapidly rising birth rate, called for more schoolrooms, more teachers, better-trained teachers, and a more even quality of education throughout our country. We were not alert enough to the important role of the schools because we were and still are too little concerned about our post-war social problems. Above all, we failed to realize that the role of the school is very different in a society shattered by constant wars — whether hot or cold — constant migration, and broken homes.

We are bound to produce more and more unfortunate products like these Paul Junior culprits unless we can build an atmosphere in our public schools which will cushion the individual child against the influence of our mass civilization and its frightening depersonalization of the individual.

This effort must begin in our elementary schools, where the children are still young enough to be rescued from the evil effects of that no man's land between three and six, an age not often reached by the church, the school, or welfare groups. First of all, the American people must be willing to pay for more and better schools and more and better teachers, so that classes can be reduced to a maximum of twenty-five. All-day schools are essential in some areas where the majority of mothers work.

As long as the American people are willing to cheat their children out of a decent opportunity for self-development by herding them into school-pens like a lot of sheep, it is sheer hypocrisy to wring our hands in despair and wonder why we have so many moral, mental, and physical breakdowns. Only if the teacher can know her pupils as individuals and treat them as such can we counteract the trend toward anonymity which is the curse of our society.

With smaller classes, we could organize our schools in a more elastic manner and each child could receive careful study and be placed in a homogeneous group. The gap between the IQs in any class should not be so wide that it cannot be bridged even by the most expert teacher. Otherwise, both extremes suffer and we encourage delinquency in all of them. The bright students lose interest in school because their abilities are not challenged, and the slow learners acquire a spirit of defeatism, insecurity, and inferiority which manifests itself in various degrees of insubordination. Moreover, both groups hate each other, which makes for bad human relations and open friction.

Egalitarianism, a false interpretation of democ-

racy, has led some educators to maintain that the maladjusted and the normal children, the slow learners and the bright pupils, must be kept together. As a result, the educational process is keyed to the lowest common denominator. When we penalize our best students in this way, we not only run the risk of destroying human character; we are depleting the greatest asset our nation possesses, a huge reservoir of human talents, capacities, and skills. If we do not give our strong children the opportunity to grow stronger, if we put all our emphasis on shielding the weak, the unstable, and the incompetent, we shall soon be not a welfare state but a hospital state, in which the productive citizens will have to spend most of their energies to support the vast number of the sick, the evildoers, and other unproductive types.

Since the home influences often leave much to be desired on any income level, our schools must develop closer ties with the family. That calls for an adequate staff of visiting teachers, familiar with class activities but also trained as psychologists. At Paul Junior High School there is one guidance teacher for 1530 pupils! Had there been constant contact with the homes of the pupils, the school never could have been terrorized by a small group of hoodlums, for Sunshine's racketeering would have been nipped in the bud.

Family counseling can be made readily accessible through visiting teachers in the local school who are already informed of the areas in which the child's family is weak. The visiting teachers can also constitute a referral bureau through which parents can be guided without loss of time to the numerous health and welfare facilities which exist in every city.

Obviously, such schools and the highly trained teachers they require will be beyond the reach of local tax resources in several of our less productive states. Therefore, Senator Hendrickson's Congressional committee which is investigating juvenile delinquency could not make a more practical approach to the cure of delinquency and crime than by requesting Federal aid for our public school system.

There is no doubt that it will be a costly business to counteract the rising tendency toward irresponsibility among boys and girls. But it will become more and more costly if we postpone action and allow our young people to degenerate through no fault of their own. It is high time to realize that the adults of our nation have been more delinquent in recognizing their responsibilities as citizens than have our neglected teen-agers.



ENID BAGNOLD's books have won her many admirers in this country. *National Velvet* (1935), *The Door of Life* (1937), and *The Loved and the Envied* (1951) — these three novels, each so different and so versatile, have established her as a most welcome author in any season. On her husband's retirement from *Reuter's News Agency*, of which he was director for many years, she had the opportunity to visit again that high plateau in South Africa which she writes about so discerningly in the paper that follows.

THE EVERLASTING PLATEAU

Basutoland

by ENID BAGNOLD

I

THE English have a shipping line, tremendously monopolist, which, though its ships increase in size every so many years, carries in its customs almost intact the flavor of eighty years ago. As the passengers from English fogs are rolled across the Bay of Biscay in December or January, and in four days repack the tailored dresses and begin to pant towards the equator, morning tea at eleven gives way to ices, and stewards change on a given day from navy blue to white ducks. Deck games start on the first cotton-dress day, and shrinking dislikes-at-sight melt into extraordinary friendships. The Fancy Dress Dance takes place on the hottest night of all. So, seas solidifying into a deep oil of blue, the ship, painted pale mauve like a hill in a dream, glides towards the Cape. At five in the morning, by starlight, on the edge of sunrise after a thunder and rumble of chains, there comes that sudden stillness which is land at last, and Table Mountain, outlined in the dark, stands over the Bay.

The whole of South Africa is a plateau, three to five thousand feet high, which only comes down to the sea in scenes of intense drama. It is cut down to the sea — as one cuts a cake; a fierce bony plateau, and for some geological reason every mountain is beheaded, Table Mountain most strangely of all. When Africa was thrown up out of the larva of Time it came up bones first. Or it was so savagely attacked in the revolutions at the beginning of the world that the delicate tips usual to mountains were flung boiling down their sides. Table Mountain, seen suddenly from the sea at dawn, froze the hearts but lighted the imaginations of early explorers. They did not know it was the terrible prow of an everlasting plateau. It looked more like God's wall between them and another world.

Cape Town — which used to be a leisurely and cultured Colonial town, colonnaded in its streets, its architecture exactly what grows from families who are rich and religious and have the books and buildings of Europe in their hands and minds — is now (pinched as it is between the mountain and the sea) a long, gay, flimsy ribbon of suburb, running out among vineyards from the Old Town. It is friendly, flashy, gregarious; it bathes and cocktails; it lives on the hope that the whites are there forever; and if it gathers to breathe that they aren't, it is done on the painted breath of drama.

The great central trains from Cape Town drag themselves up onto the plateau above and behind it, which is all Africa, groaning and winding, first round the remnants of the valley of vines, and then onto the rock, scrub, sand, dancing heat, and hissing of a caldron of a million million insects. The African grandeur is terrific up there. Mountains rise like sugar cones direct from their bases, and the setting sun and the curving train play games with west and east. Out of indigo shadow the train pursues the rolling cask of the sun; and round another mountain base the train is drowned in a green light with a silver star. This vast unborn ground, which could be alive at a touch of water, is the size of two days and a night. The freshness in the early morning is the beginning of the world. The heat of the great rolling day is its travail. The dying evening, the sudden appearance of night, is its reward. The train grows more and more dear — a dear beast. It stops where there are two men and a water wheel, and parcels are exchanged. The train stoops and drinks like a horse, and the man by the water wheel gets a box of peaches.

At each man's single water wheel, almost homemade — and if not homemade then of an antique,

an Egyptian simplicity — up pours the green from the ground, in plumes of bananas or Kaffir corn, in bushes and roses by the single hut. Where are the great inventors who will desalt the useless ocean and bring it up by suction and feed the world? Here is all the earth waiting for the water. And all the water was left behind at the Cape. And all the phosphates and all the nitrates and all the things we want, washed into that water long, long ago. There are things still to be done.

The train arrives at Bloemfontein and goes to be oiled and nursed up in a shed. Now there is another train, which will take all day to do two hundred miles.

And at last in the leisure of a wayside station, whose corrugated iron roof is shrinking and swelling in the heat and making a noise like drops of rain, a car drives up, and the evening dresses, the high-heeled sandals, the Bay of Biscay clothes crumpled at the bottom — the fantastic luggage that will never be needed — are all piled in.

Two miles out on a sandy road there is a double wooden road bar, two arms canted by hand. A native soldier in khaki uniform takes the number of the car. You sign and swear that you are bringing in no spirits. The soldier — of the Basutoland Mounted Police — opens the bar, and this, within, is Basutoland, the home of the Basuto nation.

An island stuck into the heart of the Union of South Africa, it has been a British Protectorate (protected by my country) since the days of Queen Victoria. I know that it will be your immediate thought — as I am writing for Americans — that what the British protect they also exploit. As a matter of fact, that is probably the beginning of all colonization, American or British. But in the case of Basutoland, however venally a mantle was first thrown round a kneeling people, yet this wild, bony, exquisite, biblical country baffles exploitation. It is or would be much more exploitable for the Union, for it is the watershed of South Africa. How we hold it — why we hold it, how illogically, and how intensely we hold it — is something odd and obstinate, eccentric and passionate. It is not at all events greed. It costs us the earth. And literally the earth. For, being a watershed, which in a fierce country means water fiercely sent, the earth and its juices, its whole recipe for making things grow, are tumbled out of this country and down the rivers. And in tumbling they carve horrors called dongas that look like hell. They are gangrenous gashes, sometimes half a mile long, and sometimes lying in family hordes like a collective wickedness, full of a dried and humusless earth that stands up in broken walls like old gums from which the teeth have fallen. The cracking of the earth is too terribly like the cracking of a wound that will not heal. Across the washes of indigo and old green that make up the middle distances between the pale dance of the mountains on the

horizon and the shadow of a near-standing hut, the blood-red dongas strike in curves like rivers, crusty and gaping with red shadows and splitting the cultivation.

2

THE dongas have their own officer. The officer of the erosion. When you meet him . . . But there should be a broader introduction.

There are nine white families here, from where I'm writing. Four Traders and their wives (the touch of exploitation! — but there is very little to trade with in the real sense of "trade"), an Anglo-Catholic Missionary Father, a sub-Anglo-Catholic Missionary Father, a Doctor, a Captain of Police, a District Commissioner, his assistant, and the Erosion Officer. They too, as at the Cape, give cocktail parties. But as there is no electricity, there is no ice, and only a thing called a Tilly lamp, with a plunger, which hisses. By this you talk when it grows dark. And as there are so few people and they live so close to one another, there is no light talk of the oddities and frailties of friends. So they talk of their jobs. And in the mouth of the Erosion Officer it is of the battle of the vanishing humus, the healing of the dongas, the consultations with chiefs to agree to contour plowing; planting, to turn water courses; treks by horse and mule for days into the interior to make agreements, to persuade men who think in terms of numbers of cattle to keep fewer and less starved ones. In the mouth of the Doctor there are strange admissions of cures by witch doctors, cautious and qualified stories of secret results. There is a native chloroform, unknown to white men. There is this. There is that. Tantalizingly admitted, and often drawn back. In the mouth of the Anglo-Catholic Missionary, who has been here most of his long life, there is an oil of indulgence that runs near to involving odder things than are laid down strictly in his religion. In the mouth of the Captain of Police there are ritual murders.

Since I was in Basutoland five years ago they have been hanging here like anything. The jail down at Maseru has nine in the death cell now. They hang for terrible things. One man slew his mother. He withdrew her intestines with a forked stick while she was still living. Ears and lips and eyelids and slices from the armpit are always taken while alive. It is the rule. It is the magic. It is done for power. The pieces taken undergo a ritualistic cookery and become a powder that is smoked in a pipe. They catch, try, and condemn and hang these men, but the perplexing thing is that they hang good men. Good men who are guilty. Enlightened chiefs who have coöperated, who have planted as they were advised, who have called their men together and agreed with good plans and made further ones, men of some philosophy, often of great dignity, men who in conversation frequently show a

witty and gay appreciation of subtleties of thought.

Five years ago I saw two of these men, great chiefs, tried; or rather I was present at the preliminary hearing before the court hearing. The two men were the Chief Bereng and the Chief Ghabashane. There were eleven accused. Bereng was a great man in stature. He had a face like a huge black knee, a fat man's light gaiety, rolled lips that pursed as gaily as Maurice Chevalier's, a way of nodding that commented on the stupidity of the world, but without spleen. Ghabashane was dressed like a playboy on the Riviera, in pink shirt and turquoise tie. Bereng wore a black blanket with signs of the zodiac in gray. The witnesses for the prosecution shivered and turned from Bereng's mocking eyes as these perched like half-moons on the arc of his lower lid.

The prosecuting counsel, to one witness: "Would you too have killed?"

"If my chief said so."

"Would you have killed your mother?"

"If my chief said so."

On Bereng's face, without movement, came a flash, as from a god.

They were hanged sometime after I left. But before that they were forcibly rescued from the jail. Standing in the dust outside the jail Bereng said, "This is foolish!" Both men walked into captivity again — Bereng only asking if he might pay for silver handles to his coffin.

Witch doctors are supposed by law to be purely medical. And many are now too alarmed to be anything else. But deep in the mountains of this half-penetrable country the witch doctor practices his magic subprofession and whispers promises in the ear of his chief. For a hundred years, since Moshesh, the founder of the Basuto nation, freely offered his country that it might lie in the folds of the gown of the Great White Queen, the chiefs have ruled their villages or areas under unwritten laws, feudal but well understood and not disputed. Grazing has always been communal. Small cultivated patches descended from father to son — not owned, but not interfered with so long as no bad farmer was born. Sex and religion followed strict customs. All this had no chart. But with the growth of a Colonial Service there must always be some paper to show for it. A service without files is a mockery. That was one trouble. That — and the mines.

3

THE wealth and the excitement and the lust of South Africa are its gold mines. They have to be manned. In every native territory, built at key points to every area, stands a tin and brick shanty with N.R.C. printed on it — Native Recruiting Corporation. Down from the high mountains, filing through the aloe-blue valleys, ride the horsemen, blankets fluttering, thin horses tripling (a three-

legged run peculiar to this country), the figures seated in the saddles as still as stakes against the sky, bundles tied on either side of the withers. At the Recruiting Station a quarter of the company of horsemen turn back, driving loose horses before them, and regain the mountains. The dismounted figures, the remainder, make the long journey, by bus and train, to Johannesburg — to work for a stated period, to be paid, and to be returned again.

Naturally they do not take their women. Nor are they accompanied by their chiefs. They meet everything at once — free women for the taking, the streets of civilization in a city so new the paint is hardly dry on its soul, a city more careless, more hardened than any other city, thinking gold, breathing gold, sneezing gold dust. All through Africa runs the shuttle system. The men are detribalized, filled with new thoughts. The chiefs lose power. They have lost power too because we, the white advisers, pressing a shade beyond advice, have curtailed their systems of restraint and usury, feudal systems embedded in the roots of their ancestry. Even the woman who rules the country, the Paramount Chieftainess, a woman of strength and character, feels the tug on her treasury.

It is then to the chiefs that the witch doctor whispers. The pipe is empty. It must be filled. It needs the small god-related sections of a human being, cut from him living. The Chief knows the risk. He knows the hunt will be on. He knows the jail is full. But sitting in the shade of his decorated hut, or in the "garden" (a necklace of aloes in a ring at the back) at night, he listens and he nods. He lets fall a question. There is an answer. In monosyllables a victim is chosen — some inconspicuous man whom it is imagined no one will miss. The "hounds" are picked by name, this man, that man. The Chief will take no further part. Presently he will, with infinite ceremony and in silence, smoke a pipe with the powder of promised glory in it — and await the future.

In the case I listened to, the victim was the lover of a married village woman, and while her husband was away in the mines he stole over a ridge nightly. The slow story, questions and answers made in Sesuto and translated into English to the Bench, rose and fell in the stifling heat of a large tent at the back of the jail.

"So you were sent?"

"I was sent."

"With many others?"

"With many others."

"How many others?"

"I do not know."

"Do you know their names?"

"It was dark."

"But you must have seen them?"

"There was no moon."

"Who caught the deceased?"

"We all laid hands upon him."

"But you are his uncle! Did he say nothing?"

"He called out, 'Oh, my mother's brother! Why do you do this to me?'"

"And did you reply, 'The Chief sent me'?"

Silence. The witness, standing black against the open flap of the tent (and in the gap an inky thunderstorm) drew his blanket tight around him and turned his back upon Bereng in fear. The deceased, the lover, was given the native chloroform, which enabled him to walk for a time but took from him his power of speech. He was conducted to a hut and left with a guard for three nights. On the third night Ghabashane and others arrived with torches. The partial flaying and dissections were done within the hut in silence (by the much-trusted Basuto assistant to the English surgeon in the local hospital, and with gloves and knives borrowed from the surgery) and the witness was asked: "Did you see the deed?"

"There were too many. I was at the crack of the door."

"But you saw through the crack of the door?"

"There were too many at the crack of the door. I was pressed back and could not see."

There was the scene — the torches, the figures fighting for the crack in the dark, the privileged horror within — there before the eyes of everyone. The eyes stared, in the court. Bereng drew his blanket round him and looked every inch a king.

So Bereng was hanged, and nothing has lessened. The witch doctors move silently, without their gongs, the enlightened and almost European-minded chiefs still drop their monosyllables. The white judge who comes up on circuit is baffled.

But to walk alone in Basutoland, to sit and paint at the foot of a village, to leave one's bedroom door open straight onto the darkness at night, one is still a hundred times more safe than in Kensington or Mayfair. Or in New York.

And when each day breaks again, what a scene on this tableland! An endless line of mountains on every side which, in the day, hang light as a wash of indigo, shelf-high to heaven, are now born in black iron in front of flames. And as the sun itself rolls up and over the top the dun-colored plateau flickers and moves; then, strapped with blue shadows from mountaintops that still ward off the attack of the light, it burns softly for half an hour in sage green, pale turquoise, and rose madder, before it sinks again into the universal dun of full light.

In the afternoons the mountains are picked out in sudden storms. One will step forward, as green as a ghost against a blackened range. A far rainstorm, as local as a water can, looks like black muslin suddenly torn down from a transformation scene; cracks of crooked cactus-lightning leap between rocks and heaven. If the rain rushes to the ridge here, a wild-sage smell swamps in through doors and windows. Then it is gone, and all the Prussian blue in the paintbox won't paint the sky.

No one is here. The British Government allows no white man to build or own a house in Basutoland beyond the few houses occupied (but not owned) by officials. The country is empty of tourists. There are no roads into the real mountains; and to ride, one has the greatest difficulty to get horses. It can be done but it needs a week of wirepulling and persuasion. For all the strong horses are needed for government treks, and the officer who is head of the agriculture (and alone can sanction the horses, tents, and baggage) is up to his eyes in work.

I have been on a jeep as far as one can go, and I have stayed with the Fathers at the Roman Catholic Mission at Roma in the foothills. The foothills roll and sway as they spring to the mountains, and are covered with flowers. A small type of wild arum lily grows along the cracks of the dongas. Red gladioli grow common and wild. A sort of cistus, a sort of Californian poppy, scabious, red-hot pokers, and a little further away I have seen that huge white waxen thing we call in England Hyacinthus candicans. The round huts of the Basuto themselves are like flowers. They are colored from the colors of the soil, sage green and rose red, beaver-hatted with thatched reeds, windowless, with an open door to the east (not from a sense of religion, I believe, but to be called on time by the rising sun). Nothing at all is inside the huts except a neatly rolled-up bed-blanket and four or five round pots of earthenware. The Basutos seem to own nothing but their cattle, their horses, and the clothes they ride in. They live on mealies, cooked outside the huts communally, at dawn and sunset. Then the blue smoke rises from every cranny in the folds of the foothills and there is gay talk, and at sunset a few girls dance with weaving movements to a slipping minor song like a rivulet at night.

Three huts, five huts, seven huts will make a village. And always round it and near it two brilliant colors, the blue of the aloe necklace that keeps out (or in) the cattle, and the emerald green of a small square of Kaffir corn from which they live. The mealie is eaten by man, the husk by the animal. There is no tin, no match end, no rag, no lid of grocer's box, no empty bottle — no dustbin. And if you ask tentatively to go inside, or show by your face or your hands that you would like to, then their two hands stretched out together invite you liberally and gravely and with extreme pleasure, and they use phrases of honor done to them which must come from the beginning of history. Open the Bible and lay your ear to the noise of an old wind that blows from it straight into these valleys and foothills. Here walk Ahab and Ezekiel. Murderers and adulterers, or good men; kind, or objectively cruel as a wild animal, with a passionless cruelty — yet they seem simplified, like an antique frieze seen on a horizon early in the world, as with gestures, and a proud, grave courtesy, they offer the immense wealth of a beautiful empty hut for you to see.



LEONARD BACON, *friend and contributor*, died on January 1. He graduated from Yale with his ambition, as he once said, "crystal clear. I knew I wanted to write poetry and nothing but poetry." Thirty years later, after he had published several volumes and after his *Sunderland Capture* had been awarded the Pulitzer Prize, he was still of the same mind. "Poetry," he said, "continues to be my blessing and my curse." Readers will miss his exuberance, his stalwart defense of the classics, his generosity, and his wit.

WHAT'S POETRY?

by LEONARD BACON

WHAT's poetry? Intolerable question,
Sour in the mouth and bitter in digestion!
We say it's thus and thus, or so and so,
Easy to recognize, and hard to know
In its essentials, harder yet to write —
The light of setting suns, chaotic night,
Strange radiation, streaming from elsewhere,
The world's delight, the nympholept's despair;
Now passionate in a brothel or a bar,
And now clear substance of the morning star.
What's the affinity that serves to bind
Wild elements discordant in their kind?
It must be true, yet it is hard to show
That Milton is blood-brother to Rimbaud,
That Dryden has declared what Poe affirms,
Hopkins meets Baudelaire on equal terms,
That Pope in amity with Whitman treats,
And T. S. Eliot has his bond with Keats.
Modernity o'erwhelms us, but it's plain
Elizabethan blood ran in Hart Crane.
And the relation is not too obscure
That links some lyric Greek with Marianne Moore.
You say it's this, and suddenly it's that,
And no one knows precisely where he's at
And vainly rubs his much bewildered cranium,
Balked by wild paradox in that Uranium,
Which, as the wise not without ground aver,
May lose electrons and grow heavier.
Who can be definite on what is what,
Or what its essence is, or what it's not?
Of what it's not it's easiest to speak.
It cannot be the program of a clique.
It cannot be mere egotism flaming.
It's clearly not the couplets I'm declaiming.
It is not theirs who drain an empty cup,
And spurn time past to write time present up.
Poetry's not dependent on the past
Or on the present, if it is to last.
A man upon this point may take his oath:
The real thing's a synthesis of both,

Based on the past, if it be solid ground,
And upon new discovery, if sound.
But the old proverb should be understood:
All innovation's bad — unless it's good,
Though some are plagued by thoughts unclear and sad
That if a thing is new, it can't be bad.
It's a position that's not hard to hold:
Some new things are as silly as some old.
On such a theme it's ill to preach or teach.
Better distill the ichor out of each.

It's my opinion we should all take heart,
For we are in the April of our Art
In this Republic. Iron's in the thew
And the New World doth like a snake renew
Its winter weeds outworn. In dangerous air
Sweet odors blow. Color is everywhere.
The magic casements give on perilous seas.
There are wild thoughts and wilder images.
It's true that in the enigmatic sky
A goose or two is honking pretty high.
But surely we should bid them go in peace.
There never was an April without geese.
And this should be remembered furthermore,
That some of them may get to Labrador.

Dear God! What splendid time, for all the grief,
Agony destined not to know relief,
The ghastly powers, the hateful principalities,
Planned chaos, intellectual bestialities,
Cool, brutal, scientific extirpation,
Starvation, desperation, and damnation.
I say, despite the pageantry of death,
The spacious times of Great Elizabeth,
For all their nameless radioactive glow,
Were cramped and small beside the times we know.
And lovely voices sing! Have we not heard
De la Mare piping "like a hidden bird,"
Renewing music never to be lost?
Or Doric rectitude of Robert Frost,
To great simplicities for ever linked;
Lucid, direct, and memorably succinct?
Or him who watches the Pacific breakers,
Immense and rough, our King of Image Makers?
Oh, not in vain, the ancients thought and taught,
Unless we make the image we are naught,
Though it has been remarked, as I submit,
That there are several ways of making it,
Which on their separate levels of reality
May hit the white of just originality.
On tails of phoenixes few put the salt.
Unicorns are retiring to a fault.
And he who dares the wingèd horse to guide
Must have a natural bent for suicide.
If you don't think the enterprise is stiff,
Well, just go out and catch your hippogriff!
I wish you luck in reason or in rhyme,
But I can promise you'll work overtime.
The task is rough, laborious, and slow.
What's poetry? Don't ask me! I don't know.
For what is Man to fathom or define
That ultimate, however crystalline?



Big-time college athletics is now a major part of the entertainment business. Why then do educators pretend that the athlete must go through the motions of meeting, like other students, the usual academic requirements? The proposals in the article that follows are startling, but HAROLD W. STOKES writes with the authority of an experienced college administrator; former President of the University of New Hampshire and of Louisiana State University, he is today Dean of the Graduate School at the University of Washington.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS

Education or Show Business?

by HAROLD W. STOKES

1

ON the morning of December 7, 1951, in the General Sessions Court in New York City, fourteen tall young men stood before Judge Saul S. Streit. The scene was the climax of the notorious basketball scandals in which players had been convicted of receiving bribes from professional gamblers for throwing basketball games in Madison Square Garden. The judge was stern, but for the culprits he tempered justice. Jail sentences and fines were few and light. Judge Streit then looked over the heads of the defendants and hurled angry words at the colleges and universities they represented. He charged that these institutions had so far forgotten their educational mission and had so overemphasized athletics that they themselves had made this scene in his courtroom all but inevitable.

Addressing himself to the colleges, Judge Streit demanded immediate and drastic reforms. Among these were the restoration of athletic responsibilities to faculties and to the academic administrative authorities; the revitalization of the National Collegiate Athletic Association; the establishment of an amateur code and of a capable, well-financed policing authority.

While there was some dismay (if little surprise) in university circles at the basketball scandals, there was genuine puzzlement about the judge's suggestions for reform. The point that had escaped him was that all his proposals had been tried for years — uniformly without success. If Judge Streit and the countless educators who have tackled this problem had asked themselves why Bradley University, Kentucky, New York University, North Carolina State, or any other university should ever play basketball in Madison Square Garden, they would have started on a line of inquiry which would have brought about a better understanding.

Obviously it was no educational interest that brought the teams there, no huge concentration of alumni, no essential training program. It wasn't wholly a matter of money. They were there in response to a far more complex and subtle compulsion: to assist their schools as a part of the system of American higher education to carry out that system's latest and growing responsibility — namely, to provide public entertainment.

In our American society the need for entertainment is an inevitable consequence of the changing conditions of our lives — the lengthening life span, the shorter work week, speed and mobility, industrialization and prosperity. These changes create social vacuums, and for filling social vacuums the American system of education — and particularly higher education — is one of the most efficient devices ever invented. It is flexible, highly varied, and in touch with virtually the entire population; furthermore, it is characterized by a genuine spirit of service. It is manned by aggressive and accommodating people; it is suffused with a thoroughly practical philosophy. Hence, to its already great and growing array of services — its teaching, research, adult education, military training, and general public service — it has added another, public entertainment. This responsibility has been accepted in some instances eagerly, in some instances reluctantly, but nonetheless accepted. Drama, music, radio, and television widen the educational as well as the entertainment services of the universities; wherever these touch the public they possess more of the characteristics of entertainment than of education. Yet of all the instrumentalities which universities have for entertaining the public, the most effective is athletics.

What educational institutions thus far have not

seen is that the responsibility for supplying public entertainment is a responsibility different in kind from those they have previously performed. The failure to understand this fact has led to endless strain in the management of athletics, to bewilderment among educators and the public, and even to outright scandal. Conceived as education, athletics is inexplicable, corrupting, and uncontrollable; as public entertainment, and even as public entertainment to be provided by educational institutions, athletics becomes comprehensible and manageable.

The most essential distinction between athletics and education lies in the institution's own interest in the athlete as distinguished from its interest in its other students. Universities attract students in order to teach them what they do not already know; they recruit athletes only when they are already proficient. Students are educated for something which will be useful to them and to society after graduation; athletes are required to spend their time on activities the usefulness of which disappears upon graduation or soon thereafter. Universities exist to do what they can for students; athletes are recruited for what they can do for the universities. This makes the operation of the athletic program in which recruited players are used basically different from any educational interest of colleges and universities.

The fundamental distinctions between athletics and education are somewhat obscured by several arguments frequently heard. The first is that athletics has "educational values." This is the familiar "character building," "team spirit," "sportsmanship" argument. Anyone who knows the actual operations of athletics will admit that such values could be realized far better if athletics were handled as recreation and physical education. The second argument is that many fine athletes make fine scholastic records — implying that there must not, after all, be any conflict between athletics and education. Again the answer can be short. Big-time athletics requires 20 to 28 hours per week of its devotees, aside from the time spent away from the campus; hence it is bound to detract from an athlete's education. But how can an impoverished athlete get a chance at a college education? I'll answer that question with another: Is he any more entitled to it than anyone else?

2

COLLEGE athletics is public entertainment. Last year football audiences numbered 40 million, and now basketball is outstripping football in attendance. It is estimated that the public pays \$100 million a year to the colleges for admission tickets, and television has added enormously to the number of spectators and to the revenue. Public interest as measured in publicity, newspaper coverage, and attention is far beyond that given to any educational

activity. In no major school does the attention given to the appointment of a president compare with that given to the appointment of a coach, and the general public can name many more coaches than presidents.

The organization of this public entertainment is intricate. Most of the larger colleges and universities, private and public, are organized into athletic conferences managed by highly paid commissioners. Through them, complicated athletic schedules are worked out with all the finesse of the international bargaining table, and considerations of finance, publicity, the prospective careers of coaches and even of presidents, are balanced in equations which would baffle electronic computers. Stadiums, field houses, and playing fields are constructed with the entertainment-seeking public primarily in mind. At the time the Yale Bowl was built it would have seated the entire adult population of New Haven, while Michigan could have put twice the population of Ann Arbor into its stadium. The University of Southern California and the University of California at Los Angeles are big schools, but even they would scarcely need the Memorial Stadium for their students and faculty. Obviously the real underwriters of bonds which build athletic plants are not students, but the public. Many an athletic director caught in a squeeze of high costs and inadequate gate receipts wishes to heaven he had all of the student tickets to sell to the people willing to pay more for them.

The same force lies back of the other features of athletics — the numerous and high-priced coaching specialists, the elaborate half-time shows, the colorful bands (supported almost as completely by scholarships as are the athletes and for the same purpose), the frolicsome majorettes, the carefully planned and executed spontaneous student rallies and demonstrations, the food, drink, and program concessions. None of these could possibly serve any educational purpose for which a college or university exists, but they are wonderful aids to public entertainment.

Perhaps most significant of all is the fact that the rules of the games themselves are now constructed and reconstructed with their entertainment value uppermost. Like dramatic coaches and directors bringing into being a Broadway production, the coaches and athletic directors gather each year to adjust the rules of football and basketball for the purpose of heightening the dramatic and entertainment value. The substitution rule, who may run with the ball, what may be allowed to happen within the ten-yard line or within the last four minutes, the nature of the penalties, and, currently, the one- or two-platoon system in football are matters which are governed by their effect upon the entertainment and upon the welfare of the enterprise. In basketball, the rules have been changed to encourage high scoring, constant running and

action, alternate chances at scoring in order to provide the murderously exciting finishes which now characterize the game. Revisions are made each year only after the most elaborate study and consideration and with a wariness which would do credit to the fuse workers in a munitions factory.

Consider the Bowl games. They are important influences on athletic policies and at the same time irrefutable evidence that athletics, so far as the Bowls are concerned, have no educational significance whatsoever. So far as I know, no one seriously claims that they do.

All of the Bowls for obvious reasons are located in the South or in winter vacation areas. They are immensely successful business promotions; there is nothing about them remotely related to education. As one man put it: "Rose Bowl, Sugar Bowl, Orange Bowl—all are gravy bowls!" A half-million people saw the games in the eight major bowls last January 1, and it is estimated 70 million more heard them on radio or saw them on television. Receipts were almost \$2.5 million. The distribution of the money follows a kind of formula in each conference—a large percentage to each school participating in the Bowl, a smaller percentage to each school in the conference and to the conference treasury itself. A more subtle formula to ensure support for Bowl games could hardly be devised. Participation in one of the Big Four Bowls—Rose, Sugar, Cotton, and Orange—may bring each participating school as much as \$125,000. Everyone profits—except the players, whose amateur status has thus far confined them to such grubby rewards as gifts of gold watches, blankets, free tickets which can be scalped, sometimes a little cash—the last usually secretly. Under pressure from the players and perhaps from a sense of institutional guilt at the indefensible exploitation, the rewards to players are improving, but they still are far below the A.S.C.A.P. and Equity pay scales for big-time entertainers.

3

How is all this to be made compatible with the nation's educational system? Most troubles arise from the failure of colleges to see that in supplying public entertainment they have embarked upon an operation which is different from their educational functions—and one that requires different management. Colleges have acted as if athletics were merely an extension of student recreation. Since athletes come from the same high schools as other students, are about the same age, and do get a kind of education, it has been assumed that the academic regulations applicable to the general run of students should also apply to athletes. We overlook completely the different reasons for which each is there. Hence schools have prescribed the same formal academic requirements for both the athlete and the nonathlete—a minimum number

of hours must be taken, a certain number of courses must be passed, systematic progress, however slow, must be made toward a degree, and a host of other regulations must be followed.

Yet athletics, like a corrosive acid, has eaten through every academic regulation—to the great frustration, bewilderment, and cynicism of the educational community. It has defeated faculties, forced the resignations of presidents, wrecked coaches, and undercut the support of institutions where the efforts to apply academic regulations have been insistent. Where such regulations have been successfully applied they have all but killed the athletic programs, or put them in abeyance, as at New York University, Fordham, or Pittsburgh, until a more "understanding" attitude permits revival. There are, of course, many schools—Oberlin, Swarthmore, Haverford, Bowdoin, to name a few—that attract little attention from the entertainment-seeking public because they make little attempt to supply public entertainment.

The truth is that the appetite of the public cannot be satisfied by the quality of entertainment which can be provided by athletics governed by academic regulations. Consequently, at institutions which are meeting the public's demands, academic regulations must be ignored, compromised, or eliminated. Admission requirements for athletes have become less formidable than they used to be, and usually an arrangement can be made for the boys to make up high school deficiencies. The requirements as to courses, progress toward degrees, and even grades can generally be met by either a flexible elective system or the "tailored curriculum" leading to a highly specialized "degree" in which many hours of handball, swimming, and coaching can be included. Where this does not suffice, every athletic department of any size provides at its own expense counseling and tutoring service for any of its men likely to get into trouble. Not all athletes need these negations of educational regulations, but the point is that when required the negations must be available. How compelling the necessity is can be estimated by the situations which come to light when these compromises are not sufficient—the wholesale cheating at West Point, the alteration of records at William and Mary, special examinations, and countless other devices involving various degrees of accommodation or even fraud and misdemeanor. No matter what the regulation, if it prevents athletics from supplying the public entertainment for which it exists, a way around must be found. This has been the fate which has uniformly attended the regulative efforts of faculties, administrators, code committees, accrediting associations, and even the N.C.A.A. itself.

Why should this conflict be so irreconcilable? There are many reasons, but perhaps the most compelling is that adequate entertainment can

only be provided by winning teams. No amount of gushy sentiment about "playing the game" will conceal the fact that the public wants its teams to win. Victory is a part of the total titillation. If the public can't have it from one source it will transfer its loyalties and money to some other. Chick Meehan filled Yankee Stadium with football fans roaring for N.Y.U., but when de-emphasis came, N.Y.U. found that 6000 was a good crowd to watch it play Fordham, the archrival. "When Michigan loses, someone has to pay" may be a slogan at Ann Arbor, but it sums up the attitude of all schools with athletic entertainment programs. This means that to supply the entertainment, the schools must get the entertainers.

The recruitment of players is the key to most of the athletic anxieties of college presidents, the desperation of coaches, the pressure of alumni, and the activities of outside influences, business and otherwise. A chain reaction of undesirable consequences follows. The school must get the player, and the best one; the player knows this, and the bidding starts. Sometimes negotiations are carried on by a parent or other relative in order that the player may be technically free of all nonamateur bargains; otherwise he becomes a part of a corrupt bargain about which, if questions arise, he must lie or forever keep silent. Gradually the "board, room, and tuition" formula — plus a little extra, if necessary — has won acceptance. Sometimes the myth of employment persists as the justification for such payments, but it is now generally acknowledged to be a myth. The effort to limit the number of such scholarships is actually an effort to equalize competition between schools. The conferences often set a limit — but there are ways around it, the junior college "farm system" for one.

The bidding, of course, is highest for the best. In this field rumor is rife. There is the cartoon of the coach who angrily turns to one of his players and says: "Jones, you're through! Turn in your suit and your convertible." The deal may have a hundred variations, from a pledge to help the ambitious athlete on through medical school to assistance to various relatives. My own experience leads me to believe that the bizarre bargain is less frequent than educators and the public think, but is crucial nonetheless. One or two stars can transform a team into a winner and are worth what they cost. Schools bargain with all kinds of appeals — the prestige of the Ivy League may appeal to the boy from the Middle West; religious affiliation may take a boy to Notre Dame; the lavish dormitory facilities for athletes may tip the scales for Louisiana State or Texas. Most conferences have rules which prevent an athlete who has signed with one school from leaving it to join another, even though he later discovers the immense advantages of the second school. Conferences resent scouts from outside their territory, yet raiding is universal.

By a dozen devices high school coaches are encouraged to become feeders for particular colleges and universities, sometimes by the flattering appointment to a coaching school staff, support for a bigger job, or even cash. Thus the web of recruitment is widespread, subtle, and effective.

The services of the American educational system in the field of public entertainment cannot be taken lightly — least of all by the educational institutions themselves. It may not be an ideal use of an educational institution to supply public entertainment, but the public interest exists; and for the institutions, either the necessity or the willingness to supply it also exists. The schools which would like to refuse will be compelled to supply it to keep up with their willing rivals. Their only choice is whether they will manage the entertainment in such a way as to prevent damage to themselves as educational institutions — damage which the present methods certainly entail. These methods frequently create financial obligations which imperil educational development because they have contractual priority over educational budgets. Those who recruit players and the players who are recruited are too often corrupted not because of the bargains they strike, but because the bargains are in violation of pledges all have agreed to uphold. Influences outside universities are encouraged to seek control of educational operations — influences which are seldom willing to confine their interests to athletics. Athletics requires an atmosphere of academic accommodation to its necessities, to the great cynicism of faculties and students. It has bred a kind of humiliating schizophrenia in educational administrators who are compelled to defend with platitudes what they do not believe or to keep an uneasy silence. It has created a kind of amused tolerance toward institutions on the part of the very public which buys the entertainment — a tolerance which says that whatever the virtues and respectability of higher education on all other scores, it must be given the privilege of this secret sin.

4

At the risk of scornful disagreement let me outline how, it seems to me, the great strain in our educational institutions can be reduced. The first and most crucial step is purely intellectual: to make the admission, both inside and outside the universities, that our programs of intercollegiate athletics are operated primarily as public entertainment and not as educational responsibilities. This will lay a foundation for entirely new solutions to the problem.

With the acceptance of this concept most of the undesirable stresses and strains will begin to disappear. Athletics — that is, *winning* athletics — now becomes a legitimate university operation. Recruiting becomes not only legal but justifiable.

To get the best athletes becomes not only understandable but commendable in exactly the same way that one seeks for excellence in any department of the university. One gives the athlete what the resources will allow — just as Illinois offers the graduate assistant in history or chemistry what it can to attract the best. No one thinks the less of Illinois because it can outbid Montana for graduate students. In short, athletic practices which are not at all appropriate to “educational” activities become acceptable and legitimate as parts of a program of public entertainment.

The same principle clarifies the position and character of the coaching staff. Let it be the best that can be obtained, as large and specialized as the situation requires. Let it be freed to meet its obligations without the moral strain imposed by the necessity to circumvent impossible requirements. The financial situation likewise becomes manageable. Since athletics is to be managed as entertainment, it need not in logic or in fact be a charge on the educational budget; and just as no educational institution expects to support itself from athletics, so athletics should not expect to be a charge on education. Self-support for athletics as public entertainment is at once a financial liberation and a restraint.

And why should there be concern about the academic record of a young man who comes to a university primarily to play on a team and whom the university has brought for exactly that purpose? I submit that nothing is lost by relieving all athletes of the obligation to meet academic requirements, if they cannot or do not wish to do so. Let us be courageous enough to admit that the university's interest in them is that they be good athletes, not that they be good students. It is the insistence that they be students which creates the problem both for the faculty and for the athletic managers, and to the detriment of both. Of course, if a boy wishes to be a student as well as an athlete, by all means encourage him, but in that case the fact that he is an athlete need not enter into his status as a student any more than his grades as a student should be made to affect his effectiveness as an athlete. The athlete will then for the first time be on a par with every other student who works his way through school. His academic progress will be exactly proportional to the time and interest he has beyond the demands of his employment.

What if the athlete has no interest whatsoever in his further education? A team entirely made up of professionals is not the solution for the colleges. The best solution is a prescription of academic work suited to the tastes and talents of the athlete but with the clear understanding by professors and athletes alike that the record as a student will be neither a hindrance nor a help to athletic success.

What! someone says. Have unbridled bidding

for athletes? No eligibility rules? No discipline? By no means — but let these things arise, as they will, from athletic and not from academic sources and necessities. Let eligibility rules be drawn and enforced by those who are most concerned about them — the athletic managements — not by faculties. Who can be counted on to expose infractions of eligibility rules? Opponents! Every roster of players is exchanged between coaches — why should a faculty committee bother? Who is hurt if the ineligible player plays? The opposition! Who is the best insurance that he won't? The opposition! No, faculties and administrators have gratuitously assumed a lot of unnecessary burdens — and to what purpose or to what effect it is hard to see.

The relinquishment of formal academic — not institutional — control over athletics will have very substantial advantages both for athletics and for education. The first is the restoration of institutional and personal integrity. Gone will be the necessity to keep up the pretense that at the present time suffuses the discussion of athletics as a part of an educational program. The establishment of single-mindedness will be the greatest advantage, for educational institutions are basically devoted to intellectual honesty. Such honesty will free athletics as well as education from the schizophrenia from which they both now suffer.

A very valuable outcome will also be the dissipation of the sentimentality which currently surrounds college athletics in the mind of the public. This myth is carefully preserved not for its truth but for its utility. Listen to any major coach talk about his team and you will see how little such sentimentality is justified. He refers to his “material,” not to boys; he discusses weakness at end and tackle and backfield, completely oblivious of the feelings of his men. There is not a player whom he will not instantly displace if he can get a better one. One of the most unhappy tasks that athletic managements must perform is to get rid of players to whom scholarships have been given — commitments made — but who can't quite make the grade on the field. Perhaps the public which sees the universities as operating departments of public entertainment and sees athletes as assistants in the department will come to think of the whole matter a little differently — to the great relief of everyone concerned.

When doctors find that a given treatment results in no improvement, they re-examine their diagnosis; when scientists find that experiments produce no anticipated results, they revise their basic hypothesis. Educators now find that what was once the recreation of students in school has been transformed into a responsibility of the educational system to supply the public with entertainment. It is essential that educators carry through a fundamental revision of concepts of athletic management appropriate to this transformation.



An Atlantic Story



A native Texan, DILLON ANDERSON established himself as one of the ablest young lawyers in Houston before he took time off for his fiction. In 1951, we published his first book, I and Claudie, a salty Texas narrative of two happy wanderers who fortunately do not take themselves or their victims too seriously. Clint Hightower and his oxlike companion have adventured their way in and out of the oil country, Texas politics, hurricanes, revivals, and state fairs — and now they are off again.

A BUFFALO NAMED WOODROW

by DILLON ANDERSON

OUT northwest of Amarillo there's a place where you can get up on a big rock by the side of the road and look a hell of a long ways. You can look farther and see less right there, I do believe, than you can anywhere else in the whole world — at least anywhere else in the State of Texas.

It was along toward the end of August that I and Claudie passed the place, and nothing would do but we should stop the car so Claudie could climb up on the rock and take a look. When he finally came down, he said, "They's a little old white cloud way off out there to the west, Clint."

I and Claudie had been in the Texas Panhandle all summer, shy the whole time of enough money to get out of there; and since only three clouds had come up the whole time that I could remember, I climbed up onto the rock myself. The morning sun had about burnt the little old cloud off. So I watched a whirlwind start close by, with only a few dry thistles and stickers stirring at first in the yellow dust; I watched it twist and weave and grow until it was a mile or more high and the bottom bouncing along like a bull whip against the rocky ground. Then it blew itself out.

I was about ready to climb down when I saw a sight that you will not believe, and I'll admit that I didn't either, at first. It was a buffalo — a real live shaggy buffalo, standing in a rocky red gully not over a hundred yards away, and he was looking right back at me. He pawed his front feet a couple of times, then started loping toward us with his big fuzzy head lowered and swaying from side to side in front of a big plume of dust he kicked up as he ran.

"Get on back to the road, Claudie," I hollered. "Hurry. There's a buffalo after us."

I climbed down from the rock and passed Claudie before it soaked in on him what I'd said. Then, instead of running for our car so he could drive us off, Claudie pushed his way into our trailer house right after me.

"Just how," I asked him, "are we going to get away from any buffalo with both of us in this trailer house?"

Claudie could see his mistake by this time, and he started out to get in the car, but it was too late. The buffalo was standing just outside the trailer-house door, staring in at us through the isinglass. He was a pretty mangy buffalo, with curved horns grown way long and sort of rusty-looking. When he moved his head his eyes stayed right on us, and I could see the milky white around the edges of his big mud-colored eyeballs. Also, there was a little yellow foam along both sides of his mouth.

"Claudie," I said, "that old bastard don't look so mean to me now. Maybe he's only thirsty. Reckon we'd better give him a drink of water?"

"How?" he asked. "Where's any water?" and I remembered we didn't have a drop in the trailer house.

"Claudie," I said, "tell you what you do. Get that little stewer — you know, the one that don't leak — and drain some water out of the auto radiator for this buffalo."

"I can't get out; I'm skeered of him," he said.

"But no," I explained. "You can get out under the trailer right through this hole in the floor. You can crawl under the car to the place where we drain

the radiator, and the buffalo can't get at you. Also, I will keep him busy back here looking at me."

Claudie was covered with dust and grease when he came back, but he had the stewer full of brown water, and I passed it to the buffalo without stepping outside the trailer house myself. And, of course, I was right. He was awful thirsty, and after he'd drunk the water he bawled for more, so I spoke to Claudie and said, "We've got us a pretty valuable animal here, and I believe you'd better get him one more stewer full of that water."

Well, it turned out that we had found a fine friendly buffalo. We gave him some apples and part of a loaf of bread that we ate the rest of ourselves — along with some sardines. Claudie said he wondered how the buffalo would act if we got outside, so I said, "Why don't you try?" He did, and sure enough, the buffalo acted like a pet.

By noon we'd got used to him, and he was used to us. Claudie even got on his back and rode him all around the trailer house. "All we need now," I said, "besides some water for ourselves, is a way to get this buffalo to Amarillo. He's probably worth a lot of money to a zoo or a circus."

Claudie was rolling a cigarette at the time, and before he could answer me or put his sack of Bull Durham back in his pocket, that fool buffalo grabbed it and ate it. That little round yellow tag on the string was the last thing I saw as he stood there chewing up Claudie's smoking tobacco.

"Was it a full sack, Claudie?" I asked him.

"Nearly full," he said, and then the buffalo snorted, bellowed, pawed up a lot of dust from the ground, and started bucking. He made for us with his head lowered, and we barely got indoors in time. He ran and butted the trailer house so hard I knew something had to give, and it was tin that gave, not that buffalo's horns. Then he settled down and so did the dust, and pretty soon he was his same old gentle self again. I and Claudie both got out and rode him some more just to prove it.

I declare, I don't know how we'd have fared if the two sheriffs hadn't come along about the middle of the afternoon. "Sheriff's Department, Potter County," it said around a big white star on the side of their car.

"Here's your buffalo, Chuck," the fellow that got out of the car said. Chuck got out too, and they came over to the trailer house, both wearing pearl-handled pistols and silver sheriffs' badges.

"What are you doing with this buffalo?" they both seemed to be asking all at once.

"We found him here," I said, "and we've been taking good care of him, too."

"Well, he belongs to Quagmyer's Dog and Pony Shows," one of the sheriffs said — the biggest one of the two. "He got away after the show last night. We're going to take him back and collect the reward."

"How?" I asked, and Chuck, the little sheriff,

looked at the other one without saying anything.

"Maybe you fellows can watch him until we can send a truck for him," the big sheriff said.

"And maybe you can give us about five hundred dollars of the reward," I said. "If we don't keep him, he's liable to go out there," and I pointed west where there was enough country for a buffalo to go and hide in forever.

"The reward ain't but twenty-five dollars," the big sheriff stated.

We settled for ten dollars out of the reward if we still had the buffalo when they came back for him, and we had him all right. The sheriffs came along about sundown in a truck and brought along some water I'd told them we needed for our radiator.

2

THE next morning, with the ten dollars in my pocket, I and Claudie went all over Amarillo looking for Quagmyer's Dog and Pony Show, since during the night I'd turned up with such a fine idea about the buffalo and Claudie that it fairly dazzled me. But I found the show was not of the size to do as big a town as Amarillo. It played in small towns only, and I learned at the newspaper office that it would go on that night at Canyon, Texas.

Claudie drove us the seventeen miles down to Canyon, and I kept him quiet all the way so I could think my whole idea out. We got there before noon, and the first thing I did was to study the poster about the show pasted up on the side of a feed store. I wanted to see what the buffalo did in the show. The poster had a lot about Celeste Booker, the daring lady bareback rider, and it showed her picture in black tights and red hair; it had some colored pictures of trained lions and tigers sitting up on stools while a guy in bright green clothes cracked a whip at them, and clowns; but I liked to have never found anything about the buffalo. Way down in one corner where they'd run low on glue and the edge of the picture was flapping in the wind, it mentioned several wild animals, and along with Gila monsters, anteaters, two elks, and a boa constrictor, it sort of admitted they had a buffalo, too. No picture of him at all.

"What a shame! What a waste of talent!" I told Claudie.

"Howzat?" Claudie asked, but I didn't go into it any further since I hadn't yet told him anything about my idea. I only set about to find the head man in the show.

"Mr. Quagmyer," I went up to the man and said where they had pointed him out to me in a little green diner across the street from the show tent. It was a diner made out of an old streetcar, with the wheels off, and this guy was eating fried chicken at a table about where the motorman would have used to sit.

"Colonel Quagmyer, please," he answered with-

out looking up. "Colonel A. Frisbie Quagmyer."

"Hightower is the name," I said, and I found I could hardly keep my eyes on the Colonel because the lady that was eating there at the table with him looked so familiar and pretty at the same time. I noticed, too, that she was eating with nice dainty manners and daubing around her mouth with the blue calico napkin every time she took a bite.

"Where have I seen that pretty face before?" I was wondering when the Colonel said — stern like — "I'll see you outside later. Right now I'm eating lunch with my little niece here."

"Your niece? Pleased to meet you, ma'am," I said, taking off my hat, but she didn't look up also.

"Outside!" The Colonel seemed almost peevish.

"Yes, sir," I said, catching one more glance at the Colonel's niece that he was eating chicken with.

3

WELL, this niece came out of the diner first, and in the bright sunlight her hair was the color of corn silk, but fine enough to make corn silk look like old rusty bailing wire.

"Please, ma'am," I said, tipping my hat, "is the Colonel about through eating? We wish to talk some business with him — I and my associate. Hightower is the name, and —"

"Tell it to him," she said and walked across the street to the show tent. I noticed her plum-purple dress was very tight in the waist.

"A man might like it at the time," I told Claudie, "but I could never really care for a lady that would be too friendly right at first." Then I saw the big billboard, and it all came to me where I'd seen that pretty face before. She was Celeste Booker, the lady bareback rider, but the picture didn't begin to do her justice.

"All right, men, what is it?" the Colonel was saying. He'd come out of the diner when we weren't looking, and I saw that he was a lot taller than he'd seemed sitting at the table. He was picking his teeth with a gold toothpick and holding his broad-brimmed straw hat in his hand. When he put it on, a lot of his hair, the color of a Palomino's mane, still showed behind like senators' hair.

"It's about the buffalo," I began. "We're the ones that found him."

The Colonel said, "But, dammit, I've already paid the reward." Then he looked across the street toward the show tent. He had little eyes, and the skin under them was pink and puffy like persimmons after a hard freeze.

"What," I asked him, "does the buffalo do in the show?"

"Old Woodrow?" he asked. "What the hell can any buffalo do besides be?"

"Be what?"

"A buffalo. He's almost extinct. That's the reason old Woodrow is with us."

"But Woodrow may not be so near to extinct as you'd think," I said. "He can act."

By this time some more people from the diner were hanging around, and the Colonel sized them up before he said out loud, "Well, I've played to overflow crowds in Madison Square Garden; I've given command performances before the crowned heads of Europe; I've been impresario to talent in the sparkling sawdust of the greatest shows on the globe; yet I have to be told in Canyon, Texas, that I have overlooked latent virtuosity in a tame buffalo. I bid you good day, gentlemen." And while everybody around laughed, the Colonel bowed and walked across the street to the show tent.

Trouble was, the Colonel didn't know me; a haughty spirit like that has always been just my dish. I walked right across the street with him, and at the main entrance to the tent I spoke. "Colonel, in Woodrow you have a feature attraction and don't know it. You have a bucking buffalo."

The Colonel threw back his head and laughed. "Why, Woodrow is gentle as a pussycat," he said. "The children all ride him. You're taking a lot of my time."

"Would you let us show you?"

"Now?" he said.

"Now," I told him. He was tough, but he saw he'd met his match. He agreed to let us put on our act inside the tent since the show didn't come off until that night, and by the time word went around among the show folks we had a pretty good crowd. Celeste, the Colonel's niece, came too, at the last minute, and one of the show flunkies marched old Woodrow out into the ring. He seemed to recognize me and Claudie; he mooded a little and came over to us, shaking his shaggy head.

"Who's going to ride this ferocious bucking buffalo?" Colonel Quagmyer asked, laughing, and all the show people laughed. In fact, about everything the Colonel would say seemed funny to them.

"My associate, Claudie," I answered; "as long, that is, as he can stay on," and they all laughed again. "But, first," I went on, "we need a few minutes alone with Woodrow."

The buffalo followed us out, and we took him into a little side-show tent. I looked everywhere to see that nobody was around, and then I whispered, "All right, Claudie, slip him another sack of Bull Durham."

"But I ain't gunna ride him after he's et it," Claudie argued.

"Oh, yes, you are; we're in the money, Claudie. This is no time to be unreasonable."

Claudie didn't get the point until the show people started yelling for us to come out, but after I'd given him the ten dollars from the reward he agreed. He gave Woodrow the sack of tobacco, and damned if he didn't seem to like it even more than he had the day before. Then, with Claudie on him, I led Woodrow into the big tent.

"Ladieees and gennntlemen," Colonel Quagmyer announced, "Woodrow, the bucking buffalo." He was laughing fit to kill, and all the show people laughed and laughed. Then it happened.

Woodrow snorted a couple of times and made for Colonel Quagmyer. The Colonel got behind a tent pole just in the nick; then Woodrow started to buck, and for a lot longer than you'd think, Claudie stayed on him. But about the fourth or fifth buck was a lollapalouza, and it sent Claudie sailing off through the air like a big old water bird of some kind. He landed in the steam calliope and then tumbled off limp onto the ground. But he got up and dusted himself off, and while he still looked a mite dazed and ruffled, he was coming around fast. And there stood Woodrow, licking the seat of Claudie's pants as friendly as ever again.

"Now, Colonel, I hope you see what I mean," I told him, loud enough for Celeste to hear. By this time all the show folks were cheering, and I figured like this: If people in the show itself take on like this over our act — people that are used to the best in entertainment and have been all their lives — what would the public do?

The Colonel tried to run down the act some, but when I said, "Okay, then; let's just drop the idea," he followed me to the tent door.

"How did you make Woodrow buck?" was the way he put it.

"Colonel Quagmyer," I said as all the show people stood around, and Celeste too, with her eyes very bright, "Woodrow comes from a long line of fierce and proud ancestors. His ancestors were here, kicking up dust, bucking and enjoying themselves long before our ancestors got up the *Mayflower* trip. All the time you've kept Woodrow in the cellar, using him for no act except to be, he's been building up the ginger that was born right in him from his ancestors. I and Claudie have simply brought it out. That's all."

"But how . . ."

"You couldn't be expecting to learn that and then use some other bronco buster, could you, Colonel?" I cut in. Oh, I had him right where the wool was short.

"Certainly not," he said, acting like a Colonel with his feelings hurt.

"Another thing, Colonel," I pointed out. "Just imagine the billing 'WOODROW AND CLAUDIE, THE ONLY SHOW IN THE WORLD FEATURING A WILD BUCKING BUFFALO.' The act will put you in big towns like Amarillo and Lubbock. You're through with skirting the edges. You are in the big time."

You can see how, standing on such firm ground as this, I and Claudie made our deal to get on the Quagmyer pay roll and for our board, too.

Sure enough, our feature got us into bigger towns right away. At Lubbock the following week Colonel Quagmyer threw away all the old billboard signs and had some new ones made. Woodrow took some

of the space away from Celeste, and after she saw the new billing she would not even look at Woodrow, she was so furious. It seemed to turn her against me and Claudie, too. At first, that is.

4

WITH being featured and all, Claudie soon let it go to his head. He wanted to wear a green uniform in his act, one with brass buttons and gold braid like the lion tamer's, so only to humor him, I made Quagmyer buy him one. Also Claudie wore a big ten-gallon hat in the act with a little blue feather in it, and pretty soon he was putting on all sorts of airs. When Woodrow would throw him, he'd lie there on the ground where he'd hit; he'd wiggle and squirm like a worm in hot ashes, all so as to scare the crowd; then he'd get up and bow, grinning like a jackass eating briars to make the people cheer more. It was almost disgusting, but I did notice that he began to look better and happier than I'd ever seen him before. So did Woodrow. I told Claudie the day we played Brownwood, "We must be about the finest influence that ever came into Woodrow's life. They're feeding him better, his mange is improving, and he's getting some exercise these days. Just to be is no life even for a buffalo. It's right next to being plumb extinct."

"Let's us give Woodrow a better brand of tobacco," Claudie urged. "He must be tired of that Bull Durham."

"The best," I told him, "is none too good for Woodrow." So the next day we took him out behind the tent and offered him his choice of several other kinds of tobacco. But he wouldn't touch a one of them. He had only the Bull Durham habit.

Celeste came around the corner of the tent about this time, and I asked Claudie to kindly take Woodrow away so I could talk to her some. This was something I was doing more and more of since my part in Woodrow's act left me with plenty of leisure time every day. I was finding out by this time that she was about the finest company in the whole show, with a nice personality and all, as well as the prettiest, whitest set of teeth I'd ever seen growing out of gums; and Celeste had been showing in several ways that she could care for me too. That was the day she said why didn't I come by her dressing room some night and talk to her after her act, and that was the night I went. Her act was over, and it wasn't near time for Woodrow to go on, since he was always last so nobody would leave and stop buying popcorn and stuff until the very end. And that was the night Celeste really lifted the scales from my eyes about Quagmyer. "Clint," she said, as she rolled a cigarette, "I'm afraid Colonel Quagmyer doesn't like you very much."

"Why?" I asked.

"He's jealous of you."

"How can that be, Celeste? He's your uncle."

"Well, confidentially, he ain't any uncle of mine. We only claim kin so the show people won't talk."

This really flabbergasted me. Just why Celeste would be telling me this I couldn't tell. I said, "Celeste, I haven't figured Quagmyer was all he was cracking himself up to be for some time now."

"He ain't," she admitted; then she started speaking in a very confidential way and said, "Colonel Quagmyer is sort of new to the show. He's been the owner for less than a year."

"How'd he get ahold of the show, anyway?" I asked.

"Well, he went to see the show last spring when it was playing in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He was running a pool hall there at the time. The show had an elephant then — a little old flea-bitten elephant, a she. Quagmyer managed some way to get stepped on by the elephant — she stepped on his foot, I believe — and he fell down with a sprained back. So he sued 'em for fifty thousand dollars and tied up the whole kit and caboodle with liens and things. Quagmyer stayed sort of paralyzed until the case was tried and the jury in Tuscaloosa gave him forty thousand dollars. The whole show wasn't worth that much, so Quagmyer took it over."

"Are you pretty sweet on Quagmyer, Celeste?" I had to know by then, with her showing this way how much she cared for me and all.

"I haven't exactly quit him — yet. . . ." I remember she was holding my hand at the time she said this; then she went on, "Now, Clint, there's something I want you to tell me."

"Oh no, Celeste; you're a fine girl, and I'm getting fonder of you every way, but I'm not about to tell you that." I stood up and let her hand go.

"What?"

"How we make Woodrow buck. That's what you wanted to know, wasn't it, Celeste?"

"Oh heavens, no," she laughed. "I know how you make Woodrow buck." She was teasing me; I could tell from the look out of her pretty blue eyes. I know women. Then Celeste got very serious and said, "I only wanted to know that you really trusted me."

"It isn't that I don't trust you, Celeste. I do, but I can't tell you that," and she looked so hurt I thought she'd cry. If you want to know the truth right here, some tears did come into her eyes.

"Don't worry, Clint," she said, and her lips were pouty. "I would never tell Quagmyer."

The only thing I wanted to do right then was to kiss Celeste to make her feel better, but she pushed me away and said, "No, Clint, you don't trust me."

By the time we got to Waco, Colonel Quagmyer was beginning to show that he liked me less and less, but he was getting nicer to Claudie all the time; so I had to speak to Claudie about it, and he admitted that the Colonel had offered him his pay and mine too if he'd only tell how we made Woodrow buck.

"I have been tempted, too, Claudie," I said, "but you know what the Bible says about temptation. A man is not supposed to yield to it; specially if it might mean his job."

"But I'm the one this here buffalo bucks off every night. My joints is getting loose."

"Don't you see it's a trick, Claudie? Once the Colonel learned our trade secret, he'd fire you, too, and use Hung How, that little old Chinese cook. Hung How has been eying your job for weeks. He wants to wear that green suit."

"He'll never get it." Claudie looked his stubborn best when he said that, and I knew this fire was put out for a while.

It wasn't long after this that the telegram came from Houston asking us to go to the rodeo there and take Woodrow's act. After all, it was bound to happen; anything in Texas that is as good as Woodrow — and there is nothing else like it in the whole daddurned world — is bound to wind up in Houston. It's the way the state is set up.

The Colonel wired back that he'd go if they'd take Celeste's bareback act too, and they agreed. Matter of fact, they'd have taken a temperance lecture if they'd had to, they were so anxious to get Woodrow.

I explained to Colonel Quagmyer that I and Claudie wanted just exactly one half of all he got paid in Houston, and he finally had to take us up on this, since I stood pat. But when he agreed, he was reddish-purple in the face, like a west-of-Amarillo sunset during a dust storm.

5

WE wound up the regular circuit in El Paso a week before we were due in Houston, and by this time we had Woodrow famous. Even a little spell of indigestion he had in Laredo made the front page in the San Antonio paper. All this made Claudie more temperamental by the day — he got to where he wore his green suit all the time. Myself, I had to worry more and more about our trade secret, and not even telling Celeste, but it was breaking my heart not to, and hers also because I didn't trust her enough to tell her.

From El Paso we all went to Houston by train, except that I rode ahead with Celeste and Quagmyer on the fast train that had sleepers and diners and everything, while Claudie rode on a much slower train that brought Woodrow also. "Be sure nothing happens to Woodrow on the trip," I told Claudie just before we left El Paso.

All the way to Houston, Celeste teased me — the way people don't do, I figured, if they don't really like you — and right before Colonel Quagmyer too. She teased me in the club car, in the diner, and other places, too, on the train. The Colonel would listen to all of this he could stand; I mean until his face would twitch all over and the

blue veins in his temples would stand out and quiver; then he'd get up and walk in the train aisles to cool himself off. What Celeste was teasing me about was still claiming she knew how we made Woodrow buck. She kept saying she'd spied on me and Claudie.

When we got to Houston, we found we were all over town — on posters, that is. The big billing was our act, of course, with pictures of Woodrow all blown up, his eyes blazing and blue smoke coming out of both nostrils.

While we waited for Woodrow and Claudie to get there, I found I was seeing less and less of the Colonel and more and more of Celeste. I found, too, that this was slap-dab exactly the way I wanted it. And long before Woodrow and Claudie came, I knew I had fallen for Celeste about as hard as a man has any business falling for anybody, except for one thing: why did she keep pestering me to tell her how we made Woodrow buck?

"You can prove to me that you love me," she said one day out at Hermann Park Zoo. "Just tell me about Woodrow." Her arm was around my waist as we walked along looking at the animals.

I watched a slippery old hippopotamus climb up out of his wallowing place, and while the red and yellow parrots squawked outside in the sun, I sat there and thought and thought — like about Samson that was so taken, and then taken in, by the Gaza woman, Delilah; also about Joseph that, according to the Bible, walked right off, leaving Potiphar's wife talking to herself there by the couch — and I said, "Celeste, I do love you all right, but Houston is a hell of a long ways from that trailer house in El Paso for a man to be sharing a trade secret with anybody."

Well, with all the rest we did in Houston, this was about where we left things until Woodrow's and Claudie's train finally got there. And by the time it did, the Houston people had decided to change the place where we were to go on. The Coliseum wouldn't hold our crowd, so they had it out at the big First National Bank Stadium near Rice Institute. And what a crowd! They were still gathering when Celeste got into her black tights and went on first with her bareback riding act. Matter of fact, it was a sort of a preliminary they made out of Celeste, and I didn't like it a dern bit.

I went around to Celeste's dressing room after her act to cheer her up for being done wrong by in the program. We had nearly an hour to wait while some other smalltime calf roping and steer bulldogging acts were run off. Naturally, Woodrow wasn't to go on until last. I sat there by Celeste watching her comb out her pretty red hair and talking to her until all of a sudden it was later than I thought. What really brought the time up was that Claudie stuck his ugly face inside Celeste's dressing room.

He was all dressed up in his green suit with braid and brass buttons, but he had the same baffled

look on his face as the guy I saw in a fine picture once, the guy with a hoe in his hand — except of course Claudie didn't have any hoe in his hand. Claudie's mouth was working, but he wasn't saying anything, he was so wrought up.

"Take it easy, Claudie," I said. "What's the trouble?"

"I haven't got it," he managed to say. "Have you?"

"You mean —" I said, and I knew what he meant. He'd forgotten Woodrow's tobacco.

"Hell, no!" I told him. "You're the one that's supposed to have it."

"But I forgot."

"What's the trouble, fellows?" Celeste asked.

"Oh, nothing; nothing at all," I told her. Then I turned back to Claudie. "Where's the closest store?" I found I was yelling at him.

"I've already asked about that," Claudie said. "The stores are a mile or more away, and they're all closed up this time of night."

"How long before we go on?" I asked him, and Colonel Quagmyer answered me as he walked into Celeste's dressing room. "Five minutes," he said, "but don't hurry. It may be six or seven. Woodrow is waiting for you in the little tent out there."

Outside there was the hum and the buzz of all that big crowd ready for our act, and the whole thing seemed to be pressing down on my insides like a sack of wet oats. I noticed that Claudie's color was awful bad and getting worse by the minute. The green suit only brought it out more.

"What's the matter, Claudie?" Quagmyer asked. "Stage fright?" But Claudie didn't have any answer. He was all froze up, and so was I.

Things got so quiet then that when Celeste spoke up I felt myself flinch. What she said was "I feel like a smoke."

Quagmyer offered her a ready-roll, but she said, "No, I'll just make my own, thanks."

She opened her purse, but what she took out wasn't the tin can of Prince Albert, the kind Celeste always rolled hers with; it was a brand-new sack of Bull Durham. When Claudie saw what I saw, his mouth flew open and his front teeth showed more than ever. Claudie's teeth never were very close together, and this time he looked like a man fixing to eat a pumpkin through a picket fence.

Celeste rolled, then fired up, her new cigarette and laid the sack there on the dressing table so that the little tag at the end of the string was hanging down over the edge. When she got up, she left the Bull Durham sack right where it was. She flashed a sweet cozy wink at me; then took Quagmyer by the arm. "Come on, Uncle Frisbie," she said, "let's go get ourselves settled in our seats so we can see the best part of this show."

And as they walked out I thought no knights in tin suits or heroes in Hollywood ever loved their women any more than I loved Celeste.



Philosopher, author, and mathematician, Alfred North Whitehead was born in England in 1861, taught long, full years at Cambridge University and at the University of London, and brought his career to a golden sunset at Harvard. He was one of the most illuminating conversationalists of our time. After his retirement, his talk was confined to a few intimates, of whom LUCIEN PRICE was one. Mr. Price, the author of *We Northmen and Winged Sandals*, has recorded with the discipline and accuracy of a trained journalist the audacity and the probing of the philosopher's mind in his new book, *Dialogues of Whitehead*, which is shortly to be published. His record of the conversations was read and authorized by Whitehead. The Atlantic is proud to present three characteristic excerpts from this book, which has been more than a decade in preparation.

TO LIVE WITHOUT CERTITUDE

Dialogues of Whitehead

by LUCIEN PRICE

1

WHITEHEAD's sojourn at Harvard was a prism of varied lights. One of these was his intimate mingling with students — not only his own but anyone who cared to come to his Sunday evenings. Hundreds of them must remember his brilliancy and warmth.

In later years, guests were fewer and more likely to be personal friends. A lifelong practice of recording memorable conversations for my own benefit had prepared me unwittingly, and, well aware how remarkable his conversation was, I wrote it down nearly verbatim always within a day or two afterward. Nine years of this, 1932 to 1941; then the typescripts were shown to the philosopher. He read them and approved, as he also did those which followed from 1941 to 1947 — about forty-four *Dialogues* in all. Their immense range and depth can be no more than suggested in the three chosen for publication in the *Atlantic*.

December 15, 1939. — The second world war had begun. This was my first evening with the Whiteheads since that event in September. One still approached the subject cautiously with anybody, for feeling ran high and unpredictably. Not here, however. We came to it at once: —

"I doubt," said he, "if the world has ever had suffering on such an enormous scale as this."

"You surprise me. Not Rome under the bad emperors?"

"The suffering and anxiety there were largely confined to the upper classes; but — well, yes, I suppose the suffering of the immense slave popu-

lation on which that society rested must have been enormous."

"The historian Priscus tells of his visit to the camp of Attila's Huns, passing through territories where whole communities had committed suicide at their approach; then arriving at their camp, he found those selfsame warriors full of enthusiasm and singing songs about their own virtues . . ." (I had intended to relate this to the quantitative aspect of human suffering, when my mind lost the thread. I said so, and said it had been happening to me frequently of late.)

"I am relieved to hear you say so," said he, "for mine does the same and I was attributing it to my age."

"It is fatigue, rather, I think. The consciousness of the war is always there; we are forced to rethink ordinary thoughts with reference to it; often we do this unconsciously, but the effort after a while is exhausting. It is a subconscious drag."

"For a while after the war started," said he, "I was able to do nothing; it was constantly in my thoughts, but now of late I have absorbed it into my mental processes, and I am beginning to work again."

"Scott Nearing, who breakfasted with me this morning (he is one of the war horses of American liberalism), says the problem of our time is how to live well in a decaying society. I am not so sure. Certainly we do live in a contracting economy, but may not the impact of this scientific technology, and the violence and confusion engendered by it, bring about a reintegration of our society? Better

not despair prematurely — not that I suggest that any of us are likely to do so. But every great age, — fifth-century Athens, Augustan Rome, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French Revolution, — was preceded or accompanied by violence and upheaval; Persian war in Greece, Roman civil wars before Augustus, and so on. . . . Isn't it too soon to judge? And can we be surprised at what has happened when we think of the mechanical and intellectual changes since the turn of the century?"

"I have lived three distinct lives in this single span," said Whitehead; "one from childhood to the first world war; one from 1914 to my residence in America in 1924; and a third here since 1924. The first seems the most fantastic; in those years from the 1880's to the first war, who ever *dreamed* that the ideas and institutions which then looked so stable would be impermanent?"

"Although I was a little boy when you were already a man grown, that world of the 1890's seems to swim in a golden haze of mythological idyll."

"Fifty-seven years ago it was," said he, "when I was a young man in the University of Cambridge. I was taught science and mathematics by brilliant men and I did well in them; since the turn of the century I have lived to see every one of the basic assumptions of both set aside; not, indeed, discarded, but of use as qualifying clauses instead of as major propositions; and all this in one life-span, — the most fundamental assumptions of supposedly exact sciences set aside. And yet, in the face of that, the discoverers of the new hypotheses in science are declaring, '*Now at last, we have certitude*' — when some of the assumptions which we have seen upset had endured for more than twenty centuries."

"Is that a reason why you are at pains to use a new terminology for your own concepts?"

"You have noticed that, then?"

"I have noticed that I can understand the first third and the last third of your *Adventures of Ideas* and of your essay on the Harvard Tercentenary, but that in the middle third I bog down. Is the middle third over the head of a layman who is willing to keep rereading it?"

"No. I don't think so. I write for the layman, and in so doing I avoid the technical language usual among philosophers."

"The philosophers don't like him for it," said his wife, "though they have been very sweet about it."

"But I am convinced," said he, resuming, "that what philosophers should do is relate their thoughts to the needs of common life. And there is another thing they need to do. When you consider how at pains men of science are to base their hypotheses on carefully criticized assumptions, — how they set up tests to control experiments — then see how the fundamental concepts of even the greatest philosophers in the past must have been largely conditioned by the necessarily ephemeral environ-

mental relationships in which they lived: My criticism is: how unhesitatingly later thinkers have accepted their conclusions without pausing to re-examine them in terms of changed social conditions."

"A striking example of it," said I, "is Aristotle's *Politics*. They must have been based on the fundamental assumption that the City-State is the regnant political form and that, too, in an age when it was already being outmoded and about to be supplanted by military monarchies on a model derived from the conquests of Alexander the Great, his own pupil."

"That is an excellent example of what I mean. There is an enormous need for philosophies to be rethought in the light of the changing conditions of mankind."

"How much of this can be done by intellect alone?"

"I doubt if we get very far by the intellect alone. I doubt if intellect carries us very far. I have spoken of direct insights. The longer I live the more I am impressed by the *enormous*," — he urged his voice into emphasis, and half closed his eyelids, — "the unparalleled genius of one philosopher, and that is Plato. There seems hardly an insight that he has not had or anticipated; and even after you have allowed, as I was saying a moment ago, for the modifications introduced by changed social conditions since he thought and wrote, and the consequent variations which must be made, still in essence the most of it stands. He came face-to-face with these realities, truths not directly apprehensible by the average man, then by a marvel of subtlety and dialectic, whittled them down to a form in which they could be grasped by the educated Athenian of his day."

2

IT WAS by now about half after ten. The tray of hot chocolate was brought in. We got on the question whether English Methodism had had any economic determinant.

"Not a bit, I think," said Whitehead. "In John Wesley you had that very unusual combination: a man of spiritual insight coupled with great organizing ability. He organized as naturally as he breathed. I owe to my friend Élie Halévy one of the most penetrating observations on English history that I have ever heard; namely, that the French revolutionary ideas, especially Jacobinism, were prevented from crossing the English Channel by the religious idea of the Wesleyans, who looked upon the Jacobins as godless. The revolutionaries were, as you remember, deists, — Robespierre, Saint-Just, and that lot, — but to a Methodist that was as good as nothing at all. Then when, at the development of the industrial age, the rich middle-class families began to marry into the

aristocracy, it did a singular thing — that mixture gave an aristocracy, almost for the first time in history, a religious tinge which colored the whole of English political life in the nineteenth century."

"Romain Rolland in *Jean Christophe* makes someone say that what has made the English so formidable is that they have been for centuries a nation of Bible-readers."

"That sounds more like a literary idea than an historical force," he considered it doubtfully, then said, "The Bible excels in its suggestion of infinitude." Suddenly he stood and spoke with passionate intensity, "*Here we are with our finite beings and physical senses in the presence of a universe whose possibilities are infinite, and even though we may not apprehend them, those infinite possibilities are actualities.*" He remained standing a moment, absorbed in his own thought, then reseating himself continued, "The trouble with the Bible has been its interpreters, who have scaled and whittled down that sense of infinitude into finite and limited concepts, and the first interpreter of the New Testament was the worst, Paul."

"Do you happen to have read Nietzsche's *Anti-Christ*?"

"No."

"It sounds more violent than it is, though it is vigorous enough. To my astonishment, he is rather tender toward Jesus, says there was only one Christian and he died on the cross. But Saint Paul certainly does catch it."

"One has to speak of the end of Christianity in terms of a thousand years," he said, smiling, "but it has assumed so many forms in its history that I often speculate on its taking a new and perhaps final form here in America, coalescing with your democratic idea of life. With all its limitations, life in America is better and kinder than anywhere else on earth that I have ever heard of in history. But the clergy have lost their hold. In America a man in trouble now goes to his doctor, he would not think of telling his parson, saving here or there when his parson is an exceptional individual. In England the man people went to in trouble was the old family solicitor; you get that in English fiction; he is a familiar figure there. The problem in religion is to link finitude to infinitude. It is significant that people no longer believe in heaven."

"What would *you* find to do in a Christian heaven?"

"I would far rather go to Limbo, where I could meet the Greek philosophers and Roman statesmen and exchange ideas."

"How," asked Mrs. Whitehead, "could a person beguile the mortal tedium of heaven? At least as it is generally depicted, an oratorio in costumes."

"Something needs to be found to take its place," said he.

"Might not some form of creativity be what is wanted?"

We discussed that. He said, "Sir Richard Livingstone wrote me that to him the most significant sentence in my *Aims of Education* was the one that says the common man needs to be convinced of the importance of the work he is doing."

"Of his function, not the importance of himself," said Mrs. Whitehead.

"Similarly, the central problem in modern philosophy is how to relate the one and the many," Whitehead resumed. "Plato talks about that. He was right about so many things and sometimes also dreadfully wrong. The modern tendency is to say, 'I am happy *now*. The future does not matter!' but the 'now' is meaningless without a significant future. What is wanted is to relate all the 'nows' with the future."

"What," asked Mrs. Whitehead, "is the distinction between intelligence and ability? I have the idea that we are all delighted to find intelligence in a child or in an adolescent but that if we are still admiring it in an adult there is something wrong."

"Isn't there a character in one of Dickens's novels," I asked, "who is always, to the end of his days, spoken of as 'a promising young man'? I suggest that intelligence is quickness to apprehend as distinct from ability, which is capacity to act wisely on the thing apprehended. But what I have been burning to ask is, What do we mean when we say that a person has depth? We know what we mean but can't put it into words."

"Precisely not," said Whitehead, "for depth is the power to take into account all those factors in a situation which cannot be adequately verbalized."

"When they are verbalized," said she, "they flatten out. It is the ability to see around things, and to see them in all their relationships."

"Are we to suppose that it is inherited or acquired?"

"Acquired? No," said she. "Inherited, yes; but developed."

"You get the best ability," said Whitehead, "from children reared in an economic status without luxury, which admits them at an early age to the society of people responsible for a community. The community may be a big one but needn't be; merely responsible persons doing public work. That is one. The other needn't even be in a comfortable economic position, but the child must be born with or reared in ideas strongly moral or religious."

"Your moral and religious sense are what have served you, Altie. You got them from your parson father."

"America," said he, "was founded by people of both these groups, with social responsibility and moral sense. It has often seemed to me that that was why the eighteenth century in England was so flat; the vivid people had come over here in the seventeenth. France did better in the eighteenth. And the principal result of the French Revolution

was the American Revolution. It failed in France but in America it succeeded."

(Whitehead's paradox sounds anachronistic. But he is thinking in terms of ideas rather than of their physical consequences. By "revolution" he means not the outbreaks of armed violence at Concord Bridge in 1775 and at the Bastille in 1789; he means that prolonged ferment of thought, mainly in France, which antedated them both.)

We were presently discussing the lack of enthusiasm in Harvard, as distinguished from the tone of the Midwest, and especially among Harvard undergraduates, where enthusiasm was socially bad form. Whitehead said it was lacking from the Boston and New York sons of prosperous families and in one third of the undergraduates; that another, the middle third, is neutral as always; but that the final third have it, boys largely from smaller towns and more remote places. As for the Faculty, he admitted that the tone of many of them was set by the upper-class boys. He thought they do not have voice enough in the government of American universities, but they never have had, in contradistinction to England, where they *are* the governing body. Here, it is every professor for his department; at Trinity you had some of that too, but at the bottom they were all one in wanting Trinity to be a place of lively educational value. When London University was being assembled from schools widely sundered, one of the stipulations was that the faculty have a voice in the management of the institution.

"England has evolved its university system; I often wonder how long it will take us to evolve one peculiarly adapted to our own needs."

"The university system in England has changed momentously since 1900," he said. "Before that, you had Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and St. Andrews. Since then these others have sprung up." He named half a dozen.

Into the discussion then came the question of how to keep thought from freezing into static ideas, and how easy it is for scholarship to wither into dead learning. When the Senior Fellows were last choosing from among the candidates for the Junior Fellowships, he said a young archaeologist had read a learned paper to the Committee on whether a certain excavated pillar was dated wrongly three years one way or the other!

("And Ferguson sat chin-on-left-hand scowling concentration,

(and Chase sat chin-on-right-hand scowling concentration,

(and Lowes sat chin-on-both-hands scowling concentration,

(and all the while it didn't matter one way or the other.) But a young fellow named Charles Moore presented a paper on Sophocles which was so good that if it wasn't true of Sophocles, it *ought* to have been."

"How old is he?"

"About twenty-two, I should say."

"That seems young to understand so much about Sophocles."

"Perhaps he doesn't; but two of us said he should get in if over our dead bodies."

3

FROM here Whitehead turned the subject to Boston newspapers.

"The *Herald*," said he, with a slightly heightened sparkle, "gives the point of view of the prosperous businessman admirably, perhaps too admirably, — but if you want to know what New England of all classes is thinking — and I do want to know — it is the *Globe* that you must read. We hazard a guess that a good many of the editorials on foreign relations, especially those about British foreign policy, are written by an irate Irishman."

"They are."

"He is quite within his rights; only he gives undue importance to a phase of Tory influence which annoys him."

"His grandfather was knocked down and beaten by British troops in Ireland. The memory was still vivid with his grandmother when she told him about it. He is a man of extraordinary ability with high principles which are kept in daily working-order."

Without asking who had written it, they spoke of the editorial on music published November 24th. In it I had said that great music, even more than great literature, is intelligible to children, since it speaks directly to the emotions, the imagination, and the intuitions, faculties which in childhood are often more acute than they are when we have grown up, and that no blunder could be more stupid than to suppose children do not sense grandeur in the arts. While agreeing with it in the main, he said: —

"Not all children respond to music. About fifty per cent, I should say. It would have been better to qualify. Mind you, I agree with your main contention, that all children have a right to be presented to these major experiences, in literature, the arts, nature; they can then select those which will be fruitful to them. I was especially struck by your remark that the charm of good music is that it surprises the ear by the unexpected interval, and that that element of surprise is permanent, no matter how familiar the music may become. It is a principle which carries over into other affairs of life; what we crave is the element of freshness, and some of the most vivid experiences seem to have in them an element of freshness which is perpetual. This carries over, too, into related areas of experience so that when we are freshened in one area it freshens us for others."

"My home environment," I said, "a small town,



After some years as a metallurgist, first in steel, next in the Admiralty, and then in the Ministry of Aircraft Production, R. P. LISTER left the Civil Service for a research association in London; but, he writes us, "I found that writing books in the spare time from being a scientist made me ill; so I gave up this job early in 1949 and have done nothing but write ever since." The Atlantic, which began publishing Mr. Lister's poems in 1947, was the first American periodical to celebrate his comic genius.

BRÜNNHILDE GOES WEST

by R. P. LISTER

THERE are some odd characters in the great world of Opera; and none of them seems, on a first acquaintance, odder than Brünnhilde. We meet her first in the second act of *Die Walküre*; a calm, godlike creature whose troubles and worries are far removed from those of ordinary mankind. She is interested in Siegmund as a heroic hacker and hewer of foemen, but regards his attachment to Sieglinde as a quite inexplicable weakness. She has no time for women at all, and only takes a passing interest in Sieglinde when she discovers her to be an essential stage in the production and assembly line for a new hero, Siegfried.

We meet her again the next evening, when we go to see *Siegfried*. He wakes her from her magic sleep on the mountaintop right at the end, when the whole thing is more or less finished. She has changed, of course; she went to sleep as a goddess and wakes up a woman. She goes on in the way one would expect, given the circumstances. But the next evening, in *Götterdämmerung*, doubts assail us. As the evening progresses, they grow. This person is labeled Brünnhilde, but she does not seem to be the same old Brünnhilde we used to know. I have thought a lot about this inconsistency in her character and I have come to a very remarkable conclusion.

This is, that she was obsessed with the idea of the Wild West. The theory is, as far as I know, a new one. I was startled by it myself at first, but the more I looked into it the more obvious it became that all the evidence pointed that way.

The external evidence, of dates and so on, is significant. In the 1840s, Wagner was busy reading the *Nibelungenlied* over and over, seeking for a way of turning it into a libretto. The *Nibelungenlied*, that monstrous old German epic poem, is largely concerned with the struggles for the possession of the golden hoard of the Nibelungs; Wag-

ner's obsession with gold was, consequently, far greater even than is normal among composers. Suddenly, early in 1848, Europe learned that gold had been discovered in California by Captain Sutter and Mr. Marshall. The news must have smitten Wagner like a thunderclap. He rushed off and, in a white heat of inspiration, finished the poem of *Götterdämmerung* (then called *Siegfrieds Tod*) that same year. The theme of gold runs through the whole of the Ring drama, dominating it from start to finish; it is only surprising that Wagner did not dedicate the finished poem to Captain Sutter and Mr. Marshall, or at least to President James Knox Polk.

The objection may be made that an obscure German musician in Dresden can hardly have been aware, at that early date, of the turn things were taking in the West. The objection is a natural one; but it is answered by the poem itself. It is impossible to say by what miracle of divination Wagner reflected so faithfully the manners and morals of the Wild West in 1848, a full two years even before California was admitted to the Union; but that he did so is undeniable.

The whole key to *Götterdämmerung* lies in the relationship of Brünnhilde to her horse Grane. It is as a fanatically keen horsewoman that she first appears in the Ring; it is the loss of her horse that causes her decay and downfall.

Let us look for the moment at which Brünnhilde's character really begins to seem inconsistent. It is not the moment at the end of the third drama, *Siegfried*, when that hero penetrates the flames surrounding Brünnhilde's rock and wakes her with a kiss. A long love duet follows. Shaw, who pointed out the monstrous extent of Brünnhilde's transformation in *The Perfect Wagnerite*, regards this as being out of character; but here he does Wagner less than justice. Brünnhilde, till she was put to

sleep by Wotan, was a goddess; now she is a woman. The only real objection Shaw has to this change is that he dislikes it, but this is not enough. Brünnhilde does behave, when she is awakened, as a woman; and she behaves exactly as would the sort of woman into whom the divine Brünnhilde would be expected to change. That is, she is passionate, majestic, heroic, and, to put it bluntly, rather a bore. She is not the sort of woman whom anybody but a hero would put up with. Shaw could not put up with her, and I have much sympathy with him; but he is unfair to blame Wagner for it. Wagner is portraying a goddess-Brünnhilde recently changed into a woman-Brünnhilde, and he does it to perfection.

She is still recognizably her old self at the beginning of *Götterdämmerung*. She and Siegfried, solid Germanic hero and heroine, come out of their cave into the Germanic light of dawn, and sing an ecstatic duet. In the circumstances, it is quite natural. Siegfried is setting off to do new deeds of glory, if he can find them; and before he goes he gives Brünnhilde the Ring as a pledge of their eternal union. Brünnhilde, in a rash moment of generosity, instead of giving him some bit of armor in exchange, gives him her horse. Siegfried does not really need Gräne, because he has, swinging at his belt, the Tarnhelm. This magical headgear will change him into any desired form or render him invisible whenever he asks it to. It will also transport him anywhere he wants to go, faster than Gräne can take him. But he either does not know this or has forgotten it; so he rides off to the Rhine on Gräne.

It is from this moment that Brünnhilde really begins to go to pieces. She is next seen at the beginning of Scene III, Act I, that same evening. She is sitting at the entrance to the cave contemplating the Ring on her finger.

The Valkyrie theme sounds dimly in the orchestra. This is generally taken to indicate that her sister Valkyrie, Waltraute, is approaching; but this is to accuse Wagner of a rare subtlety in the use of his motifs. He quite commonly uses them to indicate the thoughts of his characters, rather than the action taking place on the stage, which the audience can see for themselves; and there is no doubt that that is what he is doing here. Brünnhilde is contemplating the Ring, but she is thinking of her horse. The significance of the Ring to her is that it represents her only way of getting her horse back.

This is confirmed by her conversation with Waltraute. That Valkyrie, when she appears, wants Brünnhilde to give the Ring back to the Rhinemaidens, who originally owned it, in order to avert the coming Doom of the Gods. Brünnhilde refuses to do this, with considerable warmth. Neither Siegfried nor she has any idea of using the Ring to achieve world domination, which is what it is for; it is of no real value to them. Her motive in refusing to return it to its proper owners is merely

that by doing so she will forfeit the right to say to Siegfried when he returns, "Well, here's your wretched Ring; and now give me back my horse." Siegfried might give her back the horse without it, but she is afraid that her parting so casually with the Ring might give him an excuse not to do so. She is already too suffused with her Western obsession not to believe that anyone will do anything to obtain a horse, the supreme possession of mankind.

Her mental downfall is taken a step further when Siegfried comes along, shortly afterwards, disguised as Gunther, to claim her as Gunther's bride. Siegfried, an inexperienced youth, has only needed one short day to get himself into bad trouble down at the Gibichungs' place. Gunther has heard of Brünnhilde, asleep on her rock; he wants her for his wife, and proposes to marry Siegfried off to his sister, Guttrune. In this way, he and his half brother Hagen have decided, there will soon be lots of bonny little heroes about the Gibichung ranch, which is what the place needs. The difficulty is that Brünnhilde is stuck up on her rock, and only a perfectly fearless man can get her off it; and Siegfried is rambling at large up and down the Rhine territory and might be anywhere.

Just when Gunther and Hagen are trying to work things out, in walks Siegfried, the one man in the Rhineland who knows no fear. Hagen has the situation sized up in a moment. He calls Guttrune to bring Siegfried a drink. It is the hospitable custom of these wild territories; but this drink is laced. It causes Siegfried to forget immediately his whole past life and fall in love with the first woman he sees, who is, naturally enough, Guttrune.

Part of their plan is accomplished, and it is now an easy enough matter to persuade a muscular ninny like Siegfried to chase back up the Rhine and bring back, off a rock, this woman to whom his new blood-brother Gunther has taken an unaccountable fancy. He and Gunther row off up the Rhine right away. He leaves Gunther at the foot of the hill, and very shortly he is strolling up through the flames again, disguised as Gunther.

Brünnhilde is naturally horrified to see him. She realizes instantly that if she had not been so stupid as to part with Gräne she could have leaped on his back at this moment and galloped away through the woods; as it is, she is helpless. She tries to repel Siegfried-Gunther with the Ring, but it has no effect on him. Irritated by the way this woman brandishes her Ring at him, Siegfried firmly takes it from her. The last straw is that Siegfried is too lazy to take her down to the Gibichungs' place there and then, and decides to stay the night. There is only one bed. Siegfried places the sword Nothung between himself and Brünnhilde in order to preserve himself from betraying Gunther in any way; but the whole thing is so distressing to Brünnhilde that it is not surprising that she should declare on oath, later on, that he misbehaved himself.

Consider her state of mind. It is barely twenty-four hours since she was wakened from a twenty-year sleep. Wotan himself has assured her that only one man can reach her through the fire, and that is Siegfried. Siegfried has duly come and gone again, borrowing her horse; and now in walks this tin-hatted miscreant, completely at his ease, and robs her of everything. She has lost Siegfried; she has lost her Ring; and, above all, she has lost her horse. We may not like Brünnhilde, but we must, unlike Shaw, sympathize with her.

Even worse things are to follow. In the morning Siegfried leads Brünnhilde down the mountain, changes place with the real Gunther behind a bush, and flies back to the Gibichungs' place with the assistance of the Tarnhelm. Hagen has told him what it is for. Gunther and Brünnhilde follow him down the Rhine in the boat. When she sees Siegfried again, Brünnhilde immediately spots the Ring on his finger. She realizes how she has been tricked; and she leaps to the natural conclusion that Siegfried is not only a deceiver but, of all things, a horse thief.

Siegfried is partly to blame; his action in taking the Ring from her was rather ungentlemanly. He has no idea that it means so much to her, because under the influence of the magic potion he has forgotten how he got hold of Gräne. He probably intends to give Gunther the Ring sometime; but Brünnhilde makes such a fuss about it that he becomes stubborn and refuses to part with it or explain how he got it. This is the real cause of his undoing. Brünnhilde insists that he should give Gunther her Ring, so that, once safely married to him, she can insist on Gunther's swapping it with Siegfried for the horse. When he refuses, there is nothing for it but to plot with Gunther and Hagen to have Siegfried done away with, so that they can get both Ring and horse back.

Brünnhilde is, in fact, in a terrible quandary. It is not surprising that she takes such desperate measures. Gräne is in an adjoining stable; she can hear him whinnying away there when the music is soft enough. The Gibichung vassals believe that the horse is Siegfried's. When a man rides in on a horse, or at least comes down the Rhine in a boat with it, you assume that it belongs to him until it is proved otherwise, particularly when its rider is a fierce-looking character bristling with Rings and Tarnhelms. If Brünnhilde had gone and saddled Gräne and ridden away on him, they would have been after her like a shot; the whole country would have been roused, with Gibichung posses scouring the Rhine territories till the horse thief was apprehended. There is no mercy for horse thieves, in the West or on the Rhine. Brünnhilde knows this, and she has to bide her time till, somehow, she can assert her just claim to the animal.

In fact, she does not get Gräne back at all. They

take Siegfried out hunting, according to plan, and bump him off. He dies intestate, and half the horse at least belongs to his wife, Guttrune, by federal law, so Brünnhilde is no nearer getting him back. Gunther and Hagen are too busy to think about horses. They have an awkward body on their hands, and propose to get rid of it before the Sheriff calls in by burning it up on a great pyre. Everybody is in a very nervous state — so much so that Hagen gets into a quarrel with Gunther about the future ownership of the Ring. He thinks he should have it as payment for his part in the affair; and when Gunther refuses, Hagen loses his head and kills him.

The whole place is now in an uproar. The Gibichung vassals are feverishly piling up mighty logs by the river's brim, in order to dispose of the evidence, when Brünnhilde suddenly starts raving about Gräne. She orders the vassals to saddle him and bring him to her.

The vassals are thoroughly tired of Brünnhilde by now. She has been in one tantrum or another ever since she arrived at the place, and caused no end of trouble. "For Pete's sake," they mutter to each other, "is this any time to be talking about horses?"

But Brünnhilde must be kept quiet somehow, in order to preserve the decencies. Guttrune is too upset to care what happens to her half-horse, so two of the vassals go off to saddle Gräne. They bring him in to Brünnhilde. "Maybe that'll keep the crazy woman quiet," they say. "If she rides off on it, so much the better. We can round her up later."

Brünnhilde, however, does no such thing. Her mind, by now, is quite unhinged. She sees that she will never establish a legal claim to Gräne, and for a horsewoman like her the prospect of a lifetime's pedestrianism is intolerable. She grabs the Ring off Siegfried's finger — if they won't let her have the horse, they won't get the Ring either — and as soon as the pyre is thoroughly ablaze, she rides Gräne right into it and perishes.

The vassals hardly notice it. What with the Rhine coming up in a sudden flood, and three nixies swimming up on the water and getting hold of that Ring — Lord knows whom it belongs to by now, anyway — and the Gibichungs' hall catching fire, and Hagen getting himself drowned, and the whole of Valhalla suddenly appearing in the sky, consumed by flames — what with all this in the space of sixty bars or so, the vassals are far too busy to care about Brünnhilde and the horse.

When the curtain falls, the Gibichungs, last seen huddled in the foreground in attitudes of terror, are in a hell of a mess. There will be a lot to explain to the Sheriff when next he happens along; but on the whole they must be extremely glad to have Brünnhilde and her horse-nonsense out of the way.



A native of Bengal, whose courage in controversy parallels that of Elmer Davis in this country, NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI was a commentator on world affairs for All India Radio in Delhi. Mr. Chaudhuri's Autobiography of an Unknown Indian, published by Macmillan in 1951, interprets the evolution of modern India through the story of his own life; now, in the article that follows, he seeks to evaluate the various pressures which the West has brought upon India and the rival faiths which are struggling for the control of that country today.

THE WESTERN INFLUENCE ON INDIA

by NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI

I

A FOREIGNER living in one of India's big cities — Bombay, say, or New Delhi — will probably be inclined to wonder why anybody should ever have said, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Especially if he is moving among fairly well-to-do people, he will see around him everywhere plenty of evidence that East and West do meet, and on pretty intimate terms at that. The influences which have been working toward the Westernization of India during the past century and a half are not only powerful, they are now thoroughly acclimatized and entrenched.

No observant Indian, whether orthodox or liberal, is likely to dispute this impression. Never in our recent history have Western ideas and ways been so dominant as at present, and never before have Westernized Indians enjoyed such power and prestige. Consequently, if any fear exists about the future of Western influence in the East, its causes must lie hidden behind the most profound questions of the Indian national character.

Let me begin with the things most obvious to the eye. The clothes, eating habits, furniture, amusements, games, and manners of the urban upper middle class, India's present ruling order, are all essentially Western; no doubt about it. They have a distinctly Western air, recognizably imitative even when not wholly successful in imitation. In the externals of life this class has been more Westernized in the last thirty years than it was in the preceding century and a half of British rule. If I had to single out one feature of this transformation as more striking than any other, I would point to the number of Indian women seen in public places and with their heads bare. Both were inconceivable in 1920. In my boyhood our higher consciousness, and more especially our moral and religious ideas, had already been reshaped by Western influences, but our habits of living and manners were still sub-

stantially traditional and in many respects primitive. The youth of today has no experience of this mixture of the new and the old. The continuity in our Indian way of living has been broken.

This revolution can be illustrated with hundreds of examples: the demand for sofas and chairs, due more to new notions of social prestige than to new ideas of physical comfort; the cult of the automobile and the refrigerator; the magical hold of the cinema; the immense popularity of cricket and football; an almost Parisian weakness for restaurants; the growing vogue of alcohol. Each of these is significant, because in its latest phase Westernization in India is strikingly like spray painting, an accumulation of small particles on the surface. But I shall refer only to fashions in dress.

A surprisingly large number of Indians carry their European clothes naturally and gracefully. Many go into evening dress, and even those who follow the official mode and don a black sherwani pay their share of tribute to a Western custom. The less wealthy do not perhaps look very graceful, but they too feel more at home in European dress than in any indigenous costume. Even children in India wear clothes of a European pattern, and when they go on doing so until adolescence they become permanently incapable of using Indian clothes.

The sari of the women would seem to be a decisive exception. But the Orientalism of the sari is deceptive. Those who have followed its evolution in recent years know to what extent it has been fashioned by Western influences. In design, as in manner of wearing, the sari had an immense range of regional variation. It is now approaching an all-India norm, in which the differences are mere modes. This is largely due to extraneous influence. How far down it should reach, how close it should cling to the body, how much of it should go towards obscuring the bust and the face were no problems in

former times. Now they are important decisions, and designers and wearers take their cues from the fashions of London and Paris.

The coiffure of our women of fashion has been Western for decades. Make-up has arrived lately. It is proving so irresistible even in lower-middle-class homes that the walls of Old Delhi were placarded recently with the demand for a ban on the use of lipstick by school and college girls. But of course the orthodox cause is already a lost cause.

2

MOST Occidentals regret these trends, and are grieved by the ousting of the distinctive by the commonplace and of the picturesque by the drab. I can sympathize with their feelings. For my Westernization is of the older pattern, concerned more with the mind than with material things, and this has made me prone to draw a sharp line of qualitative distinction between the two kinds of change. But I am afraid my feeling is wasted. Vast stretches of Western banality must be accepted as normal in India, and in all other Oriental countries.

I disagree with those who think that these changes in the superficialities do not matter. There is a class of Westerners who remember the Latin tag about Light from the East too well but have forgotten that the Romans balanced it with a saying about the Orontes emptying itself into the Tiber. They persist in believing that the heart of India remains true to Vedanta in spite of all the changes in the externals. No idea could be more mistaken. A revolution in modes of living always affects fundamental outlooks, and in India this is all the more true because for centuries Hinduism has been sustained only by a routine of external observances.

For this reason any change in externals produces a radical alteration in the outlook of a Hindu. In a new physical environment he is able to shed his traditional beliefs as easily and neatly as a snake casts its skin. That is why the external changes of which I have been speaking are in many ways more significant than the changes which had previously taken place in the higher spheres of culture. All over India the external revolution is bringing about a corresponding revolution in the mores of the people, and the transformation of the mores is reacting drastically on the Hindu system of values.

But in trying to redress the balance in favor of factors whose importance is often overlooked I do not mean to belittle the Westernization in spheres properly called cultural. In these the change has been operative over a long period and the Western influences have been assimilated. This can be observed without any special effort in modern Indian literature, art, scholarship, and scientific, ethical, and religious thought. But in some ways the most significant illustration comes from Indian painting, for in my lifetime it has described a complete circle.

It has passed from imitation of European academic styles to imitation of modernist styles, having had in between a phase of intense nationalism, in which only the indigenous schools were copied. This nationalist phase is now almost outmoded if not discredited, and any work which does not reveal the impact of somebody or other between Manet and Picasso may provoke sneers, or at best a condescending tolerance.

Those who are in touch with modern Indian culture will already have arrived at conclusions similar to mine. Those who are not will be unable to judge for themselves without an elaborate documentation. This I cannot attempt; but I can at least draw attention to an amazing fact which more than anything else proves the hold of Western civilization on India. It is the retention of English as the official language, even after independence. The employment of a foreign language, intelligible only to a small fraction of the country's population, for all the higher expression of a nation no longer politically subject is in itself staggering. It is unparalleled anywhere else in the world except Ceylon. When in addition it is recalled that the decision to adopt English was taken and is being maintained in the face of violent emotional opposition and impressive intellectual arguments, the mind demands an explanation, and the only one which sounds adequate is that those who took it had a sense of overriding necessity.

Indeed they had. For the main concept of our nationalism, the concept of India, is in its essentials a product of the impact of the West, and whatever may happen in the future, at present it exists through English alone. This is not merely to say that in their contemporary activities Indians from the different parts of the country meet on common ground only when they employ English. The sense of geographical unity, an indispensable element of nationalism, is indeed being maintained here by the language and the administrative system left behind by the British. But a sense of unity in time, or historical consciousness, is equally vital to nationalism, and this also, besides being a gift of Western scholarship to India, can be acquired by Indians solely through English.

Indian nationalism has been helped by Western Orientalists in two ways. In the first place, their works for the first time made Hindus conscious of an Indian past. Before British rule the Hindus had no recollection of their ancient history and not much understanding of the true character of Sanskrit civilization. The first was reconstructed and the second reinterpreted for them by Western scholars. As I have written in my book, *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*: "European Oriental research rendered a service to Indian and Asiatic nationalism which no native could ever have given. At one stroke it put the Indian nationalist on a par with his English ruler. The resuscitation of their

past fired the imaginations of the Hindus and made them conscious of a heritage of their very own, which they could pit not only against the Muslims but also against the far more powerful and virile English."

Secondly, the researches of these same scholars made it possible for Indians to see their past as a whole, and trace a continuity in their cultural evolution. Until the basic writings of ancient Indian culture, which were in Sanskrit or the Sanskritic languages, and the basic works of Indo-Islamic history, which were in Persian, had been translated into English, any view that an Indian could get of his past was bound to be partial; for very few Indians knew both Sanskrit and Persian and not many knew even one of these. European Orientalists, through their translations and interpretations, reduced them, so to speak, to a common denominator and made comparison possible. Perhaps they gave a greater impression of continuity than had existed in fact, but since belief in this continuity is a major element in Indian nationalism, the West's service to it cannot be underrated.

3

MANY other contemporary activities can be drawn upon to make fuller the picture of the Westernization in India, but perhaps what has been said will be enough to give a broad indication. Now, it may be asked, if this picture is not grossly overdrawn, where is the challenge to Western influence?

One answer which would readily occur to an American or European is that my assessment leaves out of account at least nine tenths of the population, whose inertia, as democracy becomes effective, may squeeze out Westernization, which has left them untouched. But really I have no fear of the masses. An extraordinary thing about all the civilizations of India is that they have been superstructures imposed on a primitive peasant, laborer, and artisan community which itself has hardly changed since the end of the neolithic age in Western Asia. This basic community has supported successive cultures by supplying food, land revenue, goods, and services; it has also been partially influenced by the cultures; but it has never made any positive contribution to any culture, nor been the active enemy of any. The masses constituting this community have been the Eternal Sudras, and if they continue in this state they will not play a significant part in any future conflict of cultures in India. If, on the other hand, their life is drastically changed by Western technology, their weight is more likely to be thrown on the side of the West than against it.

I anticipate the onslaught on Westernization from different quarters. I shall presently name them. But as a preliminary it is important to note that the attack will prove dangerous because the

present state of our Westernization is vulnerable. A brief survey is sufficient to bring this point home. Two broad stages are to be distinguished in the course of our Westernization. In the first, which began early in the nineteenth century and lasted till its end, Western influences were felt mainly in the higher centers of consciousness and manifested themselves in the sphere of culture. In contrast, in the second the imports from the West have been almost exclusively technological and material. For some time, the two stages overlapped. But now clear chronological limits can be assigned to each. If 1910 was the latest date at which the first type of Westernization could be felt as a real force, by 1920 the dominance of the second had become plain and clear.

These two stages of Westernization stand for different values in the field of culture, or rather one stands for something and the other by itself for nothing at all. The cultural activities which the impact of the West brought into being in nineteenth-century India pass under the name of the Indian Renaissance. The spiritual and intellectual consequences of these activities justify the label. For Westernization in the early phase created the same respect for reason, human personality, freedom, and humane letters in India as the Renaissance did in Europe. In addition, coming later, the Indian movement had the advantage of subsequent developments in the West — the Reformation, the rationalism of the eighteenth century, and the liberalism of the nineteenth. Religious and ethical movements strongly marked by Protestant and Nonconformist traits and a movement of social reform inspired by liberalism form significant and integral features of the so-called Indian Renaissance.

The culture which was thus created in India bore all the impress of the Christian and humanistic civilization of Western Europe. On the other hand, the technological impact of the West is devoid of all moral and cultural import — unless the Occidental lower-middle-class and materialistic values it is popularizing can be endowed with some.

This historical process has evolved a contemporary situation as paradoxical as any that could be conceived. On the one side there is the expanse of Westernization, obtrusive in the big cities: men thoroughly Westernized holding almost all key positions; national reconstruction so Western that even the names of the prized schemes, the Five-Year Plan, Damodar Valley Corporation, Hirakud Dam, Community Projects, National Physical Laboratory, suggest a creedal formula. On the other, one finds that the strength of Western ideas is reduced to the point of exhaustion. Few men are capable of putting passion into their faith in Western values or are willing to fight for those ideals as Indians fought in the nineteenth century. The upper middle class, the present ruling order, have

indulged themselves in an easygoing and affluent materialism. In a word, the façade of Westernization stands intact, but a dangerous emptiness of faith and ideas lies behind it.

4

THE void is being filled up by live ideas supplied from the ready assets of two fanatical systems — Communism and retrograde Hinduism — both of which are finding converts in large numbers among the ideologically hungry. Indians with Western leanings are prone to overlook the danger from Communism, because from their standpoint Communism is as Western as the liberal civilization of Western Europe, and also because they feel that the spread of Communism will not only leave untouched but will actually promote the sole form of Westernization they are now capable of understanding — namely, Westernization in material things. Thus many upper-class Indians are flirting with Communistic ideas in the same manner as the French nobility, blissfully unconscious of their march towards the guillotine, flirted with the ideas of Voltaire and Rousseau.

Westerners for their part are likely to go wrong over the menace from retrograde Hinduism. They know little about it. The opposition to cow slaughter is perhaps the only article of its creed of which they have heard, and this seems so funnily absurd. Its existence is also screened from the outside world by the Westernizing professions of the present ruling class, the adherence to the principle of the secular state, and the denunciation of militant Hinduism as communalism, an expression almost unintelligible to the West but of great damning force in India. This Western underestimate needs greater correction than the Indian underestimate of Communism. Therefore I must indicate the nature of the phenomenon I call retrograde Hinduism, which might also be called Hindu nationalism in its purest and most intense form.

Strictly speaking, we cannot call it a resurgence. Hindu nationalism has been a live and constant factor in Indian history for over a thousand years, and has never been dead, or even quiescent. It was evolved between the eighth and twelfth centuries, in the course of the losing struggle with Islamic expansion, and by the time the Muslims established their political power in India (about A.D. 1200) it had become a full-fledged system of resistance to everything foreign. Its existence and the fanaticism which fired it were noted by the great Muslim scholar Alberuni in the eleventh century. With only minor adjustments it became as effective against British rule as it was against the Muslim. Having met it at every point in my own life, I can say that in its essential nature it has hardly changed in a thousand years.

But its expression has varied according to cir-

cumstances. When and where the military and political strength of the foreigner was overwhelming, Hindu nationalism never urged revolt. In these phases it occupied itself with overhauling the cohesion of the Hindu community, strengthening its defensive perimeter, maintaining it as a parallel society, and boosting its morale by a whispering and incessant campaign of slander and denigration of the foreigner. At the same time, every appearance of military and political weakness was fully exploited. Hindu nationalism waged a war of attrition — moral, cultural, and political — on foreign domination. It was this nationalism, and not the form imported from the West, which was only a veneer, that ultimately wore out British rule. Now that the British are gone, its virulence is directed against the ideas and values of the Westernized upper middle class.

The basic notions and attitudes of this movement are simple to the point of crudity. In fact, crudity is the main source of its strength. No worth-while knowledge of any aspect of ancient Hindu civilization lies behind it. Hindu nationalism is nothing more than loyalty to a fixed pattern of behavior, called the Sanatana Dharma, or the Eternal Way, regulated by a set of hidebound traditions. Certainly, it is significant that the most typical expression of Hindu nationalism is usually found in the sphere of social or moral reform; for instance, in British days, in the outcry against the prohibition of the burning of widows, raising of the age of consent, and the like; and in the era of independence, in the opposition to the Hindu Code Bill, which sought to confer the right of divorce and inheritance on Hindu women.

Thus in its operation Hindu nationalism is not only backward-looking, it is also preponderantly negative. Its most obvious facet is xenophobia, both personal and ideological. However polite he may be to foreigners as individuals, a Hindu can never respect a foreign community. Of non-Hindu ideas he must be even more contemptuous. Thus it happens that even the undeniable superiority of the West in technology is discounted by extremely ingenious arguments: first by saying that it is only mere material excellence, and second by claiming that all these devices were known in ancient India. An immense number of educated, serious, and sincere people believe that airplanes and firearms were known to the ancient Hindus.

It is almost foolish to expect the anemic Occidentalism of the upper-class Indian to stand up against this nationalism. Even the democratic liberalism of the West preached by Westerners themselves, so long as it retains its present complexion, cannot be a match for it. Hindu nationalism combines the enormous strength of its fossil bones with the virus of its putrid flesh, and no modern system of thought will be able to break it, unless it possesses the same intolerance of rival

ideologies, the same confidence in itself, the same inflexibility, added to a new eschatology — a plausible theory and promise about the future — which Hinduism today does not offer.

Unfortunately, in the present-day world, only one such rival for retrograde Hinduism exists, and that is Communism. It also has a large and dynamic following in India. Therefore I have come to feel that in India, sooner or later, there is bound to be a conflict for power between Hindu nationalism and Communism.

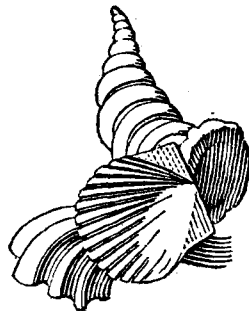
It is my personal belief that in this struggle, unless there is active intervention by the Soviet Union, combined with complete inaction on the part of the West, Communism will *not* win. But I do not wish to commit myself as to the final outcome, for there are unpredictable elements in the future strength of both retrograde Hinduism and Communism.

Whatever the outcome of this struggle, the future of Western civilization in India is necessarily at stake. In the case of a victory for retrograde Hinduism, all Western influences, barring the technological, will disappear completely. Even the technological will subsist on a low and inefficient plane. In the event of a triumph for Communism, there will be a form of Western civilization which will emerge in India, but which will not be the European civilization known to us. Yet perhaps we should not formulate the antithesis in this stark form. It may make a world of difference if the true West shows itself capable of revivifying and renovating its faith and values, and preaching them to Asia.

Certainly there is time to do so. I do not expect the real crisis for Western civilization in India to

arise in less than fifteen to twenty years. During this period the Western influences in India are likely to be protected by two accidental circumstances, one of personality and the other of history. In the first place, nearly all the men who are wielding power in India today were born before 1900 and are products of the older Westernization. They will not pass away before a decade or two, and while they live they will naturally uphold the ideas on which they were brought up.

The historical circumstance is more subtle. The unquestioned dominance of Western ideas in contemporary India is largely due to a past frustration. When the British were in India they showed no anxiety to propagate Western civilization. On the contrary, they wanted Indians to remain true to their traditions and scoffed at Westernized Indians as "Babus." These Westernized Indians have succeeded in having their revenge. The children of the West in spirit and intellect and the children of India by birth, they have found their opportunity late, after long suppression under British rule. As I have written in a recent article in an Indian newspaper: "We are seeing the real fulfillment of British rule in India in post-British days and the most un-Indian group of Indians in the position of a dominant minority. They, the ideas and the men, are all the more assertive because they never quite had their chance before. Thus above every fluttering Indian national flag today I see its ideal in the Platonic sense, a transcendental Union Jack." Of course, this cannot last forever. But there is a breathing space, and something can still be done to create a militant Western faith which will be an adequate substitute for Communism and a dissolvent of retrograde Hinduism.



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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

Of the many singularly gifted contributors Harold Ross established in the *New Yorker*, I should put foremost, as masters of English prose, James Thurber and E. B. White. Thurber is the funnier, White the more serious. White is pensive, a blend of humor and melancholy; he is a brooder, a satirist, and in his sympathetic quiet way as fine an essayist as we have had since Thoreau. Many of his essays—short, balanced, and provocative—have appeared anonymously in the first page of the *New Yorker*, where under the caption of “Notes and Comment” they set the tone of the magazine. The best of these pieces, with his longer signed papers and a selection of his light verse, compose his new book, *The Second Tree from the Corner* (Harper, \$3.00), a medley of deft and penetrating writing.

“To interpret humor,” writes Mr. White, “is as futile as explaining a spider’s web in terms of geometry.” What I shall do is to interpret Mr. White in terms of his own admissions, for only by sampling can this man’s skill be conveyed. Thus in comparing himself with Kenneth Roberts, who is an industrious writer and proud of the fact, Mr. White says: “Our professional life has been a long, shameless exercise in avoidance. Our home is designed for the maximum of interruption, our office is the place where we never are. . . . Yet the record is there. Not even lying down and closing the blinds stops us from writing; not even our family, and our preoccupation with same, stops us. We have never counted the words, but we estimated them once and the estimate was staggering.” So speaks the journalist, and he speaks again in his delightfully impudent editorial on *Who’s Who in America*. “A biographee of no small inactivity ourself, we can state positively that we are under no pressure at the moment—except the tiny pressure connected with writing this ephemeral

paragraph. After it is done, we intend to walk slowly to Central Park in the mild sunshine and visit the baby camel for a routine checkup, then to a saloon, where we shall pass the early afternoon hours in deep torpor over a glass of May wine—a biographee as near inert as a horned toad.”

Mr. White is underestimating of course. For the pressure is not always “tiny,” nor is he always “inert.” After a remarkable correspondence which he carried on with an airline pilot about one of his editorials, Mr. White concludes: “Our own earth-bound life, we realize, is schizophrenic. Half the time we feel blissfully wedded to the modern scene, in love with its every mood, amused by its every joke, imperturbable in the face of its threat, bent on enjoying it to the hilt. The other half of the time we are the fusspot moralist, suspicious of all progress, resentful of change, determined to right wrongs, correct injustices, and save the world even if we have to blow it to pieces in the process. These two characters war incessantly in us, and probably in most men. First one is on top, then the other—body and soul always ravaged by the internal slugging match.” That is not only a self-portrait; it is a reflection of every one of us at odds with an atomic age.

It is the moralist in Mr. White, farsighted and full of dread, who wrote the most devastating piece in this entire collection, “The Morning of the Day They Did It.” This short story with its abrasive criticism of an America given over to regimentation and fear is the most imaginative indictment of atomic rearmament I have seen in print. It is the moralist in Mr. White who takes Senator McCarthy to Walden Pond to run down that “subversive” Thoreau; and it is the same philosopher, no fusspot, who gibes at the American generation of grandstand-sitters in “The Decline of Sport.”

But that is not the only way to find him. Mr. White divides his time as most of us try to, between the city and the country: he hibernates in a New York apartment, in the *New Yorker’s* office, and in the Zoo; in the open season he identifies himself with a salt-water farm in Blue Hills, Maine. He can write as warmly about an American boy (himself) at his first *thé dansant*, or about Dorothy Lamour or the death of a pig, or memorialize his hero, Don Marquis, or tell how it feels to lay up in a hospital in Boston. And his old, ghoulish dachshund, Fred, wanders in and out of his papers in a way which touches me affectionately. The subject he loves best is America; his mood is one

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of compassion tinged with anger, and his humor, when it comes, is wry and unexpected.

Mr. White's verse, sprightly and entertaining as it is, is not of such rare excellence as his prose. A few of the war pieces are dated; one or two, like "The Hour of Letdown," are blown-up anecdotes, and one or two of the most recent violate that principle so impeccably enforced by Mr. Ross — they are longer than they ought to be for their own good. But these are minor complaints and are dismissed from mind in one's gratitude for so good a book.

A pagan in New England

I want to say that I have been having a lovely time with **Esther Forbes's** newest and brightest novel, *Rainbow on the Road* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75). Not in many a year have I read a book so meadow-sweet, so quizzical, so full of Yankee life and talk. The story speaks out of another century, some 120 years ago, before the country had been overheated by Abolition and the Civil War; and it tells of the itinerant painter, Jude Rebough, traveling the country with his wagon-load of portraits all finished save for the faces; painting his laughable murals over the mantels in village inns, some of them so shocking that curtains had to be rigged across them for conscience' sake; making his own brushes and making them so well that he could trade his extras for the paints that came so dear; painting, traveling, courting, this slim dark-haired pagan with his sensitive hands moves discreetly, observantly, and with a jauntiness that turns his adventures into a legend. Jude is followed and judged for us by young Eddy Creamer, who attends the painter on one of his long excursions. Eddy is a worshiper at the age of eight, but as he grows older he begins to worry about his hero.

A novel which traverses the four lovely seasons of the north on the roads, in the villages, and occasionally in the deep woods, this is the living tissue of a period which seems as full of vitality as our own, and much less troubled.

When the *Atlantic* was young

James T. Fields, the second editor of the *Atlantic*, was a self-made man who began as an errand boy in the Old Corner Book Store at the age of fourteen, and rose to be the best loved and most influential publisher in the Golden Age of New England letters. He edited the *Atlantic* from the summer of 1861 until his retirement a decade later, and the story of his rise and of the success which he scored with the magazine has been admirably told by **Dr. James C. Austin** in *Fields of The Atlantic Monthly*, Letters to an Editor (The Huntington Library, \$6.00).

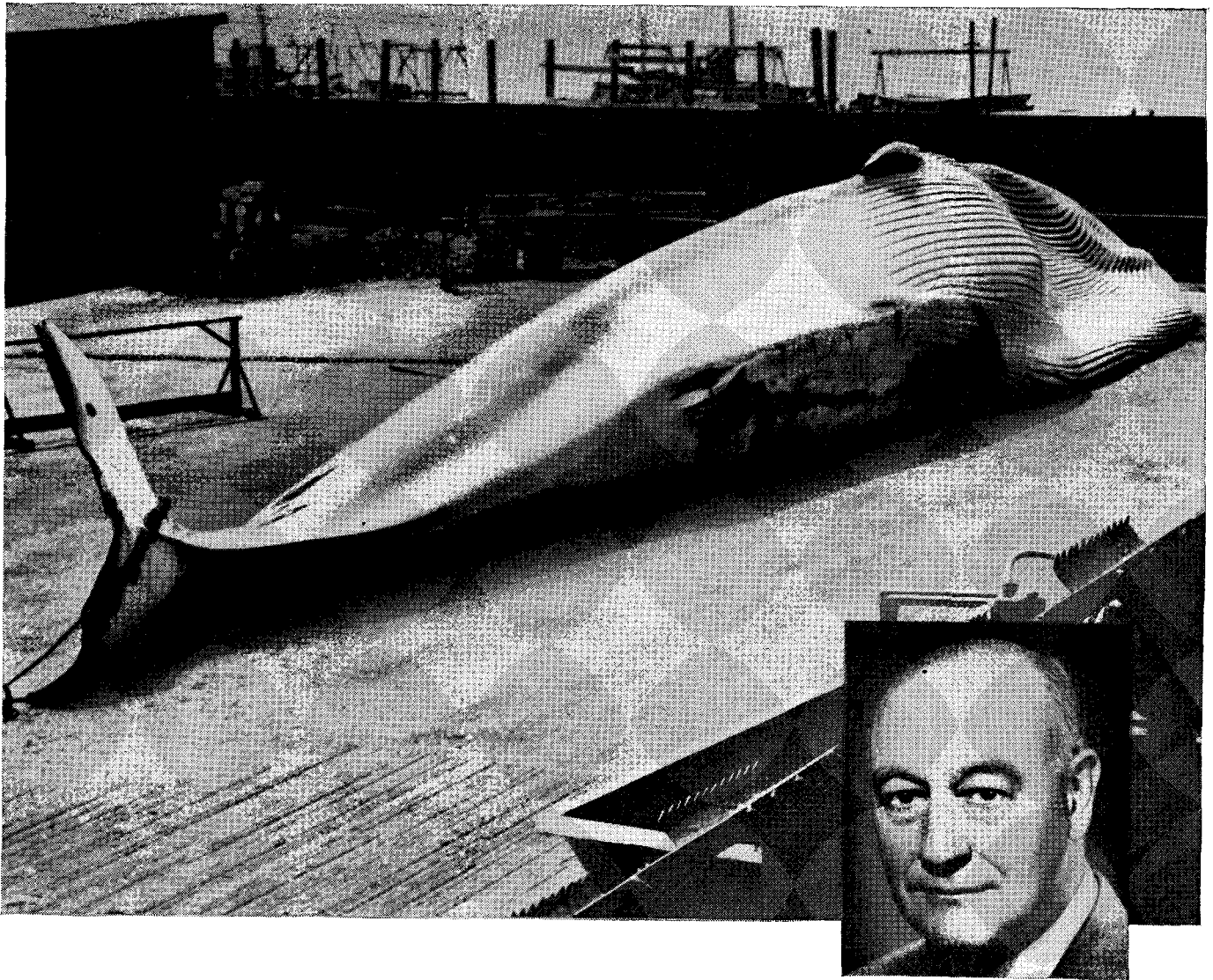
The first editor, James Russell Lowell, a rock-ribbed Republican and Abolitionist, had founded

the magazine in the feverish years leading to the Civil War. A scholar who set the highest standards, he was determined to keep the *Atlantic* apart from the New York periodicals, and he made small compromise with popularity. With Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, and Thoreau giving of their best, he had all the Brahmins he needed. But Lowell was irked by the moral censorship of Boston and exasperated by the daily attrition of editing, and although he needed the pay, he really was not sorry to turn the job over to Fields.

Dr. Austin has arranged Mr. Fields's extensive and lively correspondence in a series of panels depicting his relations with the major and minor contributors. His interpolations set the scene with admirable fairness; the letters tell their own story of friendship, faction, or feud; and then Dr. Austin looks down the years to give his summing up. It is a method which makes for good reading, and it shows us the petulant Julia Ward Howe always writing "in haste," and always wanting more money (in view of the fact that she received \$4.00 for "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" her wish is not altogether unnatural). We see Longfellow, the most popular of all the contributors, and the veneration which he inspired in Fields. We see the gay, modest Hawthorne who wrote Fields: "My literary success, whatever it has been or may be, is the result of my connection with you." We see Asa Gray accepting that stormy petrel, Charles Darwin, and on the other hand Louis Agassiz in essay after essay condemning the Darwinians' attempt to "belittle the Creative work." We see the obstreperous, provocative little Autocrat, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the trouble he caused when, during Fields's absence in Europe, he encouraged Harriet Beecher Stowe to publish her scandalizing article in defense of Lady Byron, an article which resulted in the cancellation of 15,000 subscriptions. Dr. Austin is a sound critic with a gift for characterization, and I am very glad that these vigorous, unevasive letters were made available for his authoritative interpretation.

Operation Mincemeat

The Man Who Never Was by Ewen Montagu (Lippincott, \$2.75) is the true, documented case of a most influential hoax known as "Operation Mincemeat," which was perpetrated on the German Staff by British Intelligence in the year 1943. North Africa was in our hands, and the Germans and Italians were awaiting the next blow, with the finger of probability pointing squarely at Sicily, which would have to be captured before a more powerful assault could be delivered against Italy and France. The problem was how to mislead the German High Command, how to make them believe that Sicily was only a cover target



The Man Who “Milked” a Whale

He knows whales better than their own mothers do—he actually “milked” a whale to find out that whale’s milk looks like cow’s milk but is “too strong tasting to be pleasant.” We refer to that famous explorer, Roy Chapman Andrews.

His life-long interest in whales and his own observations of them led the editors to ask Dr. Andrews to write the article on “Whale” for World Book Encyclopedia. Which he did—including many strange facts, such as that whales’ ancestors once walked on land and today these mammals still have remnants of legs—they have no sense of smell and no

outer ears—they would drown if kept under water. “Whale” in World Book is informational, extremely interesting and authentic.

This is typical of the way World Book Editors work. More than 1400 scholars and specialists—all experts in their own particular fields—have contributed articles to World Book. These are then carefully checked for accuracy, readability, and completeness. Only then are they approved for publication.

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for major assaults elsewhere. For this purpose, Lieutenant Commander Montagu and his anonymous friend "George" procured the body of a young Englishman who had died of pneumonia. They endowed the corpse with a new personality as Major Martin of the Royal Marines, placed in his brief case papers of the very highest secrecy, and then through the transmission of a British submarine allowed the Major, his brief case, and an overturned rubber boat to drift ashore close to the Spanish town of Huelva, where a German spy was known to be in active cahoots with the Spanish authorities.

It was no small task to win the initial approval of the British Chiefs of Staff; it wasn't easy to find the main actor ("He does not have to look like an officer — only like a staff officer"), or to provide him with documents without causing embarrassing questions and rumors; but they were playing for huge stakes in terms of men not killed — in terms of the expected casualties in Sicily. And the secrecy, the forethought and ironic humor with which the plot was hatched are a delight to follow. Mr. Montagu writes with an agreeable understatement up until the very end, when the captured German documents showing how Hitler and Admiral Doenitz reacted fill him with glee.

A basement in Fashion Street

Wolf Mankowitz, a graduate of Cambridge University and a famous dealer in Wedgwood, has disclosed an unusual talent for fiction in his new novel, *A Kid for Two Farthings* (Dutton, \$2.50), a fresh and tender vignette of Cockney-Yiddish London and a story of youth and age that flicks the heart.

The hero is Joe, aged six, who lives in Fashion Street in the East End of London. Joe's father has emigrated to Africa where, as one gathers from his letters, he is not making much of a go of it. In his absence Joe stays at home in the basement while his mother works, and there he is being educated by Mr. Kandinsky, a trouser maker; by Shmule, Mr. Kandinsky's assistant, who wrestles professionally on the side; and by Sonia, who won't marry Shmule until he has wrestled for enough purses for a diamond ring. Every sixpence has to be stretched in Fashion Street, and everyone who resides there lives with at least one passionate wish — Mr. Kandinsky wishes for a steam trouser-presser, Shmule for a prize so that he can buy the ring, Sonia for her marriage; and Joe and his mother of course wish to join Joe's father in Africa. Joe thinks that at last he has found gold in the animal market. He finds a unicorn. It is a small, rather twisted unicorn which to some people might look like a kid. But in Joe's mind there is no doubt of its true identity, and happily he brings it home; and what the wishing power of the unicorn means to them all is the heart of this short novel.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Poetry

GARDENERS AND ASTRONOMERS by *Edith Sitwell*. (Vanguard, \$2.75.) New poems by a master who has the courage to take the meaning of human life as her theme and the capacity to meet the challenge she sets herself.

THE WAKING by *Theodore Roethke*. (Doubleday, \$3.00.) Selected poems covering twenty years and three styles, the first witty and pictorial, the second elliptical and fantastic, the last a fusion of the livelier features of the earlier work.

WRACK AT TIDSEND by *Osbert Sitwell*. (Cedmon, \$2.50.) With an intriguing combination of nostalgia and satiric humor, the author depicts the dying Victorian age through a series of character studies in verse.

THE GYPSY BALLADS OF FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA translated by *Rolfe Humphries*. (Indiana University Press, \$2.75.) García Lorca's bitter, haunting, very Spanish poems translated with great finesse and no intrusion of the translator's own personality.

Fiction

WIDOW MAN by *Edgar Wolfe*. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.00.) A white man's readjustment to a Negro community after the death of his Negro wife sounds like a race relations novel but proves to be a dryly amusing, pleasant story of human nature in general.

THE FOOL KILLER by *Helen Eustis*. (Doubleday, \$2.75.) Part comic and part terrifying, this novel tells how a Huck Finnish runaway falls in with a hermit, a juvenile witch, and a romantic tramp. The boy narrator is a thoroughly attractive brat.

THE THIRD GENERATION by *Chester Himes*. (World, \$3.95.) How an ambitious, neurotic woman ruins her own family is the theme of this well-written novel, which differs considerably from others of the type because the family in question happens to be colored.

Lives and Letters

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS WOLFE AND HOMER ANDREW WATT and THOMAS WOLFE AT WASHINGTON SQUARE by *Thomas Clark Pollock and Oscar Cargill*. (New York University Press, \$10.00 boxed.) The correspondence is an item for enthusiasts, but the Washington Square book is of general interest for its comparison of Wolfe's fictional version of his teaching experiences with the more objective recollections of students and colleagues.

THE HEAD AND HEART OF THOMAS JEFFERSON by *John Dos Passos*. (Doubleday, \$5.00.) With no pretensions to writing definitive biography, Mr. Dos Passos presents a convincing picture of Jefferson and a mass of entertaining and enlightening facts about the people he knew and the Virginia countryside in which he lived.

THE LETTERS OF SYDNEY SMITH edited by *Nowell C. Smith*. (Oxford University Press, \$17.00, 2 vols.) Many of the letters in this revised collection have not been published before, while all of them are the work of one of the most comical men who ever unstrung his friends with laughter.

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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



Seven Years in Tibet (Dutton, \$5.00) by **Heinrich Harrer** is in one respect a unique item in the literature about Tibet by Occidentals. The "forbidden land" has hitherto been described to us by authors who saw it from above, that is to say, as more or less privileged visitors. Herr Harrer, however, got to know Tibet from below — as a vagabond. After escaping from a British internment camp in India in 1944, he and a companion entered Tibet with no papers, no equipment other than the few possessions of prisoners of war, and very limited funds. Harrer's story is that of a Westerner who lived as the Tibetans live; who had to find ways and means of supporting himself in Lhasa, and who rose to an honored position as consultant to the government and tutor to the Dalai Lama.

Herr Harrer, a noted Austrian skier

and mountain climber, was returning from a Himalayan expedition when the outbreak of war led to his detainment. While planning his escape, he learned the rudiments of Tibetan and later he came to speak the language pretty fluently. His book — which shows him to be an exceptionally determined, courageous, and resourceful man — is written in the same sort of simple, factual manner as *Kon-Tiki* and it has a very similar appeal.

First there is the incredibly adventurous twenty-one-month trek across rugged mountain and desolate plain to the mysterious heartland of Tibet; then the fascinating picture, rich in amazing detail, of life in Lhasa — a city without wheels and without surgery, where it is a mortal sin to kill even an earthworm or a fly; where the monks, the only doctors, treat hysteria by branding the patient with hot irons; where a public shower bath costs more than a sheep but Elizabeth Arden cosmetics are on sale; where polygamy and polyandry are both practiced, apparently without conspicuous marital discord. Harrer's final chapters draw an intimate portrait of the youthful Dalai Lama, a lonely and affectionate figure who

comports himself touchingly under the awesome burden of divinity. Forty pages of photographs give us striking glimpses of a strange world.

Excelsior!

Though it obviously has much in common with *Annapurna*, *The Conquest of Everest* (Dutton, \$6.00) tells a rather different kind of story. *Annapurna* recounted a stirring improvised triumph (the original goal was another mountain), attended by disaster and terrible sufferings: it might loosely be described as a memorable how-not-to-do-it book. *The Conquest of Everest* is a memorable how-to-do-it book: it chronicles a spectacular victory achieved more or less according to plan. For that reason it is perhaps not quite as rich in high drama as *Annapurna*, but **Sir John Hunt's** narrative seemed to me the more consistently absorbing. For I doubt that the literature of mountaineering contains a more explicit and lucid account of the ascent of a great peak. Fifty-six fine photographs help one to visualize the Himalayan landscape.

In the course of previous expeditions, at least six climbers had attained 28,000 feet; it seemed that the problem of Everest was simply that the mountain was 1000 feet too high. The technical climbing difficulties, Sir John explains, are fewer and less severe than in the Alps; but they are formidable all the same, and above 21,000 feet man's physical condition deteriorates drastically. Thus at the point at which progressive weakening sets in, there are still 8000 feet to go. Then, too, while the Himalayan weather makes rush tactics essential, the great height of Everest makes the climber's rate of progress very slow.

The first great hurdle was to open up a route over which the heavily laden porters could negotiate the Khumbu Icefall, an immense, chaotic "step" of ice rising from 18,000 to 20,000 feet. Then an advance base was established in the snowy inferno of the Western Cwm, a long valley sloping upward to the foot of Everest's neighbor, Lhotse. Then came the difficult technical ice work on the wind-swept Lhotse face, and the hauling of Assault supplies up it to Camp VIII, at 26,000 feet, on the South Col between Lhotse and Everest. From here Bourdillon and Evans reached Everest's South Summit, 28,700 feet high, but could go no further. Another camp was set up



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at 27,900 feet; and on May 29, Hillary and Tenzing overcame the final challenge — a steep, snow-covered ridge, flanked by awesome precipices, that rises 400 feet to the crest of Everest.

Why did the Hunt group succeed where so many others had failed? The experience of previous expeditions, Sir John stresses, was a decisive contribution. Among other things, it convinced him that the final Assault camp must be placed higher than ever before so that the summitters would not have a long climb to the top. The second factor was the thoroughness with which the expedition was mounted; if, for instance, Tom Bourdillon had not had the foresight to provide clipper-type razors, long beards might have caused a leak in the indispensable oxygen masks. The third factor was selflessly executed teamwork — when you have read this story you realize that every one of the climbers played just about as crucial a role as the finalists. And lastly, luck lent a hand. If the weather on May 29 had not been favorable, Everest would in all probability still be unclimbed.

Explorer of the unconscious

The Life and Work of Sigmund Freud 1856–1900: The Formative Years and the Great Discoveries (Basic Books, \$6.75) is the first installment of a three-volume work by Dr. Ernest Jones which promises to be the definitive life of Freud and one of the great biographies of our time.

The author, a leading authority in the psychoanalytical field, was associated with Freud for forty years, and Freud's family has given him access to a huge quantity of letters and other material hitherto kept private. Dr. Jones — whose admiration for the master has not blunted the critical edge of his study — has shaped the fruits of gigantic research into a clear, forceful narrative, as masterly in its treatment of the drama of Freud's personal life as in its exposition of his intellectual progress towards the great discoveries. While applying to the full the insights of psychoanalysis, Dr. Jones achieves a biography which, so far from being a clinical case history, brings out the humanity of its subject in the richest possible dimensions.

Freud's career, besides being an epic of momentous discovery and exceptionally hard-earned success, also contains a great love story. Poverty was an insistent problem until Freud



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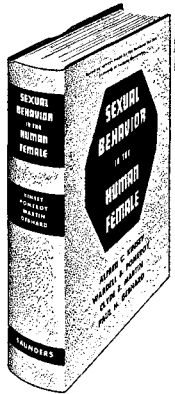
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was well into his thirties, and it de-
layed his marriage to Martha Bernays
for five harrowing years. Freud's
relationship with his fiancée — now
fully revealed for the first time — was
a veritable *grande passion*. His letters
to Martha, says Dr. Jones, "would be
a not unworthy contribution to the
great love literature of the world."

The man whose name now auto-
matically suggests the revolution in
sexual mores was himself chaste, even
puritanical — he did not consider
Tom Jones fit reading for his wife; and
he said that life had nothing more de-
lightful to offer than "our ideal of
womanhood." The only serious rival
his wife ever had, Freud affirmed, was
the anatomy of the brain.

Perhaps the most astonishing achieve-
ment in Freud's career was the self-
analysis through which he mastered
his own neuroses and arrived at some
of the fundamental insights of psycho-
analysis. He was often appalled by
what he uncovered in the depths of his
own being, and his perseverance for
years with this immensely difficult
self-exploration was a titanic feat.

Freud emerges from these pages as
an heroic figure of a stamp which, in
today's world, evokes the adjective
old-fashioned. Reserved, strict, fru-
gal, and fearlessly independent, he was
a man guided by his own inner lights
and firmly buttressed by a high sense
of values. A comment he made about
himself, half-seriously, sums up the
essential quality of his mind: "I am
not really a man of science . . . I am
nothing but by temperament a *con-
quistador* . . . with the curiosity, the
boldness and tenacity that belongs to
that type."

A lady much libeled

Although scholars have long since
punctured the legendary image of Lu-
crezia Borgia as a monster of deprav-
ity, her name is still usually associated
with poisonings and extravagant vice.
Now there comes from Italy what will
probably remain the standard biog-
raphy of this much libeled lady, *The
Life and Times of Lucrezia Borgia*
(Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00). The au-
thor, Maria Bellonci, spent seven
years sifting the evidence with me-
ticulous thoroughness, and she shows
that Lucrezia had little in common
with the murderess of Victor Hugo's
drama and Donizetti's opera.

Signora Bellonci re-creates a Lucre-
zia who was, above all, a woman of
warm feeling; a woman whose emo-
tional heritage as a Borgia was in con-

flict with a genuine streak of piety and
a longing for an orderly life. Lucre-
zia's "crime," if it can be called that,
was her enduring love for and loyalty
to the Borgias. She married three
times to serve the interests of her dis-
solute and ruthlessly ambitious fa-
ther, Pope Alexander VI. And she
remained devoted to her ferocious
brother Cesare, though it was virtu-
ally certain that he was responsible
for the murder of her beloved eldest
brother, then her first lover, and fi-
nally her second husband, with whom
she was in love.

As wife of the Duke of Ferrara, she
survived the ruin of the Borgias. She
handled her political duties with dig-
nity; filled her court with poets and
humanists; avoided overt scandal in
her two great love affairs, and, by the
grace of her personality, made herself
well liked by the people of Ferrara.
A year before her death, she joined
the Order of St. Francis.

In addition to its scholarly merits,
Signora Bellonci's study of the ever-
fascinating Borgias and their era is
an admirably written book, full of
color and movement. It has been ex-
ceedingly well translated by Bernard
and Barbara Wall.

Spain today: America tomorrow

Lately, more nonfiction titles that
invite attention have been coming off
the presses than I can manage to
cover in this space. But in the fiction
department, the pickings continue to
be decidedly slim. The most interest-
ing item in the batch of novels that
I've just looked into is *The Final
Hours* (Knopf, \$3.50) by José Suá-
rez Carreño. This and *The Hive*
(published a few months ago) are, to
the best of my knowledge, the only
novels of any merit which have come
to us from Franco's Spain, and both
are colored by a profoundly despair-
ing view of life.

The Final Hours (translated by An-
thony Kerrigan) follows its three main
characters around Madrid throughout
the course of a single night. One is a
rich, middle-aged businessman, tor-
tured by impotence; the second a
beautiful young girl, the daughter of
impooverished middle-class parents,
who has turned prostitute; the third a
fearless street urchin, armored with a
dignity which shines through his rags.
To each of these characters, for dif-
ferent reasons, life offers no hope.

The novel moves, contrapuntally,
through the night world of the rich
and of the very poor; and its picture

of the lower depths contains some memorable vignettes. The action is choppy, but the author keeps a firm grip on his people and on the reader. His novel has intensity, a flow of striking incident, and a sharply individual flavor.

Philip Wylie is a crusader who, as an essayist, often packs as lively a punch as anyone in the U.S.A. As a novelist, however, his messianic fervor is apt to express itself in an embarrassing blend of sententiousness and corn. Mr. Wylie is currently crusading for bigger and better Civil Defense, a cause of great urgency. But the novel in which he dramatizes his sermon is, I'm sorry to say, a piece of earnest-minded trash, with cardboard characters and plotting that reeks of the cliché.

The locale of *Tomorrow!* (Rinehart, \$3.50) is two neighboring Midwestern cities, one of which, Green Prairie, has been good about Civil Defense and the other bad. But within the good city there are bad people who are obstructing Civil Defense. When the Russians unleash a tornado of atomic-cum-germ warfare on the U.S.A., the good people in Green

Prairie keep their heads and most of them survive, the bad run amuck and are horribly punished for their sins. The only effective part of the book is the apocalyptic description of the hell-of-bombs-to-come, and it is followed by a nose dive into bathos. Civil Defense-minded boy finally wins Civil Defense-minded girl; and the former, an architect, can at last look forward to plenty of work designing cities that will be better planned for Civil Defense.

Man in revolt

Albert Camus describes his book, *The Rebel* (Knopf, \$4.00), as "an attempt to understand the time I live in" and to arrive at a philosophy of politics. It is the most intellectually exciting and the most rewarding essay in its field that has come my way in a long time: a book that may well find a durable place in the library of political thought. When it was published in France thirty-two months ago, its impact on European intellectuals was so great that Sir Herbert Read wrote in his Foreword to the British edition: "A cloud that has oppressed the European mind for more than a century begins to lift."

This is a very densely reasoned book, and it is not possible in a few hundred words to do more than indicate sketchily the general drift of Camus's thought. He speaks as a "metaphysical rebel," as one who seeks rules of conduct outside the realm of religion and of absolute values, and who sees in the spirit of rebellion the very wellsprings of human creativity. What drew him into this inquiry is the dismal fact that a century of revolt has produced tyrannies and rationalizations of tyranny more vicious than the original evils; and that our age, though it claims to be revolutionary, displays on all sides a passion for conformity.

Where, Camus asks, did the spirit of rebellion go astray? His answer is that rebellion lost sight of the limits which its own values impose and degenerated into revolution, an all-or-nothing attitude which claims total freedom to impose its ideas. The true rebel makes no such claim, for what he attacks is unlimited power. He wants it recognized that freedom has limits — the limit being that every man must remain free to rebel. If the rebel finds himself compelled to kill — even a tyrant — he must accept death

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in order to demonstrate that murder is a limit which can only be violated once.

Thus the path of the rebel, as defined by Camus, emerges as a difficult middle course between the attitudes symbolized by the Yogi and the Commissar. Its beacons are human solidarity; the knowledge that means determine ends; and the inflexible principle that political action is heading into crime when it abridges any man's freedom to proclaim dissent.

Camus asserts, in sum, that today's political ills have their roots in immoderate confidence that man can bring about that which only a God could create — the earthly paradise; excessive pretensions have led to the justification of hideous excesses. Precisely because it is so profoundly opposed in spirit to resignation or passivity, *The Rebel* is a singularly telling statement of a philosophy of moderation. Born and raised on the shores of the Mediterranean, Camus brings to the frenzied North — in terms embedded in contemporary realities — the Greek doctrine that *hubris*, that pride which knows no limits, is fated to encounter Nemesis.

The Rebel is a piece of reasoning in the great tradition of French logic. There is no trace of sentimentality, of rhetoric or of cant. The argument is vitalized by controlled passion and a literary style studded with flashing phrases and arresting aphorisms. But what, above all, is so exhilarating about Camus's essay is that here is the voice of a man of unshakable decency.

Potpourri

AMBASSADOR'S REPORT by Chester Bowles. Harper, \$4.00.

Mr. Bowles took over the Embassy at New Delhi in October, 1951, with a determination to like India and to give the Indians a better picture of American democracy; and he appears to have been extremely successful on both counts. He brought informality and a more democratic touch into the Embassy routine; he sent his children to an Indian public school; and he traveled sixty thousand miles, visiting hundreds of villages and talking to Indians in every walk of life.

Aside from furnishing a compact course on Indian history, religion, and recent politics, Mr. Bowles's book is notable for its intelligent discussion of India's gigantic problems; its sensitive appraisal of Nehru; its warm humanity, fair-mindedness, and thoughtful criticism. Mr.



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The National Book Award is an annual event in which the American book industry has united to honor American authors.



Bowles, after extensive travels throughout the Far East, became convinced that the future of Asia hinges on India and the uncommitted peoples, not on Syngman Rhee and Chiang Kai-shek. The heart and mind of Nehru, he says, are the key to the heart and mind of Asia, and from this premise he outlines a persuasive set of recommendations for U.S. policy. *Ambassador's Report* is certainly the best book on India written by an American since the war.

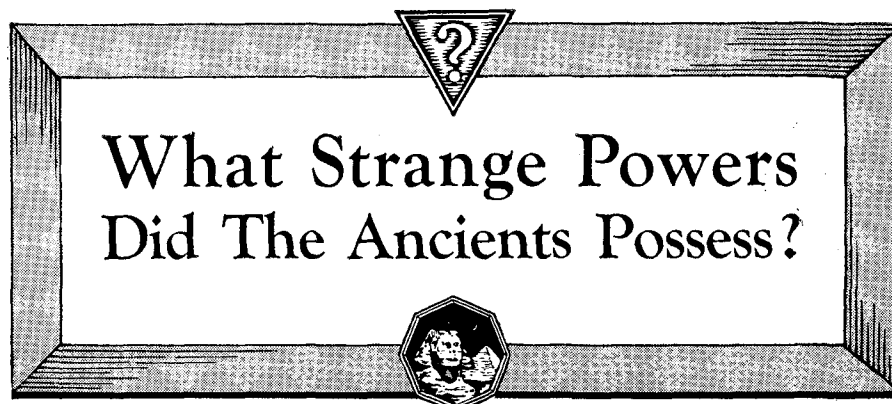
SHE CAME TO STAY by *Simone de Beauvoir*. World, \$5.00.

Set in Paris just before the Second World War, this novel describes a distinctly odd triangular drama. The threesome consists of Pierre Labrousse, a successful actor-producer; Françoise, his mistress and collaborator; and Xavière, an unbearably self-centered, jealous, temperamental young girl from Rouen, whom Françoise and Pierre find so enchanting that they offer to support her in Paris and devote themselves to keeping her amused. Françoise is eventually shocked to discover that she is competing with Pierre for Xavière's affection, and that their protégée is ruining a long-standing relationship which she and Pierre had thought invulnerable. The reader who has dipped into existentialism will detect that its theories of psychology are being conscientiously put to work; but by and large they make the behavior of the protagonists seem exasperating rather than moving. For reasons I'm not quite clear about, I found the story far from dull: it kept me, throughout, in a state of lively irritation.

SEEING AND KNOWING and CARAVAGGIO by *Bernard Berenson*. Macmillan, \$3.50 each.

In the first of the above titles, Mr. Berenson discourses on the theme that the visual arts are a compromise—one that varies according to the prevailing convention—between what we see and what we know: the painter sees a mass of foliage but he knows that it is composed of individual leaves. This leads Berenson into a scathing attack on modern art in which, at least to anyone with some feeling for nonrepresentational art, the great critic does not show up at his best. Berenson ends by predicting a return to representation. In this and the Caravaggio book, there are eighty-eight photographs of art works referred to in the text.

The first part of *Caravaggio* is a detailed analysis of his important authenticated paintings; the second discusses his style in broader terms and also his influence. Berenson rejects the view of certain critics that Caravaggio was an initiator of the baroque. "Caravaggio," Berenson concludes, "deserves to be regarded as the most anti-baroque artist of the XVIIIth century."



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

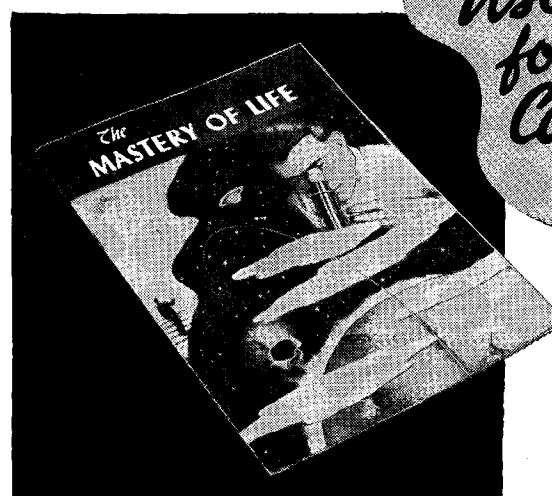
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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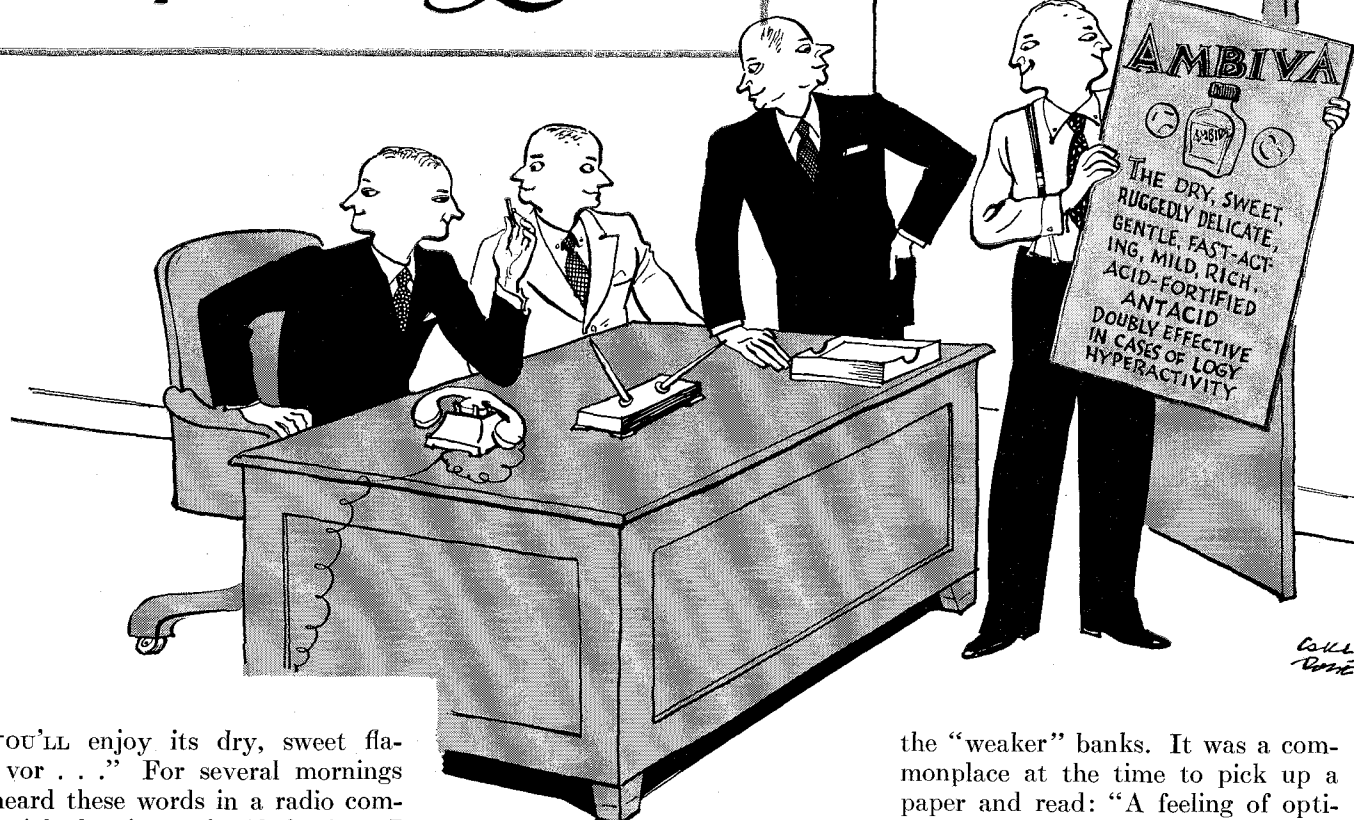
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ACCENT ON LIVING



YOU'LL enjoy its dry, sweet flavor . . ." For several mornings I heard these words in a radio commercial plugging a fortified wine. I heard them without comprehension, vaguely, and their reiteration from day to day failed to give them meaning for me. But quite by chance one morning, when my ear was off guard and admitting the commercial announcement to my mental processes, I realized with a nostalgic thrill that I was at grips once again with antonymousness as a factor in American life.

Dry? Sweet? Here, in the matter of wine, are antonyms. There are dry wines and there are sweet wines. Let us assume that half the public prefers the one and rejects the other. This poses the wine producer an exasperating problem. Which faction shall he woo? To bid for either is to lose the other. This would be not only unbusinesslike but, as the antonymous school has discovered, quite unnecessary. The more cautious or pessimistic publicist would avoid the issue or try for a middle-of-the-road strategy. Nonsense, says the expert in antonymity, I'll take the middle of the road *and* both sides of the street. Mine shall be a dry-sweet wine. (As a matter of fact, his

wine, in the example that I mention, is numbingly sweet.)

The dry-sweet affirmation was nostalgic for me because it carried me back to my first encounter with the antonymous approach. It was in 1930, when the issue of Prohibition was by far the most vexing of all that confronted political candidates. The electorate was split cleanly down the middle, it was widely believed at the time, and few candidates could endorse the Wets or the Drys without unhappiness.

It remained for a man in western Massachusetts to make the antonymous effort, and he did so with the formal announcement that he was running for Congress as a Wet-Dry. He was not, I regret to add, successful, but his posture epitomized the two main qualities of antonymous behavior—boldness and a certain wild optimism.

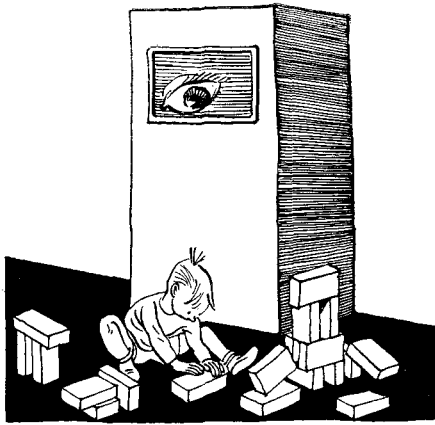
There were a few more instances of antonymousness in the fore part of the Depression, notably the "strengthening" of the banking system by the simple act of closing down

the "weaker" banks. It was a commonplace at the time to pick up a paper and read: "A feeling of optimism pervaded Boston's financial district today following the first shock of the closing of the 'sound' Federal National Bank, its branches, and eight affiliates . . ." Similarly, it was argued of many stocks that their price was declining only because of uncertainty over the dividends they continued to pay, and that the price would stabilize and rise once again just as soon as the dividends—troublesome thing that they are—had been omitted.

More recently, it was Senator Sparkman who described himself to an interviewer in the '52 campaign as a "liberal-conservative."

At the present time foodstuffs and any product dependent on flavor or aroma—coffee, cigarettes, cheese of all sorts, whiskey, bacon, and many others—are the mainstays of the antonymous school of thought. All are "rich" and all are "mild." It would be unusual nowadays to hear that anything is rich without immediate assurance that it is also mild. "You'll enjoy its rich, mild flavor"—especially after looking up these two adjectives in your dictionary.

CHARLES W. MORTON



THE CHILD-WATCHERS

by PAUL H. ROHMANN

PAUL H. ROHMANN is on the staff of the *Antioch Press* in Yellow Springs, Ohio. He is the author of "Father of the Twins," which appeared in the August, 1951, *Atlantic*.

RECENTLY I was leafing, for no particular reason, through one of those journals devoted not only to the study of child development but to the study of the study of child development, when I came across a description of a portable one-way observation booth.

This intriguing contraption consists of three wall panels, the middle one of which contains a window of one-way glass. Inside are a table and chairs, and the whole thing is roofed over — to protect the occupants from flying finger paint, I presume. In operation the booth is set up against the wall of a schoolroom, and inside it the observer secretly spies on and records the behavior of whatever unsuspecting children come into his line of vision.

The construction plans looked familiar and it took me only a few minutes to remember where I had seen something similar. It was at Abercrombie & Fitch's. This thing was nothing more than a portable duck blind.

I was shocked. I consider myself something of an observer of children, but in an amateur way. I don't go on safaris to bag the out-of-the-ordinary game, nor do I mount my particularly fine specimens in monographs or lectures. I more or less confine myself to the species indigenous to my locale, which I find interesting enough and which can give a man plenty of sport. But there is a code to which we gentlemen sportsmen adhere and which these professionals, I feel, violate in

spirit if not in letter. It is one thing to observe children in their natural habitat from behind a newspaper; to build a duck blind is quite another.

Take the use of decoys, for instance. In front of the blind the observers arrange a tempting assortment of dolls, doll furniture, and such. To the unwary child these are fine toys, similar to the ones provided by the amateurs at home, and he plays with them happily. Little does he suspect that these are no ordinary dolls at all but a Father Figure, a Mother Figure, and Sibling Figures; and that as he blithely manipulates them through the patterns of a fantasy, the hunter behind the glass is noting and interpreting like mad.

Even worse — as bad as dynamiting fish — is the Frustration Problem, any one of a number of gimmicks guaranteed, when worked on by the victim, to make him blow up in one bright flash, illuminating not only himself but his parents and almost everyone else concerned — everyone, that is, but the chuckling note-taker in the duck blind.

All of these, I say, are not pukka. The real sportsman approaches his quarry in the open, taking his chances with flung clay and kicked shins. True sport always contains the element of danger, and this is real — sophisticated man versus the untrammelled glades and meadows of a child's world. The leading question, the stock in trade of the professional if he ever does come out in the open, is in the category of the moose horn — to be used only if the game does not approach the water hole of its own volition. And it is a one-man sport — no fair taking a crew of graduate-student bearers and beaters along.

Of course, I may be doing these professional child-watchers an injustice. They are, after all, a cut above that other crowd, the archaeologists who try to reconstruct the child's civilization through a study of its artifacts. These operators interpret drawings and paintings, examine clay images and utensils, measure cardboard ornaments, and never see a child. They talk a good game and keep up their memberships in the club, but it's locker-room stuff, no more like real child-watching than taxidermy is like tiger hunting.

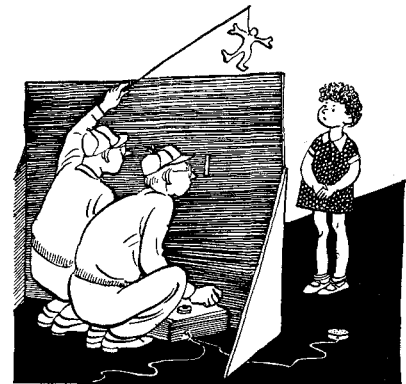
In fact, the more I think of these dusty museum workers, the more kindly disposed I feel toward the field men, who at least go out to see nature in the raw, albeit from behind one-

way screens. Mine may be just the jealousy of the fisherman on the levee with the bamboo pole, watching the yacht filled with shiny equipment and smelling of bourbon and after-shave lotion glide out towards the Gulf Stream. We do, after all, bring back different trophies of the chase.

The amateur is after no more than the immediate rewards — the heart-warming remark, the boost to the parental ego. The only immortality his bag can achieve is in a family anecdote. But these others are the real hunters, the mountain men who take on whole herds at a time. The observations they carry home in their creels or strapped to their fenders become savory statistics, tanned and stretched on charts, or dried into points on a curve.

And perhaps these professionals do have their code and, for all their fancy equipment, do share the true sportsman's thrills and disappointments of the hunt. Maybe when they gather in the lobbies at the annual meetings of the American Psychological Association or the Society for Research in Child Development they sound much like the boys in the barbershop at the close of the pheasant or trout season.

"I went out through the Westchester private school section last season," I can imagine one Ph.D. saying as he pats his illustrated monograph fondly. "I was afraid that territory was all worked over by the Yale boys but I flushed up a significant correlation the first week out. Thought at first I'd lose it — my first shot went wild, just clipped off a few statistics. But it came to ground again and Old Bess pinned it down within plus or minus one



point seven. You know Old Bess, don't you? By Vassar out of University of Pennsylvania. Fine in the field. She can nose out a correlation in a thicket of behavior patterns."

"We trekked through the Lake

Forest nursery schools," another one says, toying with a spool of microfilm. "Amazing profusion of game out that way. Came across the first fully developed Sibling Orientated Female I've seen west of the Alleghenies but I wasn't loaded for anything larger than Normal Deviations. We were after Mixed Group Aggressions Between Four and Six and they were so thick we just couldn't pack out any more. Might go out again next year if I can round up a good crew and a Carnegie grant. Natives are a bit unfriendly in that territory but easily pacified with a few footnotes."

"Some guys have all the luck," says a third. "I sat in the blind for three days in North Carolina without getting a bead on a thing. First I set out the Blocks That Don't Fit Problem. A few nibbled at it but they weren't biting. Then during the mid-morning Crackers-and-Milk I substituted a problem of my own, a variation of the Royal Coachman. I didn't want to tell about it until my paper was published, but I guess it doesn't really matter — those fool kids just laughed at it, thought it was fun! Tried 'em with the Doll Family the next day but nothing much happened. Too well-adjusted a group, I'm afraid."

"By the third day I was pretty cramped in that booth. And my



GHOSTS DO

by LIONEL WIGGAM

GHOSTS do, they really do, exist.
They are your own.
I do not mean the cellophane species blown
Through castle corridors or breathed above
A medium's head. Such ghosts are real.

True ghosts are never real. No realer than
The not-nice, bosomy girl you kissed
And never called again;
The man you liked but snubbed;
The feeling you were too refined to feel;
The love
You were too mother's-own-
Fastidious-boy to love.

These things that you remember wanting, you
Strangled or stamped to death, for taste.
Such funk, such waste.
Such hosts
Of true, true ghosts.
They will, of course, continue haunting you.

Number One Boy was getting sullen. He was beginning to hint that he could have gone out to Denver with O'Murray. Let him grouse, I thought. Let him think he's stuck with a punk observer who doesn't know a Suppressed Aggression from a Motor Compulsion. O'Murray and his flashy Pre-Adolescent Relationships! Hell, anybody can make a growth curve out of that stuff. But for some real acute and fancy observing, just hang around and watch the Old Man.

"Well, I was just about to give up on that third day when I saw it. It was a dark day, raining outside, and they were running strong. Then one kid bumped into another kid and fell down with a yell. You know that feeling you get inside when you see the quarry approaching, just shimmering the surface. I felt it then. I grabbed my pencil and nudged my Number One Boy. He put his hand on the tape recorder switch and we waited. And then, oh man, when that kid picked himself up, there it was — a perfect six-point Oral Fixation.

"But when that damn, stupid Number One Boy threw the switch, he had the tape on backwards with the volume way up. It went off with a squawk, there was a startled pause, and then the whole covey took off over the sandbox like a bunch of frightened children."



PRELUDE TO TRAVEL

by LOUISE ROE

LOUISE ROE is the maiden name of an author who lives in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and has spent much of her life abroad and in leisurely travel on ships of all sizes. This is her first appearance in the Atlantic.

SCENE: Husband and wife at breakfast table. Wife having final cup of coffee and cigarette. Husband glancing at morning paper. He lays it down.

HUSBAND: How would you like to go abroad on a freighter, my dear?

WIFE: Oh, the Simpsons went over on a Norwegian freighter once and Sally said they had *smörgåsbord* (you know — bits of fish and pickles and cheese) for every meal. She thought they (the pickled things) had been on the table since the ship was launched.

HUSBAND: Doesn't sound intriguing.

WIFE: Oh, but it would be excellent for our calories.

HUSBAND: I thought I might do some research at the University of Bologna, but I hear one never knows where one will land on a freighter. They do not contract to go any place the passengers may indicate — just to where their freight takes them. We might end up in Egypt.

WIFE: How delightful! I am sure we would never get there intentionally. I have heard that there is a wonderful library in Alexandria.

HUSBAND: That was burned over two thousand years ago.

WIFE: Oh? I hadn't heard.

HUSBAND: We might be taken to some desolate spot in Africa.

WIFE: What fun! I might find a sheik or Shah. They say there are all sorts of ex-potentates in the places around there.

HUSBAND: But you wouldn't like deserts for miles.

WIFE: Oh, rather! A wonderful

ACCENT ON LIVING

draped Arab might whisk me off on his camel and take me out to dine on whole roast sheep, and we would dip our fingers into the delicious goo!

HUSBAND: We might land in Turkey and not know a soul or what to do.

WIFE: Not know what to do in Turkey! Why there are the bazaars — heavenly things, and one bargains and drinks coffee over every bargain; and if we should land in one of those places that are always cropping up in the Saturday newspapers when they are saving up for the Sunday edition, *you* know — what are they called? — Ur or Ankara Wat, something like that, then *you* could do your research in all their ancient stones. You would find the key — *you* know how they do — and be famous in the Sunday Supplement.

HUSBAND: Not likely; more apt to be somewhere in ferment, uprisings, assassinations, incidents.

WIFE: That *would* be fun! We might even meet the Iranian prime minister and he might make a wonderful deal with you for oil. No one else has succeeded. I know he would like *you*, and *I* could help. Very likely he doesn't know American women. He might give me a young gazelle or an ostrich egg.

HUSBAND: Or we might get killed.

WIFE: Let us say we might *have* been killed, more piquant in reminiscing conversations.

HUSBAND: Freighters take no responsibility for passengers' luggage, you know. We might lose everything.

WIFE: Oh, then we could collect the insurance, and go up to Paris and get everything new. That *would* be fun!

HUSBAND: Well, I am glad you take to the idea of a freighter as I have engaged passage to Genoa for the thirteenth.

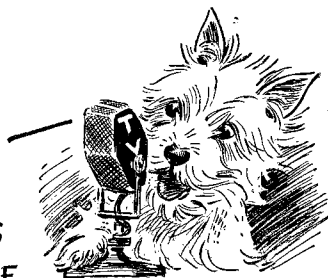
WIFE: You have? Dear me, I told the Selbies to take passage for us on the *Queen Mary* sailing the fourteenth. They have a pull with the Line. They play an excellent game of bridge, you know, and one can always get Chanel No. 5 tax-free on the *Queens*. So *that's* settled. Have to go for my hairdo now. Be seeing you!



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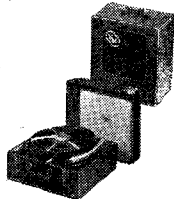
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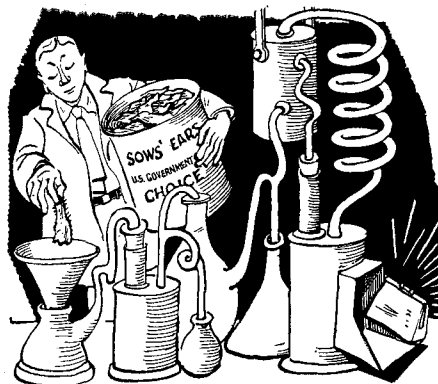
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OUR TOOTHLESS OLD SAWS

by SCOTT CORBETT

SCOTT CORBETT is a native Missourian now living in East Dennis on Cape Cod. Readers of these pages will recall his fishing story, "The Perfect Bait" (August Atlantic)

OUR old saws are fast disappearing under the impact of modern engineering magic. A lot of them don't cut much ice any more.

I am speaking of old saws such as "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." Nobody would think of going around repeating an adage like that today. Modern structural glass has made it obsolete. People who live in glass houses now may throw all the stones they want to, safe in the knowledge that their dwelling units' building materials are 20.4 times tougher than ordinary old-fashioned materials. The Glass Housing Institute of America, a nonprofit research organization supported by the Glass Manufacturers of America, has proved that people in glass houses can throw up to 45 per cent more stones than people in frame houses, with perfect impunity.

Another old saw which is definitely out of key with our present period of gracious living is the one which refers to "the pot calling the kettle black." Black pots and kettles are a thing of the past. Anyone who has seen five minutes of TV knows that. Just a touch with any of a dozen miracle scouring pads assisted by one of the countless miracle cleaning powders, carried by your friendly neighborhood grocer and all that unpleasant blackness is whisked away down the drain. Today's housewife would not put up with a black pot long enough for it to call anybody anything.

Take, too, the assertion once uttered so confidently, that "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Laughable today. Modern engineering magic would merely reduce the sow's ear to its chemical components, and out of them would come Sowron, a new miracle fabric for purses which would be even finer than ordinary silk and give up to nine times as much wear.

Prominent among those products of modern engineering magic that have taken the edge off so many old saws are radio and TV. To mention but one, they have disproved conclusively the ancient misconception which holds that "silence is golden." Nobody is making any money out of silence these days.

To TV alone, however, must go the credit for sending into the discard our final example: "Seeing is believing."



OF ADVICE (A LITTLE) HELPFUL

by HELEN BEVINGTON

be of love (a little)
More careful
Than of everything
— e. e. cummings

BE of love (a little)
Artful,
Of the heaving breast,
The careful
Of endorsing sighs,
The heart full,

Provident (a little)
Spareful
Of the puffery, yet
Careful
Not to be of love
Too careful,

Or too coy (a little)
Lustful,
And more trustful than
Distrustful —
As the brimming cup
Is just full,

Be of love oh more
Than needful
Amorous, of course, and
Deedful.
But, as we were saying,
(Heedful).



by JOHN M. CONLY

Americana for Solo Winds and String Orchestra (Howard Hanson conducting Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra; Mercury: 12" LP). The composers represented are Wayne Barlow, Bernard Rogers, Aaron Copland, Kent Kennan, Homer Keller, and Howard Hanson, all at their most listenable in these brief, atmospheric concert pieces. Most immediately appealing are Barlow's *Winter's Past*, based largely on "Black Is the Color," and Copland's haunting *Quiet City*. The recording is close-to, bright-edged, arresting.

Beethoven: Concertos for Piano and Orchestra (Wilhelm Kempff, piano; Paul van Kempen conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca: three 12" LPs in album). Professor Kempff is certainly an excellent Beethoven man, and this set could have been a marvel. However, in transfer from the Deutsche Grammophon 78 rpm masters to Decca LPs, some richness was lost and some unwanted buzz added. What remains is an authoritative cut-rate version of the Beethoven concertos—all five for \$18! Listen before buying.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 (Arthur Schnabel, piano; Issay Dobrowen conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; RCA Victor: 12" "Treasury" LP). This wartime or early post-war British 78 set (never released in America) has been re-recorded with exemplary skill. And it is going out on no very dangerous limb to call Schnabel the greatest Beethovenian among pianists of our time. For all Beethoven collectors, a necessity.

Brahms and Schumann: Chamber Works (Casals, Hess, Horszowski, Mannes, Schneider, Stern, Szigeti; Columbia: three 12" LPs in album). The works include Brahms's Trios No. 1 and No. 2, Schumann's Trio No. 1 and Five Folk Pieces, Op. 102, for cello and piano. This comprises Volume III of the 1952 Casals Festival at Prades. (Volume II, Schubert chamber works, arrived inopportunely for review here, but is excellent, too.)

The recordings are unmarred by Festival urgency, and the performances only a little less inspired than the marvelous outpourings in the first volume.

Distinguished Concerti for Wind Instruments, Vol. II (Leon Goossens, oboe; Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, and Walter Süsskind conducting Philharmonia and Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestras; Columbia: 12" LP). A beautifully recorded, beautifully played bouquet of concertos by Bach, Handel, Cimarosa, and Marcello, some originally for oboe, some arranged, all delightful. This is a treasury of pleasure. Volumes I and III of Columbia's "Distinguished Concerti" (corny title, but the idea is good) offer works of Strauss and Nielsen. However, the closest companion-disk is the same company's Philadelphia Orchestra "First Chair" record. Your cue.

Falla: El Retablo de Maese Pedro; El Amor Brujo (Ernesto Halffter conducting soloists and Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs Élysées; Pedro de Freitas Branco conducting Madrid Symphony Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP with libretto). Falla's setting of Don Quixote's misadventure with the puppet show is performed even better here than on the SPA record reviewed in December, and *El Amor Brujo* occupies the other side as a bonus. Faultless recording.

Fauré: Requiem (Roger Wagner conducting Patricia Beems, soprano, Theodore Uppman, baritone; Roger Wagner Chorale and Concert Arts Orchestra; Capitol: 12" LP). With little drive and less drama, Fauré conquers by pure beauty. This tender and devout Mass here has drawn a devout and tender treatment from both performers and engineers, yielding to us a sweet and deeply moving record.

Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites No. 1 and No. 2 (Willem van Otterloo conducting Hague Philharmonic Orchestra; Erna Spoorenberg, soprano; Epic: 12" LP). Of six pairs of *Peers* on disks, this has by all odds the best



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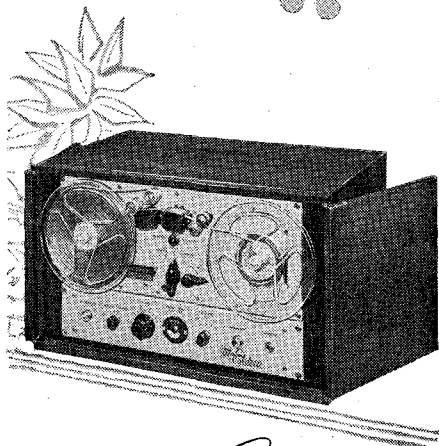
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sound. Indeed, the bass in the *Mountain King* is truly cavernous. And Solveig's song is sung by a soprano, for once, instead of a violin, and beautifully.

Italian Classical Symphonists (Newell Jenkins conducting Italian Chamber Orchestra; Haydn Society: six 12" LPs, boxed or separately). Boccherini, Corelli, and Pergolesi are likely to be the only familiar names among these Italians who bridged the gap between Vivaldi and Haydn — Viotti, Albenoni, Sammartini, and others. However, all are interesting, courtly, and happy. The recording is a little edgy, not bad.

Milanov Sings (Zinka Milanov, soprano; Renato Cellini conducting RCA Victor Orchestra; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Zinka Milanov, before passing into the "old pro" division, decided to put on record what she could do in her prime. This is really it! She picked the most exacting arias from *Forza del Destino*, *Gioconda*, *Aida*, *Trovatore*, and *Cavalleria*, and here delivers them as perhaps no one else living could. The result is hair-raising. No alert opera-lover will pass this one up.

Purcell: Trio Sonatas 1, 2, 4, 7, 8, 9 of Book II (Giorgi Ciompi and Werner Torkanowsky, violins; George Koutzen, cello; Herman Chessid, harpsichord; Period: 12" LP). It is odd that these deep and lovely works have not been available earlier on LP. The performance and recording both are excellent. It would be pleasant if this group would do all 22 sonatas.

Schönberg: Complete String Quartets with Berg: Quartet Op. 3 and Webern: Five Quartet Movements (Juilliard String Quartet; Columbia: three 12" LPs in album). Like Beethoven, Schönberg devised a new musical idiom but, unlike Beethoven, not because he himself needed it. (Other composers did.) There is no great urgency in these writings, but there are endless invention and interesting sound-effects, gorgeously reproduced.

Sibelius: Four Lemminkäinen Legends (Thomas Jensen conducting Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra; London: 12" LP). Sixten Ehrling (Mercury) and Eugene Ormandy (Columbia) are very authoritative, but no one makes Sibelius so exciting as Jensen does. All admirers of the great Finn owe themselves this.

Tchaikovsky: Fantasy-Overture: Romeo and Juliet; Overture

"1812"; *Capriccio Italien* (Paul van Kempen conducting Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra; Epic: 12" LP). Owners of mighty hi-fi machines and big, big living rooms cannot let this go by. It's what they've been living for. Strictly stupendous.

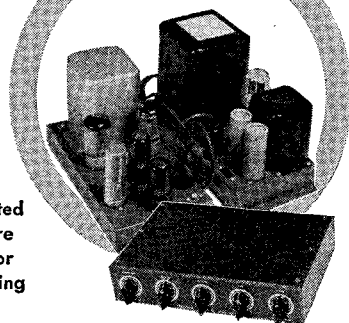
Thomson, Virgil: Ten Etudes (Maxim Schapiro, piano; Decca: 10" LP). In its low-price "4000" series, Decca has been turning out some delightful novelties — Haydn's "St. Anthony" divertimento, for instance. Here's another. These etudes really are piano studies, but fascinating to listen to. As a sampler, try the very last band, *Ragtime Bass* — and keep in mind that the price is but \$2.50.

Borodin-Wright-Forrest: Kismet (Alfred Drake, Doretta Morrow, and other members of the Broadway cast; Columbia: 12" LP). The dour wise boys of Broadway find this show trite ("Bagdad's a drag, Dad" — *Down Beat Magazine*) but the record's a lot of fun, particularly because of Borodin and Alfred Drake. Robert Wright and George Forrest have done with Borodin's music exactly what they did with Grieg's in *Song of Norway*, and have done it just as fetchingly.

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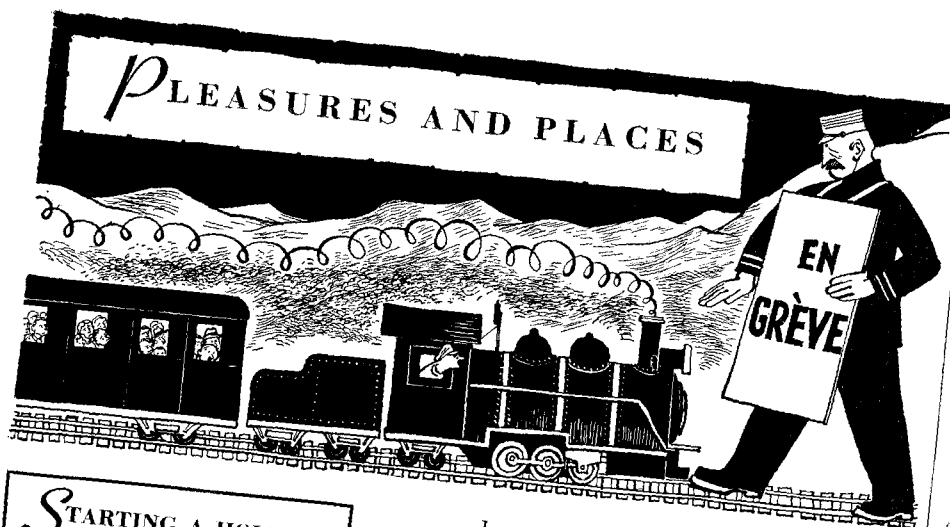
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STARTING A HOLIDAY

by RENÉ MACCOLL

A London newspaperman and foreign correspondent, RENÉ MACCOLL is equally at home in Washington, Paris, and many other capitals in both hemispheres. He is the author of *Assignment Stuffed Shirt*, an irreverent novel published in 1952 by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

It was not until I reached Paris on the evening of Thursday, the 6th of August, on my way to spend a holiday in the Balearic Islands, that I heard that a strike of all French railways was to begin at midnight. This was ominous, since my wife, my stepson, and I planned to catch an express train leaving Paris at 8.15 P.M. and due at Cerbère, on the Spanish border, about breakfast time the next morning.

But at the Gare d'Austerlitz the chief conductor of our train brushed aside my fears. Monsieur, he said, could enjoy his dinner in tranquillity. Even if some stoppages were to take place, it was inconceivable that a long-distance train of our magnitude would be affected. "Once launched," said the conductor, striking a slight attitude, "we shall not arrest ourselves until the destination has been achieved." Thus reassured, we dined well and retired to our *couchettes*, three of a carriageful of six, the remaining ones being occupied by three elderly French ladies who were off, so they said, to the Canary Islands.

The strike caught up with us at 4.30 the following morning, when our train ground to a stop in the station of Montauban, a medium-sized town northwest of Toulouse. Since there seemed little to be done about it at that hour, I was all for staying in my *courette* and getting some more

sleep. This proved impracticable. The strike was taken as a personal affront by every passenger on the crowded train, and amid a mounting swirl of cries and lamentations they dressed, stampeded up and down the corridors, and finally jumped off onto the platform to continue the debate. The ladies in our compartment were weeping and murmuring "Courage—one must keep calm" to one another between sobs. But the thought of their steamer sailing inexorably from Barcelona the next afternoon without them was a bitter blow, for it seemed that they had been saving up for the Canaries for over a year.

Our own situation was none too encouraging. British Treasury regulations for the holiday-maker abroad are still strict. Our traveler's checks were cashable in Spain only. We had vouchers for our railway meals while traveling in France (but the first thing the strikers had done was to remove the dining car) and only a handful of French francs. Any notion of hiring a car to get to the Spanish frontier was thus out of the question. And the problem of where we were going to spend that night, if we were to continue to be marooned in Montauban, was considerable. There was, we supposed, always the derelict train (there were four express trains stalled side by side in the station), but it is astonishing how quickly an abandoned train tends to become insanitary and generally unattractive as a place of abode.

Most of the passengers, hungry for breakfast, made a mass onslaught on the station buffet, but the staff there was ill-equipped, either technically or psychologically, to handle so unlooked-for a boom in business. A single waitress, whose demeanor seemed to suggest resentfulness at our presence in such numbers, tried to cope with the stream of orders for coffee



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and brioches, but her performance was badly slowed up by her evident suspicion that the man at the cash register — an elderly, gloomy fellow



— was incapable of ringing up the score correctly. After each cup of coffee and plate of rolls had been handed over, the waitress would shout the amount over her shoulder, pause, then mutter something to herself, trot down to the other end of the counter, and review the efforts of this man. An argument would ensue even when he got it right.

The hours dragged past. A blazing sun mounted the sky. Most of us stood about outside the station in uneasy, fidgety groups, querying the local police about the strike (they knew nothing) and watching desultory efforts by the authorities to organize an emergency bus service to Toulouse. Suddenly, when we had been there for nearly seven hours, a gray-haired man wearing a green shirt rushed from nowhere and shouted: "The autobus bearing the Algerian party to Port Vendres is leaving instantaneously. Are there any more Algerians?"

It was not so much deceit as a sort of reflex action which caused me to answer, "Yes — three here."

The man was in a hurry but even so he paused with raised eyebrows and said, politely enough, "Monsieur and family are veritable Algerians?"

I tried to look hurt — and nationalistic too. "Certainly," I averred.

"Bon — this way, please."

We snatched our bags and rushed in his wake. Round the corner there stood waiting, its engine already turning over, not the battered old veteran of the highways which I had expected, but a brand-new bus of enormous proportions. The veritable Algerians were already aboard, a smiling group of men and women. They were not at all exotically garbed, but their skins were, undeniably, darker than ours. We nipped in to join them and almost immediately set off. (Why should

these Algerians have received such providentially preferential treatment? I never found out, since I thought it impolitic to ask too many questions. Presumably they had been visiting France on some kind of sponsored tour and the authorities felt it advisable not to spoil the effect by having them miss their ship. Port Vendres suited us fine. It is only a few miles from Spain.)

This part of the trip took about eight hours — and it was throughout a demonstration of the art of Gallic driving at its most *insouciant*. Above the chauffeur's head there hung a small notice which stated that the vehicle must in no circumstances be driven at a speed exceeding 50 kilometers an hour (just over 30 m.p.h.). The only times we touched this speed were when we were starting up or slowing to a stop. The chauffeur was a likable young man in a beret who really enjoyed his work. His bus was equipped with three different hooters. The one in the topmost register was about in the same league with the *Queen Mary's* siren. We screamed and howled our way across southern France in the sunshine, traveling at mad speeds, and when an occasional policeman balked us momentarily in one of the towns (Toulouse, Carcassonne, Perpignan) the chauffeur would scream "*À bas la police! Conspuez la police!*" and lead us all in a round of enthusiastic booing.

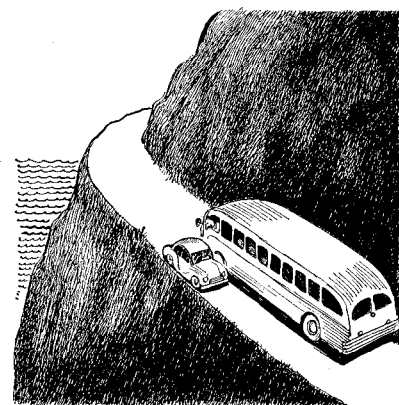
Towards sunset we reached Port Vendres, and there, sure enough, was the Algerians' ship, steam already up, waiting in the neat little harbor. Off went the Algerians, with gay cries, and now it became necessary to explain that we wished to continue a little further. The chauffeur, admirable fellow, took it in stride. On to Spain? But certainly. Monsieur had only a few francs to offer? Ah, but he realized the difficulties with which the contemporary British traveler was beset. The eternally accused fiscal authorities! Never mind. . . .

The next hour and a half had us on the edges of our seats. The distance between Port Vendres and Port Bou (the first town inside Spain) is not great, but the terrain across which the coastal road fights its way is the far from placid eastern end of the Pyrenees. We tried to dissuade the driver from looking round to talk to us, feeling that he ought to keep his eyes firmly on the road, but he explained that "this route was not imagined for

modern autobuses — we are evidently making history." A good deal of traffic was going the other way, small cars such as Simcas and Renaults; and whenever we encountered one of these at some crisis point in the twirling road — a huge drop into the sea on our left, a scowling mountainside at our right — our driver would halt, lean out of the window, and simply taunt the other driver until he was finally goaded into creeping past us with his outside wheels barely clinging to the last inch of cliff. "Why all the fuss?" would roar our man as the white-faced, shaken tourist finally nosed past us to safety. "Is Monsieur conceivably not insured?"

The Spanish Customs House, which stands on a hillside far above the town of Port Bou, provided the setting for one of the day's noisiest scenes. The *jefe* of the *Aduana*, a glum-looking chap with a rusty revolver at his belt, gave it as his opinion that our autobus could go no further. He pointed out, correctly, that our Montauban man was without the *triptyque* with which drivers wishing to cross borders must be provided, and that to allow him to proceed one meter inside Spain would be to break a great many regulations. The alternative? Ah, too bad; but it appeared inescapable that the Englishman, his lady, and the small boy would undoubtedly have to trudge the remaining two miles into Port Bou, carrying their bags.

I had grown to admire our driver already, but I had not realized until then the full rich depths of this man's nature. As easily as though changing gears in his autobus, he flew into a



rage of monumental violence. The *jefe*, no slouch himself, tried to match him, and for several minutes their combined efforts entirely halted the routine work of the frontier post as the other customs men and the various travelers, lining up in their

dusty cars, listened agape. Our man won, the *jefe* only saving face by stipulating that one of his underlings would have to accompany the bus into Port Bou to ensure that it duly left Spain again that night.

At Port Bou railway station we found that the first train to Barcelona would not leave until four o'clock the next morning — a further wait of seven hours. It was now over forty hours since we had left London; we were hungry, unwashed, hollow-eyed, irritable, deafened by the clamorous horn of the autobus, and I badly needed a shave. Nothing for it but



to sit it out in the station waiting room; and this, supported by an occasional glass, we did. When the train finally appeared it turned out to be sleeperless, and the seats had been designed, apparently, to ensure that travelers would remain bolt upright while occupying them. By way of Gerona we slowly dragged our way southwards to Barcelona. Our Spanish fellow-passengers on this dawn patrol were bright, eager, and full of chatter. They mounted the train on their way to work, not at all sleepy or grouchy as would be the normal Anglo-Saxon at that hour. For them the uproarious anecdote, the constant burst of laughter. I sat there snatching a few moments' sleep, my head bouncing off the window, and wondering why I hadn't gone to Cornwall. Only one prospect seemed to diminish the generally gray outlook: at Barcelona we would be able to repair to a good hotel at which we had made reservations (for the night before) and there have a bath, a change, and some breakfast. Our plane for Minorca did not leave, so we had been told in London, until the afternoon, and thus we would have plenty of time to repair the ravages of this ill-starred journey.

Barcelona at last. And yes, the hotel proved first-class. Eagerly we signed the register, ordered a vast breakfast, went up to our rooms. I

had just unpacked my razor, and was staring into the mirror at the sprouting bristles while the boiling water gushed into the spotless basin, when there came a hammering on the door. It was the hotel porter to say that the airplane schedule to Minorca had recently been changed and that if we meant to catch our plane there was only time to make it out to the airport if we left immediately (breakfastless) and paid a staggering sum to rent a private car. Nothing for it. The plane went only three times a week, and if we missed that day's it would mean kicking our heels in Barcelona for a long weekend. Off, then, groaningly to the airport. . . .

It was in fairly somber mood, but with a faint lift of the spirits, that we got off our plane at Mahón, the modest capital of Minorca. Journey's end at last! Sunshine. Blue skies. Swimming. Relaxation. . . .

But instead of a boisterous greeting from the manageress of the hotel, there to meet us at the little airport, we found only the lugubrious mien, the strained smile. "Nothing but misfortune has befallen us," she said. "We have had to sack the chef, and he is being very difficult. And then, only the other day, a charming woman, who gave English lessons locally — we all knew her and liked her — fell over the cliff while on a picnic and was killed. The authorities have placed certain difficulties in the way of burying her. Twice the corpse had to be taken back to the mortician because the papers were not in order. A very long walk in this warm weather. . . ."

Suddenly she seemed to remember the professional niceties. She pulled herself together with an obvious effort and said: "I hope you had a pleasant journey?"

GOLD-RIMMED GLASSES

by FRANCIS W. HATCH

About 14 years ago, Alvertie E. Gray, now 68, of Bald Mountain Rd., Dedham, lost a pair of glasses while chopping wood in North Orland. They were found recently by his son Foster, 32, while walking through the woods. Strangely enough, the spectacles were undamaged despite the fact they had lain all that time in a cart road over which horses and men had hauled lumber through the years. — *Bucksport Free Press*

FOURTEEN winters, horses tramped
Stamping their forefeet tugging the load
Along the frozen backwoods road.
Fourteen winters, time passes,
With never a hoof on the gold-rimmed glasses.

Fourteen Aprils, fisherman clumped
Heavy of foot through patch-quilt snow
For speckled trout in the brook below.
Fourteen Aprils, time passes,
With never a heel on the gold-rimmed glasses.

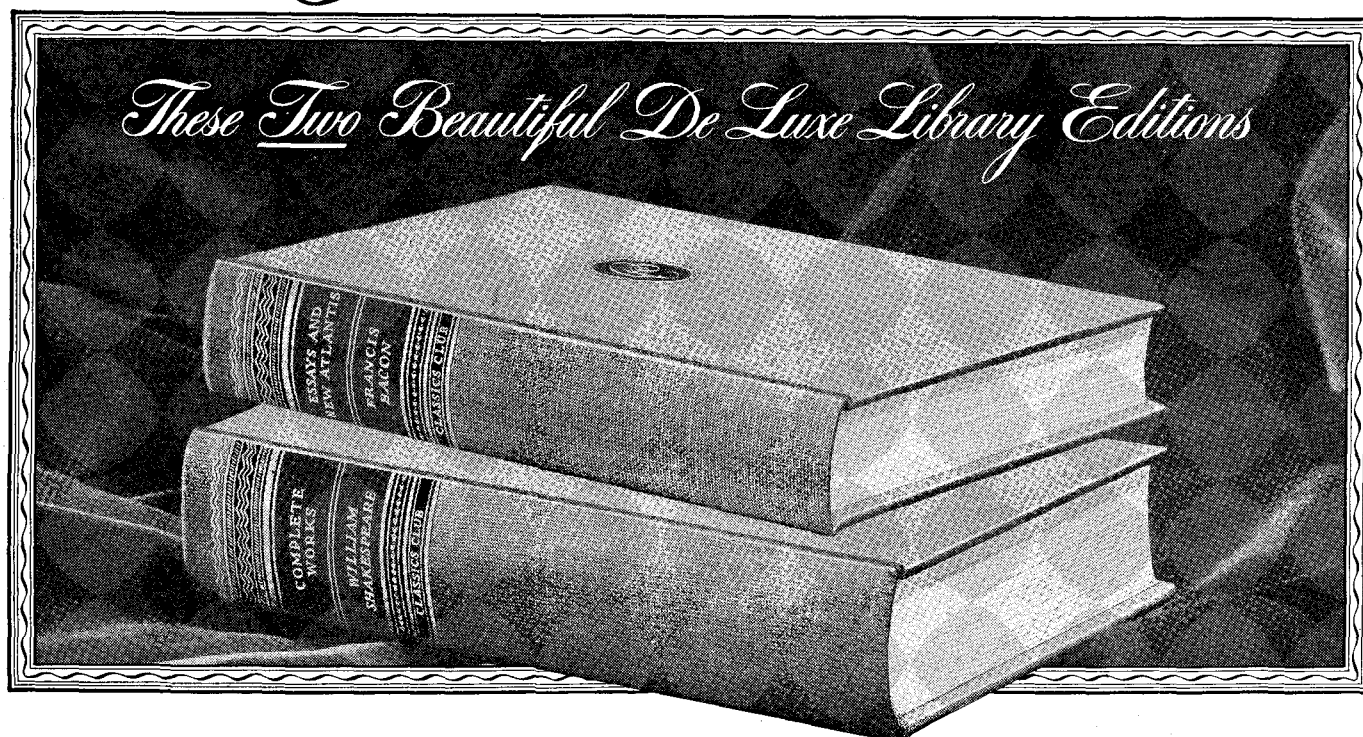
Fourteen Augusts, including the day
When the warden called — they came on the jump
Through smoke, with shovel and Indian pump.
Fourteen Augusts, time passes,
Firemen side-stepped the gold-rimmed glasses.

Fourteen autumns, in barker-boots
Hunters haunted the lonely spot,
Probing the road for the twilight shot.
Fourteen autumns, time passes,
Safe from hunters, the gold-rimmed glasses.

* * * * *

Fourteen years! In the wink of an eye
My glasses, falling, are doomed to lie
Under the foot of a passer-by.

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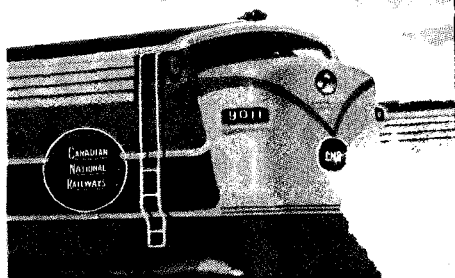
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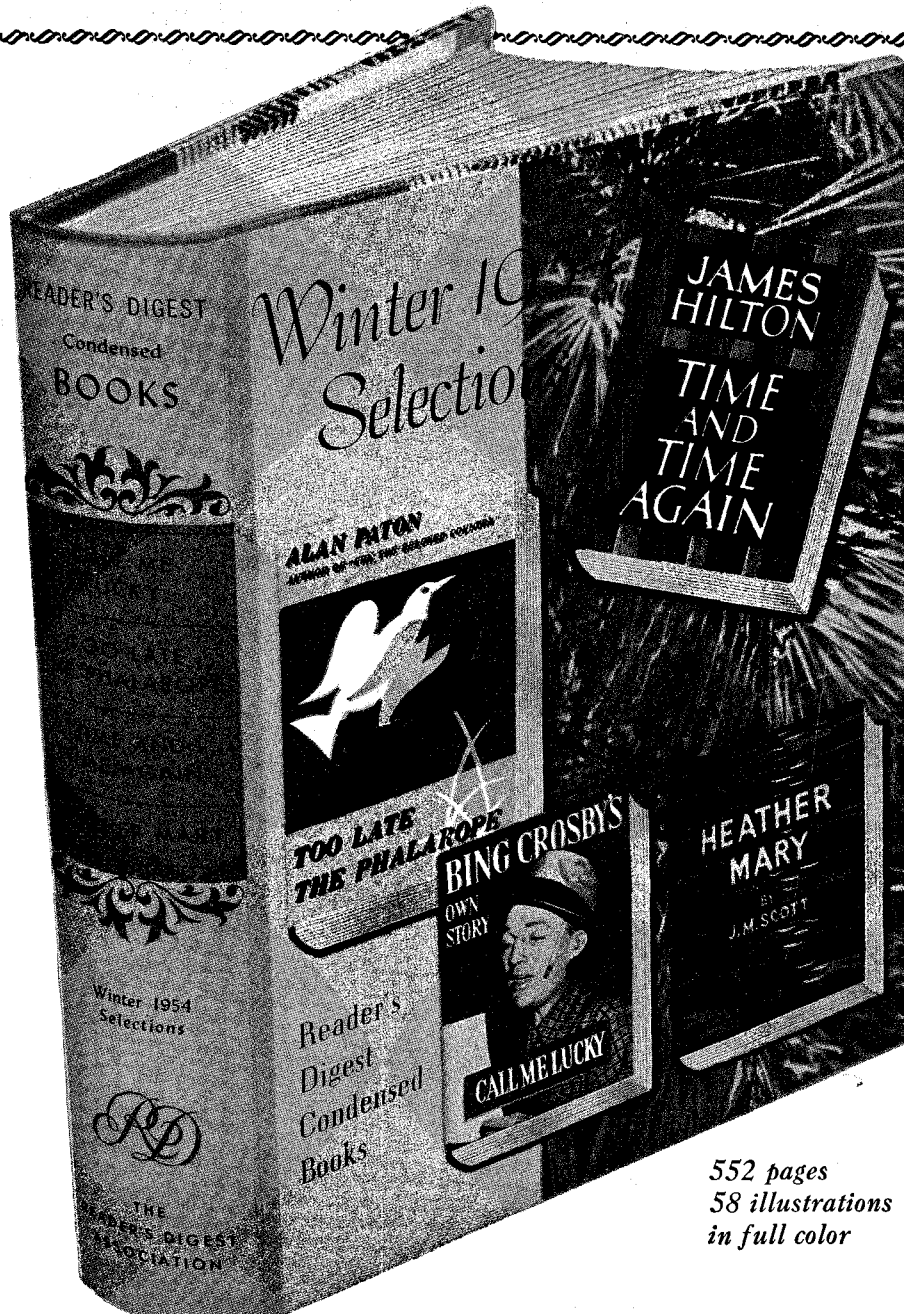
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